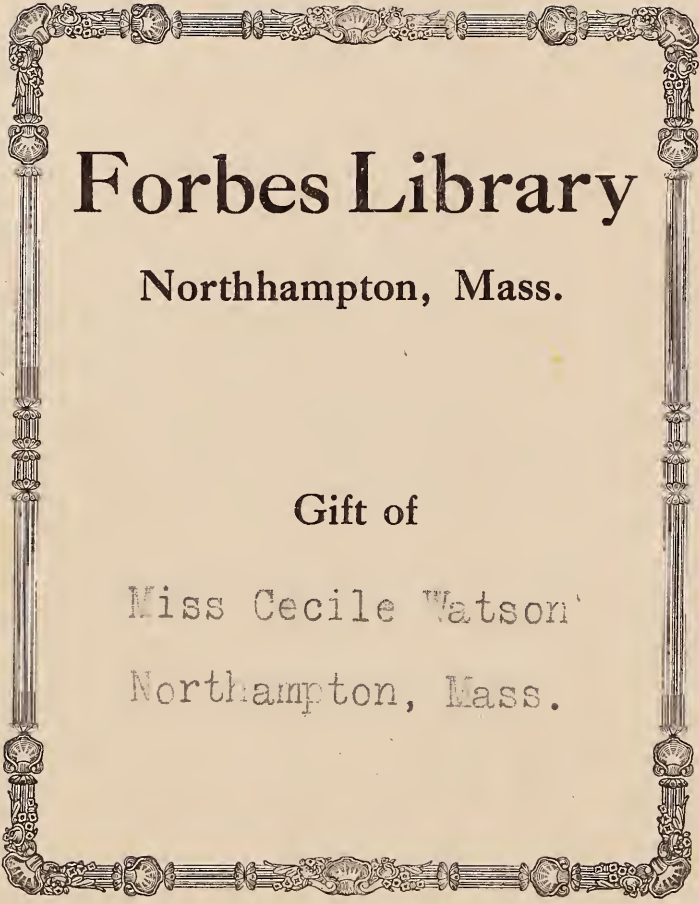






Forbes Library

Northhampton, Mass.

Gift of

Miss Cecile Watson

Northhampton, Mass.

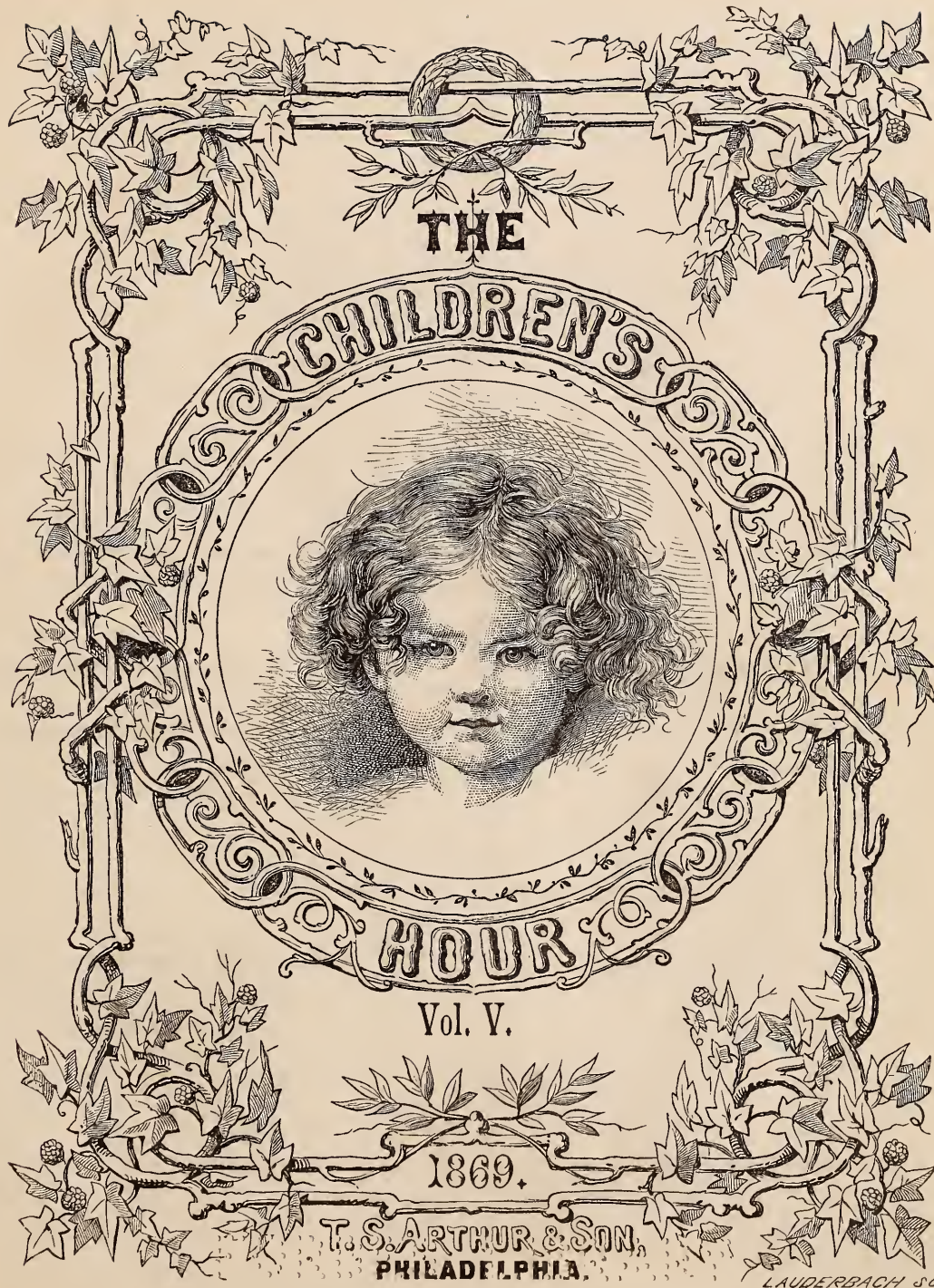




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/childrenshour00arth>

W. T. S.



LAUDERBACH & CO.

J
AP200
1047
V.5-6
1869

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

WESTCOTT & THOMSON,
Stereotypers,
PHILADELPHIA.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Printers,
PHILADELPHIA.

Contents.

	PAGE
A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.....	23
A PICTURE AND A STORY. BY A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "HOUR".....	35
ANSWER TO BLUE VIOLET'S LETTER. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK.....	53
A LITTLE BOY'S PLANTING. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	62
A LIE STICKS.....	62
A BRAVE BOY.....	63
A PLEASANT SCENE.....	73
A TRUE STORY. BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.....	74
A WINTER'S NIGHT. BY LOUISE V. BOYD.....	87
A REAL CHARM.....	119
A PORTRAIT.....	137
A WISE CHOICE.....	144
A CUNNING THRUSH.....	151
ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO WISHED HERSELF A BIRD OR A BUTTERFLY. BY KATE SUTHERLAND.....	189
BERTIE. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	31
BIG BOYS AND LITTLE BOYS.....	54
BERTIE'S MISTAKE. BY M. J.....	134
BROWNIE. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	149
CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FOREST. BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.....	10
CHILD'S HYMN.....	63
DAPPLEDUN. BY PHEBE CARY.....	53
DOLLIE. BY CARRIE.....	104
DO THY LITTLE.....	104
DISCONTENT. A FABLE.....	135
DANDY'S EXPERIMENT. BY ANNIE MOORE.....	146

EVERY LITTLE HELPS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."	PAGE 21
EASTER EGGS. BY ANNA WILMOT	121
GOD IS HERE	61
GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF DAVID AND GOLIATH. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK	98
GYP. BY IRENE L.—	169
GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF ELISHA. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK	171
HOPE DARROW. A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY. BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND	26, 42, 81, 107, 138, 177
HUMILITY	32
HOW QUARRELS BEGIN	94
JOSIE'S BLOCKS. BY M. O. J.	186
LITTLE ROSEBUD. BY JENNIE GAIGE	14
LITTLE BERTHA'S VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK	55
LITTLE MARY HEDGES. BY ROSELLA	69
LOOK UPWARD	71
LONGING FOR HEAVEN. BY MISS N. R. PATTON	174
MY PUSSY CAT. BY ANNA WILMOT	41
MY GARDENER. BY ALICE CARY	146
MILK AT SECOND-HAND	158
NO GOOD FROM PASSION	71
OUT IN THE COLD. BY KATE SUTHERLAND	9
OUR SAMMY	187
PICTURES OF HOPE. BY LOUISE V. BOYD	123
PLAYING SCHOOL	145
ROCKED ON THE DEEP. BY M. O. J.	19
ROSY'S SCHOOL. BY ROSELLA	114
"SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO." MUSIC	25
STRETCH IT A LITTLE	32
STORIES ABOUT LIONS	39
"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?" BY THE EDITOR	48
SELLING FLOWERS. BY KATE SUTHERLAND	88
SUGAR-MAKING	113
SUSIE. BY M. O. J.	118
THE CAT AND THE BIRDS	16
TAKE CARE. BY PHOEBE CARY	20

CONTENTS.

v

	PAGE
TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.....	37
"THAT'S HOW".....	55
THE FOOLISH BEE. BY L. A. B. C.....	58
THE DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER. BY CARRIE.....	65
THE PET PONY. BY M. O. J.....	72
THE TOWER OF MISSOLONGHIL BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	76
THE STORY OF LITTLE KIT. BY LEROY.....	77
THE FLOWER SPIDER. BY ALICE CARY.....	94
THE NEEDY GRASSHOPPER. BY ANNIE MOORE.....	95
THE IRON FOUNDRY. BY SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.....	101
THE DOG AND THE PIE MAN.....	103
THE FIRST SNOW-STORM. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK.....	105
THE SNOW-DROP. BY L. A. B. C.....	124
TOM'S LESSON. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	126
THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.....	127
THE LISTENER WHO HEARD NO GOOD OF HERSELF. BY ALICE.....	128
THE BUD OF PROMISE. BY ELISE OSBORNE.....	129
THE TWELFTH BIRTH-DAY. FROM THE GERMAN.....	132
THE HARD TASK. BY IRENE L——.....	135
THE SMILING FACE. BY CARRIE.....	153
THE STORY OF A FLOWER. BY E. W. KEITH.....	153
THE BIRD'S PARTY. BY LAURA J. HAGNER.....	158
THE TABLES TURNED. BY UNCLE HERBERT.....	160
THE STARS.....	161
TONY AND JACOB. BY SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.....	162
TO MY BROTHER. BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.....	168
TRUE RICHES.....	175
THE BUTTER LION. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	175
THE BIRDS.....	187
TWO FACES.....	189
V IOLETS. BY MRS. M. E. ROCKWELL.....	165
W AKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.....	15
WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.....	33
WINTER SONGS. BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.....	65
WATERING HIS GARDEN WITH RAIN. BY IRENE L——.....	184
Y OU CAN'T CATCH THE FISHES.....	188



	PAGE
1.—OUT IN THE COLD.....	9
2.—THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.....	16
3.—“SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO.”.....	24
4.—WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.....	33
5.—TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.....	37
6.—NERO AND THE SAILOR.....	40
7.—MY PUSSY CAT.....	41
8.—“SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?”.....	48
9.—THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.....	50
10.—BERTHA PACKING HER TRAVELING BASKET.....	56
11.—THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.....	57
12.—GRANDMOTHER’S VISIT.....	64
13.—THE PET PONY.....	72
14.—A PLEASANT SCENE.....	73
15.—LITTLE KIT.....	80
16.—SELLING FLOWERS.....	89
17.—THE NEEDY GRASSHOPPER.....	97
18.—DOLLY.....	104
19.—THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.....	105
20.—SUGAR-MAKING.....	113
21.—EASTER EGGS.....	120
22.—FANNY IN TROUBLE.....	121
23.—THE LISTENER WHO HEARD NO GOOD OF HERSELF.....	123

24.—THE HARD TASK.....	135
25.—A PORTRAIT.....	137
26.—PLAYING SCHOOL.....	145
27.—THE SMILING FACE.....	152
28.—THE TABLES TURNED.....	160
29.—VIOLETS.....	165
30.—GYP.....	169
31.—THE BUTTER LION.....	176
32.—THE RAIN-STORM.....	185
33.—CATCHING FISHES.....	188
34.—BUTTERFLIES.....	192

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JANUARY, 1869.



OUT IN THE COLD.

By Kate Sutherland.

JACK FROST is a sharp one,
And nips, as he goes,
Poor mittenless fingers
And stockingless toes,
VOL. v.—2

And bites without mercy
Your ears and your nose.

Why, dear little maiden!
Out here in the cold,
The snow and the north wind
That whistles so bold,

Like a shivering pet lamb
Astray from its fold:

With finger-tips aching
And feet buried deep
In the snow that lies over
The blossoms asleep,
Till Spring comes in sunshine
Her promise to keep?

Hurry on! Hurry on!
Little maiden, I say,
For the wind bloweth keen
On this cold winter day.
And the frost has no pity
For any astray.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FOREST.

By Ada M. Kennicott.

EVENING came to the snow-birds, and they hied away to the forest, where they hopped about from tree to tree, looking out the best places to sleep. Then each little head went under a wing, and they settled themselves to sleep with a trust such as we all should have, that He who had made would also keep them.

For a time all was quiet, then the trees began to feel themselves slightly shaken, and to murmur at the disturbance.

"What is the matter up there?" asked a small beech that had just seen its first summer, of its mother, a tall, stately tree.

"Oh," replied she, "that troublesome north wind is about again, and the pines are beginning to sigh and groan about it

as usual. I am glad every trifling breeze does not annoy me so."

"Well, but, you know, you don't keep your leaves green all winter. They have the advantage of you there."

"Small advantage that," grumbled a pine; "there's only so much more for the wind to toss about."

"But why are you always so vexed with the wind? I am sure he does no harm, only to stir you a little; and I don't see how you could get all the snow off your branches without his help."

"There is something in that," answered the pine; "but then he tells such dreadful stories of his pranks that I am always afraid every time he touches me, and it is so with all my family; we get so troubled that we talk in our sleep about it, and people say the stories we tell are sometimes really dreadful."

"How foolish you allow yourselves to be!" exclaimed the beech: "for my part, I like to hear him talk, and, rooted as we are to one spot, I do not see how we could ever learn anything about the rest of the world if it were not for the winds and the birds, and such-like roving creatures. But here he comes! I wonder what he has to say now."

"Good evening, Mistress Beech," said the north wind, briskly; "how are you getting on?"

"Quite well," answered the beech, "though 'tis rather cold. Where have you been since you were last here?"

"Well, I have been up to the north pole. That's my home, you know; and a magnificent place it is, too. Oh, if you

could but see my palace! Its walls are so bright and clear you would never know them from crystal, and when the sunlight strikes them, they flash with all the colors of the rainbow. You would think they were painted with the clouds of sunset. But the best of all is, I enjoy it alone. Sometimes, indeed, men are foolish enough to venture up there, but then I roar at them and get the frosts to nip and bite them till they are glad enough to get away again."

"Selfish thing!" said the pine. "I am sure I couldn't enjoy anything if I had it all to myself and was too mean to let any one else come near me."

"No," replied the wind, sharply giving her a good shake. "I suppose you would want somebody to complain to."

"How cross you are!" cried the beech, whose branches were getting twisted in the quarrel.

"Am I?" answered the wind. "Well, then, suppose I don't tell you any more; only, if you could see things I've seen, wouldn't you like it; and I think, Madam Pine, you would tweak people's noses, and pinch their ears, and nip their toes quite as much as I, if you had the chance—eh, mistress?" and with a roar that shook all the trees of the forest, he departed, and soon they heard his gruff voice dying away behind the hills.

"Go, if you like," muttered the beech: "you are much too rough to-night. I have not been able to stand still enough to see the stars right since you came. By the way, neighbor Pine, it is a lovely night. The sky is so clear a blue between

the white clouds, and the moon and stars ride so high and shine so! I wish I could reach so high; maybe I would shine too."

"I think you would be only a beech if you were ever so high. I cannot see that growth has changed either of us in color or brightness. But hark! what was that?"

"It is the east wind," answered the beech. "I thought he would be here soon. He has often pleasant stories to tell, and though sometimes very cold, I do not think him ever so fierce as the north wind."

"Good-even, friends," said a strong, good-natured voice; "have ye any new tidings?"

"Nay," replied the pine; "we were just wishing for some one to chat with, for since the north wind woke us so roughly we are not inclined to rest again."

"Well," said their visitor, "I can tell you there are great doings to-night. What a pity it is you cannot get away to see them! The churches are all lighted up and hung with cedar, pine and holly boughs, woven into festoons and wreaths, and all sort of pretty devices, and the people are singing joyful music, worshiping with psalms and hymns as I have told you they do on Sunday."

"What is that for?" asked the beech.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed the wind: "it is for what happened eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, to-night."

"Know, indeed!" cried the beech. "Why, my mother was not even a bud

on the twig in those days; you are quite too ancient for me."

"Well, I will tell you about it, then," replied the wind; "but first I must go through to the other end of the forest to greet my friends there."

"How strange it must seem," murmured the pine as the wind rustled away, shaking the drowsy tree-tops as he went, in rude welcome, "to be able to remember what happened so many years ago. But the other day I heard something stranger still, for two children were saying, as they walked beneath my boughs, that the trees lived many years, but they should live for ever. Then I thought to myself, How can that be? for since I stood here I know that many thousands stronger than you have perished. But I soon found they did not mean themselves alone, but all who had ever been or ever should be in this world; and they said though men seem to die here, as you do in the autumn when your leaves fall off, they will go to another place and be alive again, just like you in the spring-time when your leaves are all fresh and glorious, and there they will stay for ever. One of them held a little book, and he said that whoever remembered the sayings of that book, to do and keep them, would live again in a most beautiful place, where they never had any winter or any night, and where everything was most perfect and lovely; but if they despised its teachings, they must dwell in a place drearier than this would be if it were always night and winter, and that would be for ever too."

"I should think every one would be studying that book all the time then," said the beech.

"Yes," sighed the pine, "I am sure we should if we were men. But I am curious to hear the wind's story, for I half believe it has something to do with this."

So they beguiled the time till the wind returned, brushing merrily through the tree tops. "Are you awake yet, friends?" asked he.

"Oh yes, and waiting for your story."

"Well, you must know it was far enough from here—that beautiful land away over the sea;—and such great trees grew there as would make you feel small beside them; and there were high mountains, among whose clefts I have played so often, chasing the brooks down into the valleys, or twisting my fingers among the long tresses of the forests, or carrying sweet odors into ladies' chambers; such ladies as they were too, with large bright eyes and black, shining hair; but the places I best loved were the plains where every night the shepherds watched their flocks. All was so quiet there; the stars looked down so calmly, and I loved to carry about the songs of the shepherds, so simple, so content they were, like the rippling of sun-kissed rills.

"On the night of which I am speaking, these humble, yet happy, men were gathered, as usual, upon the plains near the city called Bethlehem. One of them, named Ezra, was singing words something like these, while the rest joined in the chorus of his song:

"Kind Shepherd of the fold,
His arms the lambs shall bear;
He leads them to the clearest streams,
To pastures ever fair.

"He cometh like the light,
He cometh like the day;
The nations shadowed long in night
Behold his rising ray."

"Scarcely had the song ceased when a bright light shone all around them, and in the midst stood a form clad in white robes and fair as the stars. The men were very much afraid, and one whispered to his neighbor,

'It is an angel from the Lord!'

But the angel said to them kindly, 'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

"And then the air seemed full of angels praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.'

At length they passed on and up into the far blue heaven, the shining growing fainter and the music softer and softer, till the fair vision was quite gone. Then the shepherds said to one another,

"Let us go up to Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass and which the Lord hath made known to us.'

"I followed them very softly, and truly everything was found just as the angel had told them. So they returned again with great joy, but I stayed and played

about the couch of the fair child, keeping it fresh and cool, and bringing him sweet odors."

"But what does it all mean," asked the trees, "and why was this so great a thing to happen that it should be remembered so long?"

"I see you do not understand," sighed the wind. "That little child was the great and mighty Lord who gives me my paths to walk in, who made you and this great world, with all that is in it, and the heavens with all their gleaming host."

"How then could he be a little child?" asked the beech.

"I cannot tell. Men do not understand it, and you know they are wiser than we; they only know it was for their sakes that he laid aside his glory and at last died a cruel death to save them from the punishment of their sins."

"Are they not all very thankful?" asked the pine. "Do they not talk of him and praise him continually?"

"I fear not," replied the wind. "It would make you sad indeed, if you could rove about the world as I do, to see how many there are who have never been told of all he has done for them; and of those who have been, how many either will not believe it at all, or else do not care for it. It is no wonder that my voice is so often sad, when one reflects upon the wickedness and sorrow I witness—ay, and am often obliged to bear the story of it upon my wings."

"Then it is much better for us to be where we are," said the trees, "for very little comes here to vex us: but what are

these? Snow-flakes, surely. What sent them out to-night I wonder?"

"They must have come for joy," replied the wind: "truly, this night every living thing seems to be restless, as if it ought not to sleep, but to be telling its Maker's praise. Listen! there are the cocks crowing. People do say that on Christmas eve they crow all night long, and it seems to me the birds twitter and move about upon the boughs. What is that you are singing up there, little friends?"

The snow-flakes swung on the branches, and very small, indeed, were the voices that answered—so small that I think no child or man could understand them:

"O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord,
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever."

"A very good song," said the wind; "will you go ride with me, little ones? I will take you a long ways, and show you many strange things."

So the flakes, as many as would, lighted on his broad wings and he went merrily off, so swiftly that many of them were shaken down by the way.

Then the forest grew still, the birds settled themselves anew, and the trees, notwithstanding their wonder and curiosity, fell asleep, at least you would have thought so from their silence.

Still the snow-flakes drifted down, swiftly, softly, till they had covered every bare, ugly thing from sight, rounding all the rugged points everywhere, making everything look soft and pure. They knew their work and were glad to do it.

Not one of them murmured because it had a dark or unpleasant place to lie in, but each dropped quietly to its nook.

By and by the east began to grow gray, then blue, then the dawn-gates flew open, the sun came out and it was Christmas morning.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

By Fennie Gaige.

IT is so long since I last wrote to the children who read the "Hour" that I suppose they have almost forgotten me. Well, I am sorry if they have, for I think often of them. But I was going to tell them something about a sweet little girl I know of, whom I think they would rather remember than to remember me.

I have written her name, "LITTLE ROSEBUD," at the top of the page, and she is nearer like that than anything else I know of. I have called her Rosebud, and Birdie, and Daisy all her life, so that I had almost forgotten her real name; but one day I was turning over the leaves of the family Bible, and there I found it written out, "Nettie." A sweet little name it is, too, and fitting, it seemed to me, that it should find a place on the pages of that holy book. As I looked at it and closed the Bible, it seemed to nestle down closely within the pages, like a child in its mother's arms, and I thought how fitting it is that all things

good, and pure, and holy should cluster around the name of our darling.

Our Rosebud has a playmate of her own age, named Minnie; but the two have taken a fancy to change their names, and in their play Minnie is called Rhoda, and Rosebud is called Fanny—two pet names which they have chosen for themselves, no one knows why. But I have been all this time telling you about the name of my little pet, instead of telling you, as I had intended, about what she does and says.

Early in the morning she goes out into the garden and gathers a bouquet of fresh flowers for her mother, and one for her teacher, and with a sweet good-morning kiss presents them. Thus even a little child may commence the day with kind acts, and bring cheerfulness and sunshine with her into the hearts of others. She feeds her bird, and her chickens, and her kittens, and they all seem very glad to see her and to love her. When asked why everything loves her, she answers with the words you have often heard, which are always true, "I think it is because I love them too." Then I know that she has implanted in her little heart the great truth, which we of larger growth would do well to remember, "If you would be beloved, you must be loving."

And Rosebud loves her God too. She loves to think how he made all the beautiful flowers and gives her all she enjoys; how he sees and knows all that she does, and even knows all her thoughts—for then he must know how much she loves him.

She looks up into the great blue sky with eyes as deep and as blue as the overarching firmament itself, and wonders if God dwells there, and if all the people she has known, who have died, are with him and happy. She thinks the stars are God's lamps, and thanks him for placing them in the sky to light us in the dark. With childish thoughts and childish wonder she looks upon all she sees, but never fails to thank her heavenly Father for it all.

She is the Rosebud sent us from heaven to teach us, in her own sweet way, to be better and purer, and more loving and gentle; and the prayer I offer at night is, "God bless our little Rosebud, and ever keep her as good and as pure as now!"

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.

THIS sweet incident is related by a writer. She says: I asked a little boy last evening—

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to hollo at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

BEAUTIFUL lily, beautiful rose,
Beautiful every flower that grows,
Beautiful every tiny blade,
Beautiful all that God hath made.



THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.

"WHY are the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels so afraid of us?" asked Harry, as a woodcock started from the ground near them and went whirring up and away among the trees. Uncle Rea and his nephew were walking in the woods.

"It's no matter of wonder to me," was answered. "I'm very sure that if I were shot at, and stoned, and frightened, in one way or another, almost every time I went out, by some beings larger and stronger than myself, I would be afraid also."

"But I thought all animals were naturally afraid of us?" said Harry.

"All wild animals," replied Uncle Rea, "live constantly on guard, so to speak, for each has its natural enemy; and most of them have learned to regard us as their common enemy, for almost everywhere there are men who, for mere sport, kill them without mercy. Hark!"

The report of a gun rang suddenly through the woods, and in a few moments a bird with a broken wing came fluttering through the trees, and fell almost at their feet.

A thrill of pain and pity ran through the boy's heart as he stooped to pick up

the wounded bird. It died in his hand, for the shot which had broken its wing went deeper, even to the fountain of life.

"I don't wonder the birds are afraid," said Harry, with a shiver.

"Nor I," answered Uncle Rea. There was a frown on the kind old gentleman's brow. The sportsman did not see where the bird fell, and so lost his game; but I think, if he had found his game, he would have got something with it that it might not have been pleasant to receive—or rather, hear.

Harry laid the dead bird tenderly away under some fallen leaves, and then walked on with Uncle Rea, both silent for a time.

"We were speaking of birds and animals being afraid of man," said Uncle Rea, breaking at length the silence. "It has brought to my mind a pleasant story of an Italian boy, who, by kindness to animals, caused them to love him as a dear friend, and to live peacefully together, though some of them were, in their wild state, what are called natural enemies."

"Oh, won't you tell me all about it, uncle?" The serious look went out of Harry's face, and his eyes were bright again.

"The boy's name was Francesco Michelo," said Uncle Rea, "and he lived in the island of Sardinia. When he was but ten years old, a fire burned the house in which he lived, and his father, who was a poor carpenter, lost his life in the ruins. By this sad event Francesco, his

mother and his little sister, were made beggars, and forced, for a time, to live on charity.

But begging and its uncertain gains did not suit the little boy; and so he looked about him for some way in which he could earn money for the support of himself and those he loved. When spring opened he made a large cage of laths and took it into the woods near the town where he lived, and climbing the trees, soon got many nests of young birds, such as chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves and pigeons, which, in company with his sister, he carried to the market of Lussari, and found for them a ready sale.

"The gains of the little bird-merchant were not, however, enough to meet all their wants, although he went often to the woods and returned with his cage full of young birds.

"In this trouble Francesco thought of a new and original way of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that by slow degrees he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all sorts of tricks with her; but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

"He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them to live in peace and happiness together, he taught the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each went through the duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her and endeavored to awaken her by strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage and begin to smooth her fur and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

"The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds was so new and unexpected that when Francesco brought them to the fair of Lussari he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of wondering spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bounds when they heard him call each feathered favorite by its name, and saw it fly toward him with delight, till all were perched on his head, his arms and his fingers.

"Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally, and

Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, and gave his mother a sum of money large enough to support her for many months.

"This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became strongly attached to him. This bird, which he called *Rosoletta*, once brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch that had escaped from its cage and was lost in a neighboring garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, *Rosoletta*, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her along the top of the linden trees toward home. *Rosoletta* led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side, in triumph at her success."

"Oh, isn't that all wonderful!" exclaimed Harry. "I wish I could have seen that cat with all the birds sitting around her or perched on her head. But isn't there more of the story? It is so interesting."

"A little more," answered Uncle Rea, with a slight shade in his voice. "Francesco died very suddenly."

"Oh dear! How did that happen, uncle?"

"He was gathering a species of mushroom common in Italy, and not being careful, picked and ate some that were

poisonous, and died in a few days in spite of every remedy that could be given."

"Poor Francesco!" sighed Harry. "And what became of his birds?"

"During the three days of his illness," said Uncle Rea, "the birds flew constantly round and round his bed, some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backward and forward above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any food.

"His death showed, in a wonderful manner, what love may be excited in animals by gentle treatment. Francesco's birds were all sensible of the loss of a benefactor, but none of his feathered favorites showed such real grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in going with the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his burial she sat upon a cypress tree to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd left, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for food. While she lived she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of a chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died about four months after the death of her beloved master."

Harry was silent a little while, and then, as he drew a long breath of relief, for the story of poor Francesco's death and the grief of his birds had made him feel sad, said:

"Won't you write this story all out, Uncle Rea, and send it to 'THE CHILDREN'S HOUR?'"

"I saw it in a book," answered Uncle Rea, "and maybe the children who read the 'Hour' have seen it."

"I don't believe one in fifty of them have ever seen it," replied Harry, in a confident tone.

"Maybe not," said Uncle Rea.

"You'll write it out then?"

"If you say so, Harry."

"Well, I do say so! And when you send it, Uncle Rea, just ask MR. ARTHUR to let the man who makes pictures for him draw one of the old cat with the birds all around her. I know all the children would like it, and I'd like it myself."

So the story was sent, and our artist has made the picture which stands at the head of this article for our little friends.

ROCKED ON THE DEEP.

By M. O. F.—

SOME years ago, in a sea-coast town of England, six little children were one day playing on the shore and crept into a small boat. The eldest was but nine; the rest less than five years old. An older boy, in thoughtless cruelty, untied the boat, and despite their cries and entreaties, pushed her off for the fun of frightening them. Away she drifted, far out on the open sea; and though, as soon as it was known, boats were rowed in

every direction, nothing was seen or heard of them all that afternoon and night. The distress in their homes may be imagined, not written.

Early the next morning a fisherman from a neighboring town, sailing in his sloop, saw something on the water at a distance, and by his spy-glass discovered that it was a boat. He made all the speed he could toward it, and found the little ones all cuddled down together, fast asleep. He took them on board his vessel, gave them food and comforted them, promising to take them home, for the eldest child could tell their story.

It was a sail of several miles; and it was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon that the people gathered on the shore discovered the sloop, evidently bound in, and with a boat astern. With their spy-glasses they ascertained that the boat was the same which had drifted away. But what had become of the children? For a little time the suspense was awful. But as soon as the sloop came within hail, the fisherman shouted, "All safe!"

"All safe!" The word passed from one to another like lightning, and strong men burst into tears. Soon the rescued little ones were in their mothers' arms. You know already that the joy and gratitude of that hour could not but flow forth in prayer.

It was the hand of a Father, all-loving, all-wise, all-powerful, that kept the frail little bark steadily afloat, wrapped the children in a quiet slumber, suffering no great fish or bird of prey to come near;

and sent them aid. It is easy to acknowledge this. But, dear children, we live in the midst of dangers, some of them seen, but many unseen; and that Father's loving care is as really about us every moment as about those little ones. Do we love him, trust in his mercy and serve him, as did the humble fisherman, by doing good in whatever way is in our power? If so, he will guide our life-bark safely across the changing sea of time, and anchor us at the golden shores of heaven.

TAKE CARE.

By Alice Cary.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet, from the light:
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

By the Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

"I'M for temperance," said a brown-eyed little fellow; and he shut his lips firmly, looking the very picture of resolution.

"Indeed! Then it's all over with King Alcohol," answered his older brother, laughing.

"Oh, you may laugh! It doesn't hurt anything!" said John, not in the least dashed by his brother's poor opinion of his influence. "If I'm not as old nor as big as you are, I count one on the right side; and every little helps, as mother says. So I'm for temperance, and I don't care who knows it."

"Don't you, indeed! S'pose all the world knew it—what then?"

"Why, the world would know that when I grew up there'd be one man liv-

ing who didn't spend his money nor idle his time in bar-rooms; who didn't make his wife sit up half the night for him, crying her eyes out; and who didn't neglect or abuse his children. That's what the world would know, and I guess it would help the good cause a little."

"Don't talk so loud, John." His brother spoke in a low voice. "Uncle Phil might hear you. He's in the next room."

"Is he? Well, I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance. I only wish he was. Maybe Aunt Susy wouldn't cry as much as she does; and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in."

"H-u-s-h, John! He'll be angry if he hears you."

"Getting angry wouldn't make it any better, Ned," firmly answered John. "I'm a temperance boy; and if Uncle Phil gets angry because I just say that I wish he was a temperance man, he'll have to get angry; that's all. I love Aunt Susy. She's as good as she can be; and Uncle Phil makes her cry with his drinking and getting tipsy. It's a great deal worse for him to do it than for me to say it; and he'd a great deal better get angry at himself than at me."

It was as Ned had feared. Uncle Phil, who was in the next room, heard every word of this conversation. Was he very angry at the little apostle of temperance? We shall see. At the mention of his name, he pricked up his ears to listen. As John said, "I'm not ashamed to let him know that I'm for temperance: I

only wish he was," two red spots burned on his cheeks, and he looked annoyed. But when John added, "Maybe Aunt Susy wouldn't cry as much as she does; and maybe they'd have a house of their own to live in," the spots went off of his cheeks, and he grew quite pale.

What John said after this didn't bring the blood back to his face, but made it, if anything, paler. He got up in a cowed sort of way, and left the room so quietly that the two boys did not hear him go out.

Now, Uncle Phil, about whom John had spoken so plainly, deserved all that was said of him, and a great deal more. Intemperance had almost destroyed his manhood. He was the slave of strong drink. Appetite, indulged for years, had gained a fearful power over him, and to gratify his burning thirst, he spent nearly every dollar that he earned, and lived with his family meanly dependent on his brother. Once he had been in a good business; now he was a clerk, on small pay, in the store of a friend named Mr. Osborne, who kept him more out of pity than for the service he gave. Sometimes he would be absent from his post for days, and often for hours in each day. The friend, after scolding him, pleading with him, threatening him, but all to no purpose, had about made up his mind to turn him adrift.

"I can't have him here any longer," said Mr. Osborne, speaking to his head clerk. "I've tried my best to help him, but it's no use. As he drinks up everything he earns, it will be better for him to earn nothing."

"I've long thought that," answered the clerk. "The fact is, you've borne with him to a degree that surprises every one in the store."

"I shall do it no longer," was the resolute reply.

"There he comes now," said the head clerk.

Mr. Osborne turned, with a hard look in his face, intending to stop Uncle Phil before he reached his desk and tell him that his duties there were at an end. But something in Uncle Phil's manner kept him from speaking what was in his thought. The poor man came in with a quicker step, and an air of earnestness about him not seen for a long time.

"I'll not be late again, Mr. Osborne," he said, in a humble way. "It's all wrong; but it sha'n't happen again."

"I hope not," replied Mr. Osborne, in a tone that gave Uncle Phil a start.

"You've a right to be displeased," the wretched man said. "I only wonder you've borne with me so long. But have patience with me a little while longer. I've made my mind up to lead a new life, God helping me!"

Uncle Phil's voice trembled, and pity came back into Mr. Osborne's heart.

"God alone can help you," answered his kind friend. "Unless you get strength from him, your case is hopeless."

"I am resolved never to drink one drop of liquor again so long as I live," said Uncle Phil, speaking solemnly.

"All good resolutions are from heaven, my friend," answered Mr. Osborne, "and from heaven comes the power to keep

them. Trust not in your own poor strength—it has failed you a thousand times—but look upward, and while you pray for help, keep yourself out of the old ways wherein your feet have stumbled. This is your part of the work, and must not fail for an instant. If you go where liquor is sold, you go out of the circle of safety; if you touch or taste it, you fall. God cannot help you, unless you try to help yourself; and the only way in which you can help yourself is to keep far off from danger. While you do this no strong desire for liquor will be felt; but if you taste it, you are lost.”

Uncle Phil stood with bent head while Mr. Osborne was talking.

“I will never taste it again,” he answered—“never, so long as I live!”

A thing happened that evening which had not happened for months. Uncle Phil made one of the family circle at tea-time. He came in with a sober face and quiet air, giving all a pleased surprise. John, who had spoken his mind so freely in the morning, and who had been thinking about him all day—for he was pretty sure Uncle Phil had heard his plain talk—could not keep his eyes from his face. Uncle Phil soon became aware that John was observing him with keen interest.

All at once, breaking the embarrassed silence of the tea-table, he asked, looking at the boy,

“What are you for, John?”

For a moment John hesitated, while his cheeks grew red. Then he answered firmly,

“I’m for temperance.”

There was an uneasy stir around the table, and a surprised looking from face to face.

“So am I, John; and that makes two on the right side; and we don’t care who knows it!” spoke out Uncle Phil, in a clear, ringing voice.

Oh, what a tearful, happy time came then! Aunt Susy cried for joy, and John’s mother cried and hugged her little son when Uncle Phil repeated the brave, strong words he had heard him say in the morning—words that went like arrows to his heart.

Uncle Phil never drank again. Before a year had passed he and Aunt Susy were in a small house of their own, independent and happy.

So you see how much may be done by a little boy who stands up for temperance, and is not afraid to speak strong words in a good cause.

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

TO bed, to bed, my curly head!
To bed, and sleep so sweetly;
Merry and bright with the morning light
Be up and dressed so neatly.

Then for a walk, and a pleasant talk
About the birds and flowers;
And all the day, in work and play,
We’ll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed, to rest the head,
And sleep until to-morrow:
May every day thus glide away
Without a shade of sorrow.



"SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO."

"SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Andantino.

1. Soft - ly the ech - oes come and go Ov - er the crackling
 2. Soft - ly beats the list'ning heart, In - all the music

pp *rall.* *p e lagato.*

frost and snow—The ech - oes of the bells which ring A wel - come to the
 tak - ing part; And through the cor - ri - dors of thought come breez - y tones, with

cres.

p *cres.* *f*

Sa - viour King! While children's voices, low and mild, Sing praises to the Heaven-born Child. Far and near,
 mem'ry fraught—The tones which in our youthful days Taught us to kneel in prayer and praise. Far and near,

p *cres.* *f*

pp *ppp* *rall.*

high and low, Softly the echoes come and go! Far and near, high and low, Softly the echoes come and go!
 high and low, Softly the echoes come and go! Far and near, high and low, Softly the echoes come and go!

pp *ppp* *rall.*

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETIMES I think it's hardly worth the telling. It isn't a grand story, you know, such as little boys and girls might have to tell who live in fine houses and dress handsome enough every day for Sundays, and eat from china and silver, and have all the love and care they know what to do with.

Mine is a very different story from that sort: a little, homely, country story of a little fatherless, motherless girl, who had nothing to boast of in parts or beauty; and yet it sometimes seems to me that, if you listen, you may hear the fresh, sweet winds from the clover meadows blowing through my story, and that something of a summer's morning, with its sunshine and glitter of dews and singing of birds, shall wind themselves in and out of this little green footpath of my tale.

And though I have nothing fine or grand to say, yet I cannot tell of some things that happened to me without the big tears coming warm and fast; and of others without the laughter rings among my thoughts, sweet and loud as the music which the Swiss players ring out of their bells. So, if by some wonderful chance, a great thing should happen and my story should ever get into a real book, it might quicken the hearts of some little boys and girls; and what if the tears should

come into their eyes too, and the smiles twinkle suddenly out into their faces?

But, as I said, "really getting into a book" with such a little story as mine seems a matter hardly to hope for. It just makes my heart jump to think of so grand a thing happening to me, Hope Darrow!—a thing to dream about and partly hope for, but that never can really come to pass.

Still, I shall tell the story just the same, because I cannot help it; and I shall fancy that the little boys and girls stand listening eager about me, and that they never grow tired when my story is dull, and never laugh and wink at each other over my mistakes.

My name is Hope Darrow, and my father died before I can remember; and so, almost, did my mother, although I sometimes seem to see her face, like faces we remember in a dream, bending down toward me; and by something tender and sorrowful in the eyes, and something sweet and quivering about the lips, I know that is the face of my mother; and in just that way she used to look at me long, long ago, when I sat in her lap or tottled at her knee—the face of my mother before the daisies grew over it.

I have a big brother too; and two years ago, when my story first commences, he was just double my age, for he was seventeen, and his name is just Lewis. I love him—this big brother of mine—better than anything in the world, and before I am done I mean you shall love him too.

He's as big as two of me, Lewis is; and he can swing me up in his arms and toss

me about as though I were of no more account than a pet kitten. I wish I could tell you that he was graceful and handsome, but I don't think he is either, although the first time it dawned upon me that he was not both, I was cut to the heart.

I had gone down that night to meet Lewis as he returned from the saw-mill. I went over the old bridge by the river and sat on a log under the trees on the bank. It was chilly there, for the October moon had waxed and waned, and I gathered my little red plaid shawl tighter about me and wished it was bigger and warmer, although I would not have had Lewis hear me say that for all the world.

The leaves looked crisp and faded, and there were great streaks of yellow in the oaks, and here and there was a great red blush of maples, and I could see in the orchards across the creek the heaps of apples piled at the foot of the trees. It was lonely sitting there and watching the dark water of the little narrow river on its way to the sea—the great sea where the flocks of white birds dash and cry, and the snowy sails slide up and down in the wind, like mighty spirits walking upon the deep.

While I sat there in the fading light, and the mists from the river stealing up and filling the air with damp and chill, two of the school-girls came along and stopped upon the bridge, and stared at me a moment.

Then one of the girls called out, "Why, Hope Darrow, what do you mean sitting

down there so lonesome on that old stump?"

"I'm waiting for my brother," I said. "He'll be up in a few minutes."

So they went on, and I heard one say to the other, "Doesn't she look kinder awful all alone down there?"

"Yes; it scared me at first. I wouldn't do it for my brother, I know."

"Nor I, Esther; but then, you see, Hope sets the world on hers, for he is all she's got. He's not much to boast of, though. He's only a great, big, homely fellow, with a bridge of freckles across his nose, and his hair of no color at all, unless it is a bit of old, faded brown matting."

"I know it; but after all, they say he's real shrewd and honest at the bottom."

This was the last I heard, the girls having no idea how loud they were talking. As for telling you how I felt, that would be quite impossible. To have my dear, good, noble brother put down in that way!

I was hot all over with anger, and yet something swelled in my throat, so that I had to swallow and swallow to keep from bursting right out in a great sob. In a few minutes somebody shouted to me across the river in a loud, pleased voice: "Hollo! Hope there?" I sprang right up and scampered across the bridge, and was at my brother's side.

"Oh, Lewis, I'm so glad! How late you've been to-night!"

"You looked like a little Red Riding-hood, perched there on that log under

the bridge, and I am the big wolf that's come along to eat you."

"No, you're not a big wolf, either," I said stoutly, and then I looked him all over. He was anything but slender—there was no denying it—with those large, stout limbs; and there were the freckles stretching from one cheek to the other, and his hair—I tried to think it was fine and golden brown, with a pretty curl in it, but when it was rough in the wind, as it was to-night, it stood up a good deal like bristles.

"Well, Hope," he said, "if I'm not a big wolf, I'll be something better. You shall be the lost princess in the forest, and I the knight that rescued her and brought her gifts of fruits and flowers. See there, now!"

He opened the basket in which he usually carried his dinner, and there, sure enough, was a heap of wild grapes, the great purple clusters piled one upon another, and some sprays of salvia, every red leaf glittering like a spark of fire among the bunches.

"Oh, Lewis!" clapping my hands, "where did you find them?"

"Up in the woods yonder. That's what made me late to-night. I knew where the vines grew, and I thought these would be a nice little treat for you, but I never suspected you were waiting down there in the damp and cold by the river. How red your little hands are!"

"No matter: I forgot my mittens, Lewis," helping myself to the grapes. "Oh, how sweet they are!" as the juices melted like honey in my mouth.

In a few minutes I had eaten my fill, and then we started for home. Then I remembered the talk I had heard sitting down there by the river, and which I had forgotten while I was eating the grapes.

"What's the matter with you, Hope?" asked Lewis, as he helped me over the bars, looking under my hat.

"Why, what made you ask?"

"Because I saw something was wrong. Tell me, Hope?" drawing my hand, which he had made warm in his, a little closer.

"It's a shame—a burning shame—a wicked lie!" I burst out now.

"Is it so bad as that?" said Lewis, a good deal surprised.

"Yes, and a good deal more than that, Lewis Darrow."

Of course, after that it had to come out. I hated to tell him, for fear it would hurt him, but there was no help for it; so I just repeated the girls' talk which I had overheard, sitting under the bridge.

I was very much surprised to hear him burst out into a loud, hearty laugh, as though he really enjoyed it.

"Why, Lewis Darrow," I said, "is that all you care?"

"Yes, every whit," he said. "I think it's real fun."

"To be called big, and clumsy, and homely! It makes me just mad to think of it, and not a word of truth in it, either!"

"It strikes me there was more fact in it all than fiction."

"Why, Lewis Darrow!" I said, standing still, "don't you care about being handsome, and how you look?"

"Not much: not at all as a girl would, you know. I suppose now, about the worst thing you could say about one would be that she wasn't good-looking."

"It would be a very bad thing to say. She wouldn't be likely to forget it," I answered.

"Well, boys are different, you see; and then you must admit they gave me some grace, for they admitted I was shrewd and honest."

"Ye-es; but then, of course, everybody knows that, and the other wasn't true."

"That's a matter of opinion. I'm perfectly satisfied with my looks, freckles and all, so long as they stand well in one pair of shy, bright eyes that are worth more to me than all the other eyes in the world."

I knew what that meant, and I just drew a little closer to the dear fellow and looked up in his face, and Lewis smiled down on me.

The homeliest face would look handsome under that smile. It opened the eyes and glowed in their warm brown color, and gave a soft expression to the mouth that did look just a little grim when it was closed and the whole face was thoughtful.

"Don't you fret more about that," said Lewis.

"No; I won't, as true as I live," I answered, thinking that if he wasn't handsome, he was a great many things that were better; and after all, as Lewis said, "it didn't make so much matter with boys as girls."

As we went up home through the corn-

fields that night, the wind growled among the barren trees, and among the yellow stalks, and I couldn't help shivering a little.

I saw Lewis looking at my thin shawl with something hard and bitter in his face. I knew well enough what he was thinking, and I tried to look as though I did not care for the cold.

"I think it's nice to hear the wind blow, don't you?" I asked.

He understood just why I said that. Lewis was always quick to see down through words to what lay at the bottom of them, as in some brooks you can see far down where the pebbles lie at the bottom and the small fish glide softly through the water.

"I shouldn't think the wind would be particularly nice to a little girl when it shivers her all up and turns her fingers red and her nose blue. It's a different thing with a big, lusty fellow like me; but little girls want warm clothes when the wind blows."

That was a fact I could not deny. The winter was coming and I had not the warm clothes, nor Lewis the money to buy them.

It took about all he could earn to pay our board at the stage-driver's where we lived. It was not a very pleasant home, either, for the man was surly and his wife had a temper that was always in a kind of chronic fret. She was not really unkind, but she had something cross-grained in her from the beginning, and hard work and unthrifty ways had not improved the original stuff.

Still it was the best home that heart and hands could make, and it was a great deal that we could always be together, for the stage-driver and his wife were willing to give us food and shelter for such pay as even my brother's scanty wages afforded, though they grumbled and fretted over it; but then grumbling and fretting were the habit of the household.

Going home that night my heart was full, and it seemed as though its cold darkness was like the cold of the growling wind, like the dark that was coming down to roll up the day.

It seemed to me that I was of no sort of use in the world—that I lay a heavy burden on the youth of my brother. I knew it was only for my sake he stayed on in this quiet old hill town, dividing his days between the saw-mill and the stage-driver's. If it had not been for his helpless, clinging little sister, he would have gone out into the great world and made a place there for himself.

Once long ago, one of the neighbors had said to him in a careless way, "Now, Lewis Darrow, you are making a fool of yourself to tie down to that child. It's too hard on a young fellow like you. Let her shift for herself. Just have her bound out among some good folks and take her own chance in the world." How Lewis' eyes did blaze! He rose right up off his seat in the kitchen. "Never," he said, "so long as I've got a right hand to work will I put that little sister of mine away from me. Never talk to me about sending her off among cold, heart-

less strangers until I can't earn her a bit of a crust to eat, or a bit of roof to shelter her."

That was as much as two years ago, and ever since nobody had said anything to him about "binding his sister out."

I remembered that time to-night. Indeed, there was no danger of my ever forgetting it.

We had been walking on in silence for a long time. I looked up at Lewis with the tears in my eyes.

"Why, Hope, what is the matter?" he asked, standing still.

"Oh, Lewis," I broke out, "it would be almost better if I were not here—if I lay down still and close by dear mamma! I can't do anything, only be a burden and a trouble to you. Don't you wish, sometimes, you were well rid of me?"

"No, never!" he broke out. "You are the only comfort I have in the world, Hope, and I'll stick to the old saw-mill and work my arms to the bone before I'll go away from you. I'll keep my promise to the end."

"What promise, Lewis?"

"My promise to mamma, Hope. You don't know about that; but the last day of her life she put her long, thin fingers on your little curly head and looked up in my face—oh, I see that look now!" he choked suddenly.

I drew nearer to him: "Tell me, Lewis."

He cleared his throat: "'The child, Lewis. What will become of her. You are all she's got.'

"'And I'll never leave her. I'll take

care of her. You may trust me, mother,' I said.

"A smile came into her face. 'Ah, Lewis, my boy, you're wise and old beyond your years. I will trust you,' she said.

"I was a little shaver then, not quite a dozen years old, but I've kept my word ever since, and I mean to," said Lewis Darrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BERTIE.

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

THE summer sun shone down on a pretty picture framed in the doorway of the old farm-house, climbed over by sweet-brier. Little Bertie, nicely washed and dressed, his short golden curls played with by the morning breeze, his blue eyes bright and eager. Bertie's papa had been away in the army for many months, and though mamma often talked to the little boy about his father and showed him his picture, he had but a dim idea of what papa was or how he looked. Bertie was hardly two years old.

Well, this morning mamma was very busy, and had left her little boy alone a few minutes, and he had trotted to the door, and everything looked so bright and pleasant he thought he would take a walk. First he turned round and crept carefully backward off the door-step; then he scrambled up on his feet again, and

patter, patter they went down the walk. The grass was very green, the birdies sang, and buttercups and daisies were plenty. To be sure, Rover, the great house-dog, came rubbing against him, and down he tumbled, but he was not hurt, and little did he care that the pretty pink and white dress and ruffled apron were much the worse. He picked himself up and went stumbling through the long grass to a place where the buttercups were thickest and sat down a while to pick them. When he had his apron full, his dress adorned here and there with a spot of green, he trotted on again. A tiny field-mouse ran right over his foot with pussy in full chase. Bertie started to run too, for he wanted to see which way mousie went, and whether there was a nest with wee baby mousies in it; but pretty soon he tripped over a stone, and down he went again, losing all his flowers. Bertie cried a little then, rubbing his small brown paws into his eyes, and by this time face and hands, clothes and shoes, were not at all in trim to suit mamma. Bertie brightened up, though, and found his way out to the road. Near by was a wide, deep, rushing brook, that the little boy greatly liked, but which was very unsafe for small travelers. Bertie thought of the flowers that grew close beside it—large yellow cowslips—and of the nice time he had down there with Cousin Frank, throwing pebbles into the water. Oh, how they did splash! Bertie thought he would go to the brook. On he trotted, though a frog frightened him once or twice, but of the real danger

so near those tiny feet no word of warning reached him. Ah, Bertie—poor little Bertie!—if only mamma knew!

Close, close to the stream's brink, and—Bertie screamed with fright, for a tall, strong man grasped him firmly and lifted him in his arms. Bertie did not know that he had ever seen him before, and the man, when he caught him away from that certain peril, did not at first think the dirty, forlorn-looking child his own. But he looked into the little muddy face and saw the mother's eyes and mouth, and clasping his boy close to his heart, quieting his fears with gentle tones and caresses, carried him home in his arms.

Little children, we often do not fear at all that which would harm us most, but shrink from what comes to us as our richest blessing. Even our Father in heaven sometimes finds us afraid at his coming! But it is better to trust him and let him lead us in all things than try to go alone.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

A LITTLE girl and her brother, says the *Well-Spring*, were on their way to the store the other morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a kind of cloak over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew the little boy closer to her, and said, "Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little;" and they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

Now, why can't we all stretch our comforts a little? There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

HUMILITY.

A FARMER went with his son into a wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down I am sure cannot be good for much."

The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said, "See here, my child. This stalk that stood so straight is light-headed, and almost good for nothing. while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grains."

AN old proverb says: "Good counsel breaks no man's head;" on which some one remarks: "But the neglect to take good counsel has not only broken many a man's head, but also many a man's heart."

A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.



WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

"THIS farm-yard scene is pleasant to look upon, even though it is mid-winter, with the snow lying deep on everything and the air frosty and keen, because the cattle are well cared for, and the woman who is milking and the man who is feeding them are warmly clad."

So said Uncle Herbert, as he held a winter picture in his hand and talked to the group of children who had gathered round him.

"Don't people in the country sometimes get snowed up in their houses?" asked little Nelly.

VOL. V.—5

"Yes, away in the North."

"So that they can't get out?"

"Not until they have dug paths through the snow."

"What splendid fun that must be!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"There is a beautiful poem by Whittier called 'Snow-bound,'" said Uncle Herbert, "in which he tells us how, when a boy, he was snowed up in his father's house, and how they all dug paths through the drift."

"Oh read it for us! Do, Uncle Herbert!" cried half a dozen eager voices.

"It had snowed hard for two days and nights," said Uncle Herbert. "How it

looked on the second morning the poet tells us." And he read—

"And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and
towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile
showed,
A fenceless drift that once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat:
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!
Well pleased (for when did farmer-boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish that luck was ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep—
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep—
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot."

"So heavy was this fall of snow," said
Uncle Herbert, as he ceased reading,
"that all the roads for many miles around
were blocked up, and no neighbor reached
the snow-bound family for several days.
Let me read you what the poet says of
the third night and morning."

"And while with care our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

"Within our beds a while we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedstead rock.
We heard the loosened clap-boards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost:

And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

* * * *

"Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear,
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hill-side treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the struggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain."

"Is that all of it?" asked little Nelly,
who had listened with wide-open eyes.

"No," answered Uncle Herbert.

"Won't you read more?"

"If you would like to have me do so,
I will read the whole poem. It won't
take long, and I think you will enjoy it
very much."

"Oh, please do!" they all cried.

And Uncle Herbert read for the children the whole of Whittier's "SNOW-BOUND," one of the sweetest poems in the language.

It was an evening long remembered by the children, who entered into the spirit of the poem, and enjoyed it even more than Uncle Herbert thought they would.

The same pleasure is in store for hundreds of family groups this winter. Get a copy of "Snow-bound," if it is not already in your library, and have it read aloud for young and old on some stormy night, when the snow beats against your windows. You will find a new enjoyment.

A PICTURE AND A STORY.

By a Subscriber to the "Hour."

"OH, isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Carrie Ellsworth, as her mother unrolled Mr. Arthur's new and beautiful picture, "The Angel of Peace," which had just come by mail. If any of you have seen it, you know that my words cannot do it justice; but to those who have not I will try to give some idea of the subject.

In the foreground an angel flies far above a vast city now wrapped in silence and night. In the west is the crescent moon; above and around her the shining stars. She holds on her bosom a half-sleeping child. The little one's eyes are just opening, as if in partial waking; her arms clasp the angel's neck, while she leans trustingly on her breast. The faces are very beautiful—the child's pure, confiding, peaceful, while that of the angel is radiant with love and joy.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "this picture is as perfect an illustration of Miss Proctor's beautiful poem, 'The Angel's Story,' as if it had been designed for it. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Oh do, mother!" answered the little girl, eagerly, a pleased light breaking over her face.

"It was Christmas eve, bright with twinkling stars and musical with chiming bells; while churches and homes, adorned with evergreen, sent upward sweet anthems of 'Glory to God, and peace on earth. In one of the wealthiest homes in the great city a little child lay on his

downy bed, surrounded by loving friends and every outward comfort and luxury, but moaning in pain. His mother knelt beside him, smiling even in the midst of her grief; comforting him with words of love and the promise that in a little time his suffering would be over and he should see the Lord Jesus and be happy for ever. All had been tried to save his life that could be; the physician's utmost skill, the tenderest nursing had failed. Suddenly the child's moans ceased. Unseen by all the rest, but visible to him, a mighty angel robed in white, with snowy, outspread wings and a radiance not of earth around his head, bent over him. His face glowed with tender love as he folded the child to his breast and floated with him upward, leaving the frail, worn form in marble stillness. As they soared on through the calm night air, the angel, with a radiant smile, placed a spray of crimson roses beside him; and when the child looked up in wonder, he said,

"Listen, little one, and I will tell you the story of these flowers. Long ago, in that vast city far below us dwelt a child utterly poor and forlorn. He had no home but a wretched garret in a noisy, dirty, crowded alley, and not only was he often cold and hungry, but he was a cripple, and his days and nights were full of pain. Worse than all this, he had no one to care for him; no gentle hand ministered to his need, no loving heart pitied him, no tender tones breathed in his ears to soothe the weariness of his painful hours and wakeful nights. The months wore on and summer came—a joy and glory to happy

children; but the air that to them is soft and sweet, to the poor orphan child in the crowded alley was only hot and close, laden with fever. At last, impelled by an impulse he could not resist, he limped away, one sunny day, and wandered in the clean, handsome streets till he came to a gateway leading into a large and lovely garden attached to a costly house. The child fairly held his breath with wonder at the beautiful scene before him, such as he had never even dreamed. Large trees threw their cool, pleasant shade over it, softening the glad sunshine; countless flowers bloomed in varied beauty of graceful form and rich coloring, and wafted to him their delicate fragrance on the balmy air; fountains played with sweet, murmuring sound, the spray glistening in the light like a myriad brilliants; and birds caroled joyously amid the golden-green foliage. You were playing there, even in that safe and lovely spot, attended by your nurse; and when she, tired of seeing the pale, worn, wistful face pressed against the latticed gate, gave the boy a silver coin, bidding him go away, you saw the large tears drip down and your heart grew pitiful. You gathered the brightest roses, those you loved best, and passed them between the bars with words of tender kindness. That act, small as it was to you, costing you nothing, changed all things to him.

"He took your roses in his hand, your loving words in his heart, went back to his poor garret and it seemed no longer poor. Visions of beauty, and hope, and love floated around his pillow all that day

and night. It seemed to him, too, that no one spoke crossly to him, as they had been wont. He wondered if he were dreaming, or if those flowers had some secret power to charm away evil and soften the hearts of even the rough people around him.

"The next day the roses were wilted, but he thought they were so lovely they could not perish. "They will bloom again," he said. Another morning came and the wilted flowers lay on the little bed

beside the child's cold form, while his spirit was far beyond all pain, and weariness, and grief, resting on the breast of Him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." I was that little child; and, lest the hard, cold, selfish world should blight and stain your gentle, loving spirit, that tender Saviour has sent me to seek you and bear you to his arms. No gentle deed, no kind word he passes by unnoticed, but makes them to bloom as immortal flowers in heaven.' "



TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.

"I'M glad of one thing!" She spoke out suddenly, a sigh of relief following the sentence. It was my little Helen. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture-book in her hand.

"Glad of what?" I asked.

"That I'm not a hen," she answered, lifting her serious eyes to mine.

"Not a hen! Why, darling! what do you mean?"

She brought me her book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed the quiet

of her mind. The picture of a mother-hen frightened at the appearance of a fox was on the open page.

"Poor thing! How scared she is!" said the child, tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"Oh, I'm glad that I'm not a hen to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

And I saw a little shiver run over her.

"Maybe you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, any how, a fox wouldn't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Claire say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said, 'Take care of the little foxes.'"

"Oh yes. I remember now; and I couldn't help wondering what she meant."

"She didn't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew she didn't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"Oh, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling. And you are in as much danger from them as the bird you so pitied just now."

There was a half-scared, half-wondering expression in my little girl's face.

"Oh, I understand!" she said, a faint smile playing about her lips. "By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes. Foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was; how he 'sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under;' and how our Lord called him 'that fox.'"

"Oh yes! I remember. And it was because he was cruel that he was called a fox?"

"Yes. The evil and cruel feelings, represented by foxes in nature, had destroyed all the kind and compassionate feelings in his heart, and made him inwardly as cunning and cruel as a fox. And this same thing is happening now, and every day. I have seen a great many people—children even—who appeared to me more like foxes than lambs; more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty toward each other. Oh, my child, take care of the fox! Don't let him get in among the gentle and loving things of your soul, or he will hurt, and it may be destroy them."

WISDOM.—She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

STORIES ABOUT LIONS.

THE lion is strong and cruel, yet he will become attached to those who treat him kindly. A story is told of one who was brought from India, and who on the passage grew very fond of a sailor who had charge of him. His name was "Nero." On being shut up in a cage in London, he grew sulky and was very fierce when any one came near him, so that it was dangerous even for his keeper to approach him.

One day, a few weeks after Nero had been shut up in his new prison, a party of sailors visited the menagerie, and were warned by the keeper not to go too near the lion, who every now and then turned and growled savagely at those who were looking at him. All at once one of these sailors ran up to the cage, and thrusting in his hand, cried out,

"What! old shipmate! don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad?"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage and put out his nose between them. Jack patted him on the head, and the lion rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood frightened and in astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."

The following anecdote is told of a lion who was kept in a menagerie at Brussels. The den of this lion, who was named

Danco, needed some repairs. The carpenter who had to make them, on seeing the lion in the same cage as that in which he was to work, started back in terror.

"I can't go in beside that beast," he said.

"But," replied the keeper, "I will take him to the lower end of the cage while you are at work."

Upon this they entered the cage, and the carpenter fell to work. For a while the keeper amused himself with Danco, but growing tired, dropped into a sound sleep. The carpenter worked on without fear, trusting to the keeper for protection from the beast he so much dreaded. Having repaired the lower part of the cage, he turned to ask the keeper's opinion of his work. To his horror, he saw the lion and his keeper sleeping side by side. The lion awoke at the sound of the carpenter's voice, and glared at him fiercely; after a warning growl, which seemed to say, "Don't you come too near my master," it placed its paw on the keeper's breast and composed itself once more to slumber. To the carpenter's great joy, some of the attendants came up and awoke the keeper, who did not appear the least alarmed at his position, but shaking the lion's paw, led it off to another cage and left the carpenter to finish his work without further alarm.

A pretty black spaniel was once put into the den of one of the largest and fiercest lions in the Tower of London. The little animal threw itself on its back, trembling and holding up its paws as if begging for mercy. The huge beast



NERO AND THE SAILOR.

turned it over with one paw, and then with the other, and seemed to court its acquaintance. The keeper then brought a portion of the lion's dinner and placed it in the cage. The lion held back from the food, and the dog, trembling all over, ventured to eat, his fear being somewhat lessened. The lion then came up and they finished the meal together. From that day they became firm friends, and the dog would lay down to sleep under the very jaws of the lion.

In about a year the spaniel died. For some time the lion seemed to think that his little pet was asleep. He stirred it gently with his nose, but when he found

his efforts vain, he shook the place of his confinement with roars of agony. Many vain attempts were made to remove the dead body of the spaniel; the keeper tried to tempt the lion with food, but he would not touch it. Sometimes, in his agony, he would seize the bars of his cage, and when quite spent, would stretch himself by the body of his little friend, gather it to him with his paws and press it to his bosom. "For five days," so ends this story, "he languished, and gradually grew weaker and weaker, refusing all food or comfort, till one morning he was found dead, with his head resting on all that remained of his little friend."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FEBRUARY, 1869.



MY PUSSY CAT.

By Anna Wilmot.

I HAD a little pussy cat
When I was only five;
A funny little pussy cat—
The funniest alive.
VOL. v.—6

She'd purr, and spit, and round her back,
And try to catch her tail,
A dozen times an hour, or more,
Though every time she'd fail.

The silly little pussy cat!—
And mamma's knitting-ball

She'd chase about the floor, or leap
At flies upon the wall.

She'd tumble on the carpet,
She'd tear about the room,
She'd watch when Ellen came to sweep,
And jump upon her broom.

And if you'd draw along the ground
A handkerchief or string,
She'd crouch a moment watching it,
Then give a tiger spring,
As if it were a mouse she saw,
Or other living thing.

My darling little pussy!
But that was long ago,
I'm five years older now than then,
And cats, like children, grow.

My pussy is a stately cat:
No more about the room
She chases mamma's knitting-ball
Or jumps at Ellen's broom;

But sits up, tall and dignified,
And winks, and spreads her paw
Out in a serious way, as though
Just laying down the law.

I laugh, when I remember
The harum-scarum thing
That whirled around to catch her tail,
Or tried to seize a string.

And will the little romping girl
That laughs at pussy now,
Grow up and be as dignified,
And wear a serious brow?

It may be so; but this I'll say—

And say it once for all—

I'll do much more than wink and blink,
Sitting up straight and tall.

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER II.

LEWIS and I did not say any more until we came all of a sudden to the fork of the road, and beyond that it was but a few steps to the lane where the stage-driver's house stood—that house which was all the home we had in the world.

The lane was a pleasant place in summer, opening its shady green depths out of the highway. There were clumps of lilac bushes that made a honeyed sweetness among the dews of the May mornings, and a great motherly elm which spread out its green roof for the birds to build their nests and sing away their happy lives and the long, dear summer together. I believe I came to have a real human love for that grand old elm, that was tough and sound at the core, with all the winters and the storms that had thundered upon its head, as well as the sunshine that had warmed and sweetened the sap at its heart.

On the right of the lane stood the house—a long, narrow, gloomy building of rough, gray stone; the small windows, with their narrow panes, blinking out at

the lane. The wall which ran along the front of the house had grown top-heavy and tumbled over, here and there leaving great yawning gaps that would have been a dreadful eyesore to anybody that loved neatness and thrift.

But the whole place had a dreadfully shiftless, broken-down air. There were a few forlorn-looking chickens always pecking for worms in the front yard; and the stalks of sunflowers and hollyhocks, which held up their yellow and crimson faces bravely to the sun last August, dropped limp and withered now. The touch of the frost had fallen on them also. Before the front gate, one of whose hinges was always certain to be out of order, so that the thing groaned and creaked with every blast which the year blew on it, the stage was drawn up.

It was a great lumbering wagon, that I think had once served for a butcher's cart, but a coat of dingy red paint and new leathern curtains had somewhat improved it.

Every day that old wagon with its two big, sleek-looking horses went over to Salmon Head, where the train going North stopped at noon, and dropped any passengers who wanted to make a cross-cut into the lakes and hills twenty miles beyond.

Crowds of people came there every summer for the wonderful scenery and the cool mountain air, the nearest hotel being fifteen miles from our house; and ten beyond the hotel was the edge of the vast wilderness where gentlemen came to hunt and camp out every summer, bringing

with them, sometimes, delicate, gracious ladies, who passed days in little tents in the wilderness, just after the fashion of gypsies.

The passengers, however, came mostly by a more direct route than the round-about one from Salmon Head. There was a railroad on the other side of the hills, which brought one almost into the heart of the beautiful scenery; but in one way and another a good many people drifted into John Brainerd's stage, and were jolted over the rough roads to the hotel on the spur of the hill; and I can see the man now, with his heavy, ungainly figure, and his face to suit the figure, and his thick, grizzled beard, taking the pipe from his mouth and declaring that nobody ever took the ride from Salmon Head to Terrace Hotel without saying, before they got through, they were glad enough they tried it.

Everybody who knew John Brainerd knew that speech also. I think he must have made it at least once every day of his life. Stage-driving seemed, in fact, the man's natural element. He was never quite so much at home as when he was cracking jokes mounted on the driver's seat, with his pipe in his mouth and his whip in his hand, and the twenty miles of silent, hilly road, with the great, solemn, steep hills, and the little water-courses among them shining like chains of twisted silver, and the deep gorges where the streams gurgled and sang, like children at play, or, shouted like trumpets calling to battle—the twenty miles between Salmon Head and Terrace Tavern was a

weird, solemn, wonderful picture of its own kind.

"Brainerd's had poor luck to-day," said Lewis, as he caught sight of the stage before the gate. "It's growing late for travelers this year."

My heart and thoughts had been full of the story he had been telling me—full, too, of remembering how, day by day, hour by hour, Lewis was keeping his word to his dead mother and mine—keeping it while his whole young soul panted, I knew, to be up and off, fighting its own stout battle with the world, instead of wearing away his dull evenings under John Brainerd's roof, and his long days at the old saw-mill.

It was something I could not talk about, for, with the very first words, the great sobs astrain in my throat would be sure to wrench themselves in thick gusts of tears, and I had a long, dark night coming to cry in, and a little child may sometimes have feelings so deep that words only weaken them.

"If it wasn't so late and cold we could jump in and you could give me a little ride, couldn't you now, Lewis?" "Yes;" with a thoughtful glance at my shawl, which I had spread out to look as large as possible. "If you were wrapped up real warm, Hope, as you ought to be, we wouldn't mind the cold, would we?"

At that very moment we both gave a little start, for a sudden light glinted out of the front window on the east side of the house. That was Mrs. Brainerd's parlor, a room that was not occupied probably half a dozen times a year. It

might have been made a pleasant room with some kindly human life going on in it, but Mrs. Brainerd had her own notions and her own ways of indulging them. It was something to have a parlor, and it was all the grander if one never used it.

Lewis and I looked at each other. "Something's happened! What can it be, Lewis?" for now there was a swift flash and glitter of flame. They were actually kindling a fire in the parlor! Such an event had never happened in all the time we had dwelt under that roof.

Before we could reach the door, Mrs. Brainerd put her head outside, buttoning her sleeves at the wrist, as though she had dressed herself in a hurry. It was a worn, faded face, that had once been pretty, and the wear now, perhaps, was less that of time than small fretting and worries.

There was some unusual excitement just now in her face, which brought out something of its old, long-lost animation.

"Oh, children, I'm glad to see you!" she said, with brisk cordiality. "You will have to go straight for the doctor, Lewis."

"For the doctor? What's happened?" we both cried out together.

"John's brought home a passenger—a young fellow, who has hurt his ankle awful, jumping off the cars after they started. He'll have to spend the night here. John's got him into the front room on the lounge. He looks as white as a sheet, and I can see he's in dreadful pain, though he's got good pluck to keep it under. You just jump into the stage

and ride over to the Corners and bring the doctor back."

It was a five-mile drive. It would be pitch dark by the time that Lewis got back. I put up a faint little "Mayn't I go too?" for a ride with Lewis, even in cold and darkness, was something, but my voice was drowned in the boy's "I'll do it," that rang back to us hearty and cheerful as he sprang into the driver's seat.

Just as he started off, Lewis turned and saw me. "Run right in, little Hope!" he said. He only called me that at times, and I always knew it meant a great deal with him. "It's too cold for you out there."

I went into the house. The very air seemed alive with something new and strange. As I went past the parlor door my heart beat. I could not tell why.

Just then Mr. Brainerd came out, some unusual twinkle of importance in his little gray eyes, and his whole heavy face had a kind of solemn dignity which startled me.

I tiptoed up to him: "Lewis has gone for the doctor."

"That's lucky," rubbing his big hands. "A man can't be in twenty places at once, or I should have started before this time."

"Is he suffering very much, do you think?"

"Yes; but he's true grit—bears it like a hero. It's a wonder that jump didn't cost him his life, instead of a broken ankle!"

"Oh dear! Is it so bad as that?"

"No tellin' about those things, child, until the doctor comes; but it's my private opinion that it's a bad case, a very bad case," shaking his big, grizzled head solemnly.

"But how came he to jump off the train? Couldn't he wait for the cars to stop?"

"They had stopped and started off again. You see, the young chap found out at the last minute, from some talk he overheard among the passengers, that he could get over to Terrace Tavern on this side, and he caught up his valise and sprang off, and the cars under full headway. But this won't do for me," bolting off without another word.

I went up stairs to my own room and took off my shawl and bonnet, smoothing my rumpled hair before the bit of broken mirror in my chamber.

I was a little vain over that hair, because Lewis praised its color sometimes, and said a good many fine ladies might have envied it.

But it was a little pinched, colorless sort of face that looked at me from under the thick, reddish brown hair, and the eyes had something grave and old in them. I was a good deal excited thinking of the strange breeze which had blown in suddenly upon the dullness of our lives. I felt sorry for the young man or boy "about Lewis's age," they said, lying down there all alone, in his pain and helplessness, in the dark, lonely little parlor. It must be very hard for him, with only strange faces and voices about him. If it was Lewis now, there would

be so many things I could do for him; and I wondered if this young man had a mother or sister, or anybody who loved and cared for him as I did for my brother, and who would feel as I should if Lewis were lying untended and suffering in some lonely house by the roadside.

The very thought made a pang at my heart, and I went down stairs into the kitchen, where Mrs. Brainerd was bustling about, airing sheets for her guest, and getting things in order for the doctor.

"Oh dear!" she said, lifting up both hands and letting them fall in a sort of hopeless way, as she caught sight of me, "if I'd only known all this was comin' on me this morning, I might have been in some kind o' readiness for it. To think of my having one o' them grand folks from the other side to pass the night here! If somebody had only whispered it to me this mornin'! but it's always been my luck through life, Hope, to be took by surprise."

"Accidents always take us that way, Mrs. Brainerd, or they wouldn't happen, you know."

Mrs. Brainerd drew another long sigh, and took no notice of my general remark. "There's my week's ironin' not so much as sprinkled yet," she said.

"If there's anything I can do, I shall be very glad to help you."

She brightened up at this speech of mine.

"Well, yes, you can do me a real good turn, Hope, if you will step in with this big pillow and give it to that poor fellow

in there. Jist tell him I thought it would be a little more comfortable: that's all you need do."

I should never have made my offer if I had thought Mrs. Brainerd would take it up in this way, for a mile in the dark and chill outside would have been nothing to going in there alone and facing the stranger. But I could not draw back from my promise, so without one word I took the pillow from Mrs. Brainerd's hands and started.

At the parlor door, though, I had to stop, for my heart was just jumping in my throat, and my fingers shook and fumbled at the handle.

It was very absurd, I know, but then I was as shy as a squirrel who had spent all his life running up and down the great green silences of the woods, and it seemed a terrible thing to me to go in and face this stranger whom I had never seen in my life. For a moment I had a strong mind to toss away the pillow and run off, but then I said to myself, "Now, Hope Darrow, would you do such a thing as that? Wouldn't you be ashamed all your life to remember what a coward you proved? Be a woman, now, and go in without stopping to think. If you do, you will shiver and quake worse than ever. Put it right straight through. Pluck is half the battle, as Lewis would say." So without stopping another moment after that, lest the courage I had bolstered up should break down, I opened the door and walked in.

It is strange how this very minute I can see everything in that room, as I see

the paper across which my pen is moving to-night.

The green carpet with the streaks of fading daylight among the leaves, the rows of chairs and the painted mantel, with the blue china vases on top. I see, too, the lounge in the corner and the figure on it—a slender, boyish figure, one hand clasped over the eyes, the fingers slender and delicate like a girl's, the limbs drawn up as though in pain, and the lips with a grieved look under the shadow of the hands. There was a heap of bright, long brown hair on the pillow. I had taken all this in, when, a low, choked sort of groan reached my ear. It went straight to my heart. I forgot all my fright in my timidity, and went softly across the room, longing to tell the young man—he seemed like one to me, although I really suppose that to most people he would only have been a boy—how sorry I was for him—how I longed to do something to try and ease his pain.

But when I reached the boy's side, the words thronged and choked in my throat, and not a single one would come out. I stood there still, grasping the pillow with both hands, and the time seemed very long to me.

At last the young stranger drew away his fingers and opened his eyes, and no wonder they filled with a great surprise on seeing me standing there like a statue. He started a moment and stared at me; then he rubbed his eyes as though he was not quite certain he was not dreaming. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Mrs. Brainerd sent me with the pil-

low," the words coming glibly enough. "She thought it would be more comfortable for you."

"It was very kind," the boy answered. "But my ankle twinges as though a dozen knives were plunged into it if I move."

"If you will just raise your head a little, I think I can slip it under without disturbing your ankle."

"Thank you, I will try," and he lifted his head slowly. I slid the pillow under it.

"Oh, that is good!" as his head fell down in the soft heap, with the sweet, fresh scent of the mint clinging to the snowy linen. "I am very much obliged to you, little girl."

"Oh, that was just nothing at all. I wish there was something more I could do for you."

All this time the boy kept those dark, bright eyes staring at me. His lips were white, and every few moments the pain made him clench his brows.

Now, a little smile came across his lips—such a bright, frank, pleasant one that it made me like him better than ever. "You can do something more for me—you can tell me your name."

"That's a very little thing to do," smiling in my turn now, for I began to feel wonderfully at ease with this stranger.

"But my name is Hope Darrow."

"Hope Darrow! Hope Darrow!" going over with it once or twice to himself. "Then you are not Mrs. Brainerd's daughter?"

"Oh no; we are not relations; only Lewis—that's my brother—and I board here with her."

"I thought you did not look or seem alike. That is such a pretty name—Hope Darrow!" and again the handsome youth looked up in my face with that pleasant smile of his."

"I am very glad if you like it," I said, and then the wagon drove up swiftly to the gate.

"Oh that is Lewis!" I cried. "He went for the doctor. I hope he has brought him," and I rushed to the window. "Yes, here he comes!" as the little, old, thick-set physician jumped, spry as a boy, out of the wagon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

By the Editor.

THE voice was childish and sweet-toned but a little unsteady. The man glanced down from under the brim of an old felt hat that had once been white, and a pair of soft, large eyes looked up into his.

"Shine your boots, sir?"

The man shook his head, as he uttered a brief "No," and passed on.

But the tender face and soft, asking

eyes haunted him. After walking on for half a block, trying to forget the face and eyes of the boy, he stopped, turned around and went back, he hardly knew why.

"Shine your boots, sir?" It was the same innocent voice, but a little firmer in tone. He looked down at the bare feet and worn old clothes, and a feeling of pity touched his heart.

"Not this morning, my lad," answered the man, "but here's the price of a shine;" and reached him ten cents.

"Haven't come to that yet." And the

lad drew himself up a little proudly. "I'm not a beggar, but a bootblack. Just let me shine 'em, sir. Won't keep you a minute."

There was no resisting this appeal. So the man placed his boot on the boy's foot-rest, and in a little while its surface was like polished ebony.

"Thank you!" said the little fellow as, on finishing the second boot, he received his fee.

The man walked away, holding in his mind, very distinctly, an image of the boy that did not fade.

On the next morning, while on his way to business, he was greeted by the same lad with—

"Shine your boots, sir?"

And in a voice steadier than on the day before. The little bootblack was gaining confidence in his new calling.

The man stopped, placed his boot on the foot-rest, and the boy set his brushes to work in the liveliest way.

"Where do you live, my little man?"

The boy brushed on, seeming not to have heard. As he finished one boot, and was about commencing the other, the man said, changing the form of his question,

"Where is your home?"

"Haven't got any." As the boy made this answer, he looked up into the man's face for an instant, and then let his eyes fall upon his work. What large, soft, beautiful eyes they were!

"No home?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"'Most anywhere that I can creep in," replied the boy, as he brushed away with all his might. Then as he rose up he said, with a business air—

"That's a good shine, sir!"

"First rate," answered the man, whose interest in the boy was increasing. "Can't be beaten. And now, what's the charge?"

"Ten cents, sir."

The ten cents were paid. "Sleep 'most anywhere that you can creep in?" said the man, as he stood looking at the boy's face, so strangely unlike the faces of those with whom his lot had been cast. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, it's so. Sometimes I get a bed in a cellar, and sometimes in a garret, just as it happens."

"Do you pay for it?"

"Oh yes indeed. They won't let you sleep for nothing."

"How much do you pay for a bed?"

"Sixpence or a shilling, 'cording to where it is."

"Why don't you stay in one place?" asked the man. "Why do you go from cellar to garret, as you say, just as it happens?"

"'Cause, sir, they get drunk, and swear, and fight so 'most everywhere I get in that I don't care to go again; and so I keep moving round. Shine your boots, sir?"

And seeing a customer, off the boy ran, for he had his living to earn, and couldn't stop to talk when there was business to do.

The man walked away more than ever interested in this brave little fellow fight-



ing at so tender an age the battle of life—a child Bayard, in the midst of enemies, yet “without fear and without reproach.”

A few hours later in the day—it was midsummer and the air hot and sultry—as this man was passing the corner of a street where an apple-woman had her stand, he witnessed a scene that we will describe.

The apple-woman had fallen asleep. Two boys—a newsboy and the little bootblack just mentioned—were at the stand. The newsboy, who was larger and stouter than the bootblack, seeing a good chance to get apples without paying for them, was just seizing two or three of the largest, when the little bootblack pushed bravely in, and the man heard him say:

“That’s stealing, and it can’t be done!”

The newsboy grew red with anger as he turned fiercely upon the little fellow, raising his fist to strike him; but his well-aimed blow did not reach the soft yet bravely indignant face, for an arm stronger than his caught the descending fist and held it for an instant with a firm grip. In the next moment the scared newsboy had broken away, and was scampering down the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Honest and brave! That was well done, my little fellow!” exclaimed the man, turning to the young bootblack. “And now,” he added, “you must come to my store. We’ll find some better way for you.”

“Where is it, sir?” asked the boy.

“Not far away. Come,” said the man,

as he moved on; and the boy followed him. They walked for a distance of two or three blocks, and then entered a store, the man moving along through bales and boxes until he reached a counting-room at the rear end. Laying off his hat, he took a chair, turning to the lad, who now stood before him with a curious, wondering face—too heavy for so small a child—his foot-rest, containing brushes and blacking, slung across his shoulders.

"Take that thing off, and set it out in the store, or throw it into the street, I don't care which," said the man, pointing to the dirty box.

The lad took it off and set it outside of the office door, then came back and stood gazing at the man earnestly.

"What is your name?"

"Jimmy Lyon, sir," answered the boy.

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir."

"Your mother?" The man's tones were a little softer as he said "Mother."

"She's dead." He saw the child's face change—he felt the tender sorrow that crept into his voice.

"How long has she been dead?"

"Not long, sir." The brave voice broke—the clear eyes were wet.

"And there is no one to take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Ten, last June, sir."

The man thought of his own little boy at home, just ten last June, and a shiver of pain crept through his heart.

"What are you going to do?" he

asked, wishing to learn more of what was in the child's thoughts.

"Take care of myself, sir. I've got to do it now." And Jimmy drew himself up and put on a brave look, which touched the man's heart as much as the weakness that showed itself in wet eyes.

"Was it in the city that your mother died?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir."

"How long ago?"

"It's only three weeks, sir." The brave look went out of his eyes.

"Where did she die?"

"Down in Water street. We lived in a garret. She was sick a good while, sir, and couldn't work. Father died last winter. But he didn't do anything for us." A shadow of pain was in the child's face, and the man saw him shudder.

Ah! He understood too well the sad story that little boy could tell—the story of a drunken father, and a sick, heart-broken mother dying in want and neglect.

"Your mother was good, and you loved her," said the man.

Instantly the large, soft eyes gushed over with tears.

"What did she tell you before she died?" asked the man, speaking in a low, tender voice.

"She said," answered the boy, sorrowfully, yet with something brave and manly in his voice—"Never steal, never tell a lie, never swear, Jimmy, and God will be your friend;" and I've never done any of 'em, sir, and never will."

"Your mother taught you to pray, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir; and I say my prayers every night. Sometimes bad boys make fun of me; but I don't mind it. I just think it's God I'm saying 'em to, and then I feel all right."

The man felt a choking in his throat, he was so moved by this, and would not trust himself to speak for some moments.

"God is our best friend, Jimmy," he said after a little while, "and no one trusts him in vain. He has taken care of you since your mother died, and, if you will be a good boy, will always take care of you. Do you know that it was God who led me to the apple-woman's stand just in time to see your brave and honest act?"

The boy opened his large eyes, wonderingly. "But you didn't see him! God doesn't walk about the streets as we do," he said.

"We cannot see God, but God can see us; and what is more, can look into our hearts, and knows all we think or feel," replied the man.

"Oh yes, sir. My mother told me that. But I don't know how he led you."

"He leads us by ways that we know not, my child," said the man in a serious voice. Then added, "I think I can make you understand. God sees and knows everything. He knew that you would see the wicked boy try to steal apples, and that you would do all you could to stop him. Then he put it into my thought to go and see a man whose store I could not reach unless I went by the apple-stand, and this brought me to the

spot just at the right moment. I call that God leading me. Now do you understand?"

"Oh yes, sir. I see it just as clear as day," answered Jimmy, a new light breaking over his face.

"And God, who loves you and wants you to be good and happy, knew that if I saw how honest and brave you were, I would be your friend."

"Oh, sir! Will you?" cried out little Jimmy, trembling all over, while his fine face lighted up suddenly with hope and joy.

"Yes, my poor boy," answered the man, whose heart was feeling very tender toward the child. "I will be your friend always, if you will be honest, truthful and obedient."

"I'll try to be as good as I can, sir," sobbed out Jimmy, losing all command of his feelings.

Then the man went with him to a store where they sold boys' clothing, and selected everything he needed to wear. But before he let him dress up in his new garments, he took him to a bath-house that he might wash himself clean all over, and comb the tangles out of his curly hair.

No one would have dreamed that the handsome, well-dressed boy who, a little while afterward, walked beside his new friend, holding his hand so tightly, was the same whose voice not an hour before had been heard crying in the street—"Shine your boots, sir?" It was never heard there again. God had sent the brave child, who tried to be good, a

friend in need; and he is now in the house of that friend, a happy boy, loving and obeying him as though he were his father.

DAPPLEDUN.

By Phæbe Cary

A LITTLE boy who, strange to say,
Was called by the name of John,
Once bought himself a little horse
To ride behind, and upon.

A handsomer beast you never saw,
He was so sleek and fat;
"He has but a single fault," said John,
"And a trifling one at that."

His mane and tail grew thick and long,
He was quick to trot or run;
His coat was yellow, flecked with brown;
John called him Dappledun.

He never kicked and never bit;
In harness well he drew;
But this was the single foolish thing
That Dappledun would do.

He ran in clover up to his knees,
His trough was filled with stuff;
Yet he'd jump the neighbor's fence, and act
As if he hadn't enough.

If he only could have been content
With his feed of oats and hay,
Poor headstrong, foolish Dappledun
Had been alive to-day.

But, one day, when his rack was filled
With what he ought to eat,

He thrust his nose out of his stall,
And into a bin of wheat.

And there he ate, and ate, and ate,
And when he reached the tank
Where Johnny watered him next morn,
He drank, and drank, and drank.

And when that night John carried him
The sweet hay from the rick,
He lay and groaned, and groaned, and
groaned,
For Dappledun was sick.

And when another morning came,
And John rose from his bed
And went to water Dappledun,
Poor Dappledun was dead!

ANSWER TO "BLUE VIOLET'S LETTER."*

By Mary Latham Clark.

DEAR BLUE VIOLET: I cannot tell
you how glad I was to hear from you,
and to know that no harm had befallen
you.

It is so like you to feel happy in making others so, and to be willing to breathe out your life for the good of those around you!

I have delayed writing to you, for since I received your letter, I have had a very busy and anxious time.

My youngest child, Fringe-eye, has been sadly drooping, and for a long time I was afraid she would die, but I rejoice to say

* See July Number, 1867.

that she is better, and though she will, I fear, always be delicate, I hope to be able to keep her with me a long time yet.

I think it was on the morning after you left that I first noticed how languidly her little head drooped.

I implored the Sunbeam, that best of physicians, to stay by her all day, which he did, to my great joy and satisfaction.

Even the Zephyr, roving and careless as he generally seems, remained near, gently fanning her for hours together, and bringing the rarest perfumes upon his wings to refresh the drooping one.

By night-fall she was better, and now, while I am writing, I can see that she looks quite bright and cheerful, seeming to enjoy the merry prattle of her sisters, as she has not done before since her illness.

I suppose you would like to know all the forest news.

A pair of blue-birds have gone to housekeeping in the chestnut overhead. They are very lively and talkative, and I think we shall find them pleasant neighbors.

The Wood-lily is to give a great party to-night. All the flowers are invited, but I do not think I shall be able to leave my family to attend.

However, Zephyr has promised to come and tell us about it in the morning.

I expect it will be a gay affair. The glow-worms and fireflies are trimming their lamps, for there is to be a grand illumination.

The katydids and crickets have been tuning their instruments and practicing

their new music all the morning, for there is to be a dance at which they will play.

The birds are now giving a series of grand concerts. One is held every morning about three o'clock; so, you see, those who can go abroad do not lack for amusements.

I must not forget to tell you what I saw a few nights ago—a sight that is rare now, although I have heard that before the footsteps of man had ever entered our forest, the flowers were continually favored with such lovely visions.

I saw the fairies at their dance upon the forest-green. It was enough to give one joy for a lifetime to watch their graceful, undulating movements, so light that sometimes as I gazed I was not quite sure whether it was really the fairies that I saw, or the uncertain shimmer of the moonlight through the quivering branches.

Here comes Hummingbird to make us a morning call, and as all my children, from Cerulea to Fringe-eye, are so very diffident and retiring, I must leave my writing and entertain my lively guest.

Perhaps he will carry my message to you. I will ask him. Adieu!

In love, your sister,
VIOLET.

BIG BOYS AND LITTLE BOYS.

WE copy from a newspaper that lies before us some timely words to the big boys, which we hope they will consider well: "Jemmy and Willie came in crying, and with a new red sled, too. The

tears were almost frozen into little icicles on their fat cheeks. What is the matter? 'The big boys will not let us slide. They drive us off the hill.'

"This is not the first complaint against the big boys. The big boys would not let them work on the snow-fort. The big boys would not let the little boys go on the grand sleighride the other afternoon. I am sorry the big boys love to tyrannize so over the little boys. Sometimes they hardly allow the little boys any comfort at all. It is so mean and selfish! It is bigness so badly used.

"Well, Jemmy and Willie, I cannot help you. But this I want to say to the little boys: when you grow to be big boys, if God lets you live, try to make the little boys feel comfortable and happy. Do not stretch so very far above them; do not talk big; do not scare and torment them. Always keep in mind that you were once a little boy yourself, and how you felt when the big boys troubled you and made you cry.

"That in time will cure the difficulty, and make the little boys in the future have a better time of it."

"THAT'S HOW."

AFTER a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large bank before his mother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing by.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how."

LITTLE BERTHA'S VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

By Mary Latham Clark.

"BERTHA dear," said Mrs. Ainslee to her little daughter one day in September, "your father has some business in New Hampshire that will oblige him to be away from home for several days, and he has decided to take you with him if you would like to go."

Bertha jumped up from her chair and clapped her hands:

"Of course I would like to go, dear mother. But are you not going too?" added she, with a shade of regret upon her bright face.

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Ainslee; "I cannot leave baby Willie, and the journey would be too long for him; so papa is going to take you for company, and that he may show you some of the wonders of the beautiful mountain scenery of which he has so often told you."

"And when shall we start, mother?" asked Bertha.

"To-morrow morning if it is pleasant," answered her mother, "and I must go at once to pack your trunk."

"Couldn't I pack it, mother, and save you the trouble?" asked Bertha, in a womanly little way that made her mother smile.

"Not the trunk, dear, but you may get my traveling-basket and put into it whatever you think you will need on the way."

"So I will," said Bertha, proceeding

at once to gather up various little effects, and to arrange them with an air of great satisfaction in the traveling-basket, which she had placed upon the table.

The next morning arose bright and clear, and Bertha was up at break of day, preparing for her journey, as happy as a little queen.



BERTHA PACKING HER TRAVELING-BASKET.

To be sure she was very sorry that her dear mother could not accompany them, but, after all, it was a new and delightful experience for her to be starting off alone with her father, taking care of her own traveling-basket and shawl, as a grown-up woman might have done.

She felt full an inch taller than ever before, and she told her mother, as she gave her the good-bye kiss, that she would not make any more trouble than she could help for the dear father who was so kind as to take his little girl with him.

Although little Bertha had no real

adventures on the way, such as almost always form the subjects of stories, yet she saw so many objects of interest, and enjoyed so much, that I should be tired of writing, and perhaps my little friends of reading, all the particulars of her journey.

I will, however, mention some of the interesting places that she visited with her father.

First, I must tell you of the lake that she crossed in a pretty little steamer.

It is called Lake Winnepisseogee, an Indian name, which has been said to

mean the "Smile of the Great Spirit," although I believe some have lately given it another interpretation.

It would not be strange, however, if the Indians had thought their "Great Spirit" was smiling upon them, when they looked upon the calm bosom of this lovely sheet of water.

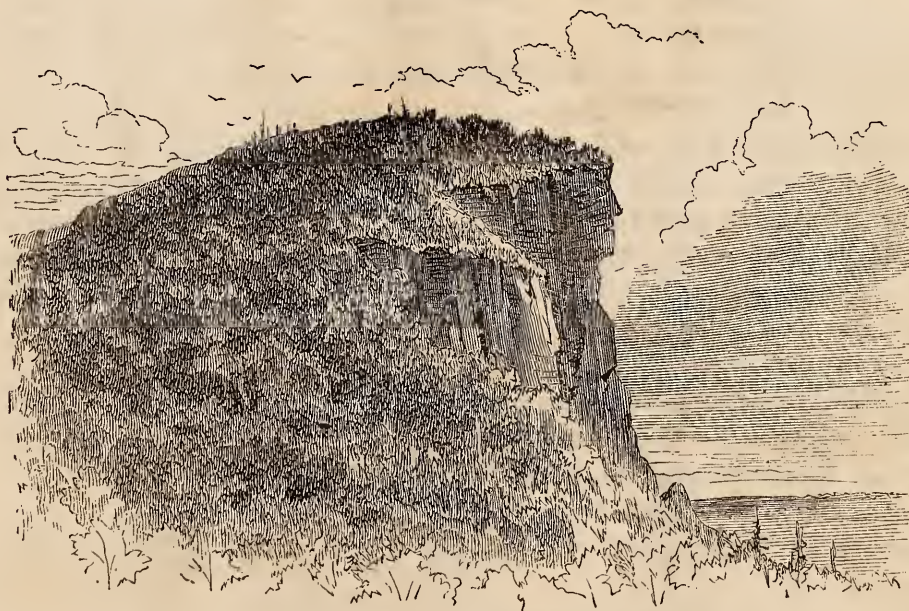
The lake was still, as if asleep, when our travelers crossed it, undisturbed save by the ploughing of the little steamer, which left a long line of sparkling ripples in its track.

They passed many beautiful islands, the green of whose trees and shrubs had begun to change to the rich hues of autumn.

Bertha thought that she should never grow weary of gazing at the clear waters of the lake, which, like a broad mirror, reflected the lovely islands and the fleecy clouds overhead.

At a pleasant hotel, upon the shore of the lake, they stopped a day or two while Mr. Ainslee transacted his business, and then they resumed their journey among the wild and picturesque scenes which, like a constantly changing series of pictures, were spread before their view.

Bertha was particularly delighted with the "Old Man of the Mountain," and as all of my little readers may not know about him, I will endeavor to describe this great wonder.



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Upon one side of the opening between the Franconia Mountains called the Notch, and forming its western wall, is a very high elevation, called Profile Mountain.

Nearly at the summit of the mass of

granite which crowns the woody height is the outline of an old man's face, formed in the solid rock, standing clear and distinct against the sky, with brow, nose, lips and chin all perfect as if chiseled by the hand of an artist.

Here is a little sketch which may give you a slight idea of it.

At the foot of the Profile Mountain is a beautiful little sheet of water which Bertha called the "Old Man's Mirror."

There is a wonderful opening amongst the rocks, not far from the "Old Man," called the Flume.

Standing in this mighty chasm, with no noise save the leaping and murmuring of the mountain brook that flows through it, Bertha gazed with awe upon the high granite walls that rose on each side of her, dripping with moisture and wholly without verdure, save the moss that clung lovingly to their rough surface.

But the crowning glory of little Bertha's journey was her ascent to the very top of Mount Washington upon horseback.

At first she was inclined to be a little afraid, but her father and the guide, who walked beside her, assured her there was no danger, and when she saw how slowly and carefully the horse stepped, her fear left her, and she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the novelty of her situation.

It was nearly dark when they reached the excellent hotel on the summit, and after tea Bertha almost immediately retired, so as to be up early to see the sun rise among the mountains.

It happened—what indeed so seldom comes to those who spend but one night upon the mountain top—that the sun arose clear and free from mists, save those that slept in the valleys far beneath, and wrapped the distant hills in a delicate veil, which added to their beauty, while it did not obscure them from sight.

How shall I describe that scene that burst upon little Bertha's view as she stood that morning and saw the sublime spectacle of sunrise among the mountains?

The fleecy clouds, golden and rosy, that rested upon the sides of the mountains far below her, the peaks that seemed to her young eyes to reach the sky, and all bathed in the glowing morning light, awakened feelings in her heart for which she had no words.

Altogether, it was a most delightful trip for little Bertha, and one which I hope many of my little readers will some time take, that they may see and admire for themselves the beauties and wonders of our New Hampshire mountain scenery.

THE FOOLISH BEE.

By L. A. B. C.

THE beehive was made of straw, like that you have seen in the picture over the familiar poem :

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

It stood in a garden behind a cottage where a busy little girl planted seeds and roots, whence sprang a wilderness of the sweetest flowers; and bees were ever humming in the honeyed hearts of roses, violets, honeysuckle, sweet-peas, asters, marigolds, nasturtiums and blue bells; and they ranged over the clover fields, the sweet, snowy blossoms of the farmer's buckwheat, and burrowed in the golden bells of the squash and pumpkin blossoms. There never was a happier or more contented family of bees, for they worked diligently, enjoyed the flowers and the sunshine, paid due homage to their gracious queen, garnered the sweets and overlooked the bitterness of life, which they took great care not to bring into their home.

So they lived and died, all but one poor foolish bee, who strayed away to the woods one day and fell into the company of an idle and mischievous wasp, who was basking upon the fragrant flowers of an elder tree.

"What a strange-looking creature you are, to be sure," said the wasp; "you cannot belong to our race, I think, for your form is coarse and vulgar; you really have no waist at all, and that is the sign of royal blood; then you carry a heavy burden about with you that indicates a serf. Who are you?"

"My name is Honey Bee, and I live in a fine straw hive in the farmer's garden."

"Ah yes; the Bee family! the workers! That's wax you are carrying home, I presume?"

"Certainly, to build the rooms of our house."

"A straw house! poor, contemptible creature!"

"Be careful what you say, I can sting," said the bee, with a little show of spirit.

"So can I, but I don't wish to sting you. I'd rather chat with you. Wouldn't you like to know where I live?"

The bee looked the curiosity she would not condescend to express.

"You would never go back to your straw house if you could see mine. Do you know the prince's mansion on the hill?"

"I have gathered honey from the peach trees in the garden there."

"Ah! but I live in the chamber of the princess. Such an elegant home. The room is hung with rose-colored silk and lace curtains, and all the ornaments are of gold and silver. There is a portrait of the little prince hanging just opposite the bed of the princess, and my house is in the back of the ivory frame. The window is always open, and I fly in and out at leisure."

"Ah, how beautiful!" exclaimed the innocent bee. "I would like to live there myself!"

"Impossible! only wasps can live in palaces. Bees always live in straw houses. If you had a slender waist like mine and did not carry those heavy burdens, you might grow delicate and aristocratic, perhaps; but with your stout form the wasps would sting you to death. A bee cannot be a wasp, I suppose."

So the wasp flew airily away toward the

palace, while the bee clung to the elder blossoms and murmured at her lowly lot. She did not carry home much wax that day, nor the next, nor the next. The seeds of discontent had taken deep root in her heart, and one cannot work well when one does not work cheerfully.

At length the queen bee observed her slothful subject.

"Why is not your task performed as the tasks of your sisters?" asked the queen.

"I aspire to something higher than this drudgery," said the discontented bee.

"What would make you happier than this sweet and healthful labor that all your fellows so delight in?"

"They have never heard of the patrician wasps, who have slender waists and are gay and happy and live in palaces, or they, too, would be unhappy, unless their souls are too sordid to care for anything but honey and wax."

"Ah, my poor bee," said the queen, "you have held counsel with an enemy. The wasps are frivolous and gay, but they are useless. No one loves them, no sensible people even respect them."

"But they do not labor and they have beautiful slender waists, and live in palaces. Were I like them, how happy could I be!"

When the queen saw that the foolish bee had lost all good sense and reason, she left her to herself. "Go and seek happiness as you please. Be idle, be useless, and be delicate as a wasp; I leave you to your own devices."

The bee was delighted with this, for she knew she should grow delicate if she did not have to work, and she had already thought of a method to attain a slender waist.

So she left the hive and buried herself in a large squash blossom. She bound her waist tightly about with fibres of the plantain, and rejoiced to see in a dew-drop that she was already considerably smaller. To be sure she suffered untold torture, but what of that, if she only grew slender and useless like a wasp? She refrained from eating, and was thus enabled to gird herself still tighter with the fibres of the plantain. It was with much difficulty that she could fly from one squash blossom to another, as fast as one blighted and another bloomed, yet every morning she saw in a dewdrop, with increasing delight, that her waist was growing still more slender, her wings more gauzy, and her feet smaller; and what were constant pain and suffering compared to these attainments?

At last, when she had become but the attenuated ghost of her former self, she flew away, as well as she could, toward the palace. She was two or three days in making the journey, though in former days, before she fell a victim to her foolish ambition, she had often flown to the palace gardens in as many hours, carrying back her burden of wax or honey. As luck would have it, as she stopped to rest upon a window-sill, she encountered her old friend the wasp, who saluted her with some politeness, but approaching nearer to the bee, said:

"Ah, I thought you were my cousin, come to make a morning call."

"You have forgotten me, then?" inquired the bee.

Great indeed was the surprise of the wasp when she learned that this creature of the slender waist and attenuated form was really a bee.

"No one would ever suspect it," said the wasp. "So I shall invite you to my house and introduce you to my brother, who is in search of a wife."

The joy of the bee was almost insupportable. She entered the lovely chamber of the princess, and spent an hour crawling over the mirror to admire herself. The young brother wasp was greatly pleased with the bee, and immediately proposed to her, and great preparations went forward for the wedding.

"I am very hungry," at length said the bee to her friend.

"Why don't you catch some flies then? See, there are swarms of them flying about."

The poor bee could scarcely fly from one chair to another.

"I will catch one for you," said the wasp, who really enjoyed catching flies. She soon brought one to the half-famished bee, who tried to eat it, but knew nothing of that sort of diet.

"Have you no honey?" feebly asked the bee.

"Honey, oh, you vulgar creature! I thought you had become really refined and waspish in all your tastes, but I see I was wrong. Brother, I can deceive you no longer; I thought this bee had really

become a wasp; but it is I who am mistaken. She is a bee still, and will eat nothing but honey."

At this the bridegroom was in a terrible rage, and all the wasps flew fiercely around, and no doubt would have stung the poor bee to death if she had not escaped into the drawing-room and taken refuge in the bosom of a friendly camellia, where she found honey enough to keep her from starving until she was able to reach the garden.

A few days after she reached the old straw bee-hive, where she threw herself at the feet of the queen in the most abject humility.

The queen bee forgave her, for she saw that her haughty spirit was crushed as much as her form was disfigured. And when the repenting bee had found that wasps die in the winter, her ambition was entirely cured, and she gradually regained her own form, and became a wise, prudent, industrious and contented bee again.

The princess soon after discovered the wasps' nest behind the picture of the little prince, and her maid tore down the nest and killed all the wasps with a broom.

GOD IS HERE.

IT was a beautiful and touching reply of a child whose mother found him praying all alone in the nursery, and said, "Ah, Frankie, nobody here but you!" Looking up with a radiant face he answered: "Yes, mamma, God is here."

A LITTLE BOY'S PLANTING.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

AUNTIE had a flower-bed. There were pink roses and white lilies, sweet heliotrope, and many other flowers, lifting their pretty heads from out their mantles of greenery in the glad summer sunshine. By and by we found in their midst a tiny green blade springing up—a blade of corn. It was not very hard to guess how it came there, for a pair of small four-year-old feet were apt to follow auntie about, and two light-brown eyes liked to watch her as she planted flower-seeds. Sure enough, a tiny hand had put some bright yellow kernels there, and covered them nicely. Well, we let it stay, and truly the slender green blade, waving in the summer breeze, with its long silken tassels, looked about as pretty as any of its neighbors. The gold-colored ear in the green sheath grew large and full, and ripened just in time for a birth-day present to grandma—the day she was eighty years old. As for the stalks, Mooly-cow knew where they went.

Did you ever think, children, what a thing of beauty the corn is? No doubt you have, and thought of the love, wisdom and power of Him who made it and all the beautiful things of earth for us to enjoy. You know, too, that it is very useful; we like it for dinner, and it is carried to mill and ground into meal for bread and johnny cakes. Some little girl or boy who has pet chickens will think of another use, and—oh, I forgot the fun of

popping, the dish piled with white kernels looking almost like snow-stars, and the strings that garland your Christmas-trees.

Well just what corn is to our bodies love is to our souls—love to others, coming into words and acts of every-day life, making them true and pure and kind; love to our heavenly Father, leading us to try to do right because it pleases Him; this is meant in the Bible when it tells us about corn or bread—love which is the soul's eternal life, the bread of angels, the life which the Lord came down to earth to give, and this is what we ask for when we sincerely pray,

“Give us this day our daily bread.”

Let us remember, too, that our souls are like gardens, and whatever we plant there, we shall, sooner or later, find springing up. If we plant henbane, we shall get henbane; if corn or flowers, we shall get corn or flowers. So, if we plant in the soil of our spirits evil affections, desires, purposes, by bringing them into act and word we shall surely have a bitter soul-harvest by and by. But if we plant pure and kind affections and gentle thoughts, in word and deed, every day we shall gather in our fruit with joy, and our souls will be gardens of the Lord, immortal in bloom.

A LIE STICKS.

A LITTLE newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath-school. “Would you tell a lie

for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy cried out, "*No, ma'am,*" behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, and all the things you've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. Ah yes! That is so. A lie *sticks*. Everything else may go, but that will stay, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not; a hard and heavy load.

A BRAVE BOY.

"A LADY," says the *Temperance Visitor*, "who had always thought wine a necessary article of household use, asked a young lady who was making a call if she would take a glass of wine after her walk. The young lady consented, and a little son of the fair hostess, coming in at the moment from school, was told to pour out the draught. He went toward the decanter, but stopped short, saying, 'I can't, mother, for I belong to the Cold Water Army.' The lady then

called her Irish girl, who came in, and finding what was wanted, shook her head and said, 'I can't, mum; I've taken the pledge, and here is me meddel round me neck,' pointing to one of the pewter medals worn by the Irish who have taken the total abstinence pledge. The lady was compelled to turn out the wine herself, but will do so no more, for both ladies have since given their names to the good cause of temperance."

CHILD'S HYMN.

At night my mamma comes up stairs;
She comes to hear me say my prayers,
And while I'm kneeling on her knee
She always kisses little me.

Before she takes away the light
She tucks the blanket smooth and tight,
And all around my sleepy head
She draws the curtains of my bed.

I heard her walk across the floor,
And softly shut the nursery door;
And then I cried with all my might,
"Good-night, my dear mamma, good-night."

That dear mamma, so sweet and mild,
I heard her say, "God bless my child;"
And always, when she goes away,
These are the words I hear her say.

Oh what a happy child am I,
Whilst in my little bed I lie,
Blest by a mother's tender love,
And by a holy God above!



GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

THE DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

By Carrie.

HAVE you a dear old grandmother who comes three or four times a year, and stays ever so many weeks, and is so good, and tells you such sweet stories? We have, and she's so nice!

She came yesterday, and the house has been brighter ever since. Jack isn't half so noisy as he was, and May hasn't cried or pouted once, but goes about singing like a bird; and it's all because grandma is here. It seems as if nobody could be cross, or fretful, or bad where she is. She speaks so gently, always, and there is such a soft light in her eyes when she looks at you, and such a sweet smile on her lips when she talks.

Mr. Walton, our minister, was here this morning, and I heard him say something to mother, after grandma had left the room, about "growing old gracefully:" these were his very words. I think I know what he meant. I wonder if I shall ever get to be a woman, and then grow old like grandma—sweet, and beautiful, and good! Everybody loves her; and she seems to love everybody.

I think I'd rather die than grow old like Katie Long's grandmother. Nobody likes her, and I don't much wonder; she's so cross and selfish. Katy doesn't love her: she told me so, and said she was always sorry when she came and glad when she went away. Now, isn't that dreadful!

It is so sweet to be loved; and I heard papa say once, that if we would be loved we must be lovely. Grandma is lovely, and that's why she is loved.

I'm a little girl, and don't know a great deal, but I know why everybody loves grandma. Dear grandma! I hope I shall be as sweet and good as she is when I grow old.

WINTER SONGS.

By Ada M. Kennicott.

ASNOW-BIRD woke one winter morning from his long, nice nap on a pine twig.

"I declare," said he, "if it isn't morning already! and it does not seem as though I have been asleep at all! But here goes for breakfast!"

Then he shook his wings, and away he went through the air, just as gayly as if there were no such thing as cold in the world. First he flew over the fields, and wherever a dry weed held its brown head above the snow, he was pretty sure it had something good stored away for him in its little seed-cup. So he would chirp and sing merrily, as he swung on the stalk, saying:

"Thank you, friend, you are very kind. Now, I will tell you a secret. There's a storm coming, for I feel it in the air. But, don't you mind; the snow will keep your roots warm; and, besides, it will not be winter always, for I heard the sunbeams telling the north wind, only yesterday, that he was seeing his best days,

and, let him be as rough as he liked, he would have to pack up and be off before long, and then they could have it all their own way with the brooks and flowers. Then he blew a loud whistle and went off, tossing the snow around this way and that—just so.”

Here the little fellow gave a dive, and went flying and hopping about all over the meadow, crying—

“Good-bye, good-bye, don’t you wish you could fly

Like me, like me?—chick-a-dee, dee, dee.”

Then he visited the rail-fences, the last places, one would think, to search for food, they look so gray and bare; but Chickie knew that the winds had been busy all the autumn storing up tiny seeds in their cracks and corners for the use of the winter birds, so he dove into them with his slender bill, singing merrily all the while—

“Chick-a-dee, dee, dee,

Don’t you see, see, see,

God takes care of me?”

At last, he flew away to a little brown house by the wayside and lighted before a window. He hopped about for some time on the smooth, hard-packed snow, but no one threw him crumbs as usual.

“Oh dear me!” he cried, “what *shall* I do—I want a bit of bread so much? There stands Bessie by the window, but she does not notice me at all.”

Then he came nearer, lighting on a rose bush that reached almost up to the sill.

“Chick-a-dee, dee—don’t you see me?”

he sang in his loudest, finest tones. But, if she saw him, she did not seem to care. Shall I tell you what was the matter?

She had let her heart follow a bad spirit away, so she could not enjoy Chickie’s song.

To-morrow would be Christmas; next day afternoon, Fannie Morris was going to have her young friends up at the hall. Then there would be the same happy time that the Morris family always allowed their children to make for their Sunday-school mates at the joyful Christmas-tide.

So you would have expected Bessie to be going about as merry and busy as Chickie, with the thought of the dear Christmas-time so near, and her happy day to come after it; but, instead of that, she stood by the window, her face red and her eyes swollen with weeping, and such a cross, discontented look on her face. It was a new thing for Bessie to do, but, of late, a weed had taken root in her heart, and had sprung up and spread very fast in spite of the winter, for *heart-weeds* grow in all seasons. The name of this weed was Pride. It was bearing fruit, too—envy toward all who wore finer clothes than she—even her kind friend, Fannie Morris—and ingratitude not only to her kind parents, but also toward God who gave her so many blessings.

She had asked her mamma for a pair of new morocco shoes to wear to the party, and when she replied that she could not buy any just then, but would

fix up the old ones nicely, Bessie was quick to believe her—as that wicked spirit, Anger, said—very unkind.

It is true, Wisdom tried hard to get the little girl to go with her. She showed her paths, bordered with flowers of all kinds and colors that blossomed all the year, and woods filled with birds that sang day and night, and fruits that ripened in all seasons. She sang, too, very sweetly—

“My ways are ways of pleasantness;
My paths are paths of peace.”

But Bessie would neither look nor listen, and, though Anger had nothing to show but a dark road, hedged in with thorns and thistles, and full of rough rocks and deep pit-falls, by which stood “Envy, Hatred, Malice and Uncharitableness,” ready to drag down the unwary—instead of praying as she ought, “Good Lord, deliver us,” she followed the dark spirit, without once trying to resist him. But he had given her no comfort; it is not his nature to comfort any one; so Bessie had cried herself tired, and now stood pretending to be looking out of doors, but really thinking of nothing she saw, only nursing her bitter, unhappy feelings.

This was why she had no ear for Chickie’s song. We can never really enjoy the sweetness of Nature’s comforters with bad feelings in our hearts, because her many beauties are gifts of God for the nurture of good and peaceful thoughts, and *they* can have no fellowship with the works of darkness.

Chickie chirped and fluttered till he was nearly wearied out. “Oh dear,” cried he, at length, “she will never listen to me! I’ll go and get my neighbors that are playing yonder on the pond, and we will sing our prettiest song together! maybe she will come to us then;” and away he flew.

“See there, Bessie!” said her sister; “poor Chickie has got tired of waiting for you to feed him, and has gone away.”

“I don’t care,” answered Bessie, crossly; but soon she began to feel sorry that the poor little fellow should go without his breakfast, and was very ready when he came back with his friends to give them all a nice feast. They flew about so merrily that she could not help watching them, and, though she did not know it, the beauty of the innocent, happy creatures began to soften her heart, which Anger had made so hot and wretched, and Discontent, whom he had set there to keep all good thoughts out, had to let the door open just a little way. “Chick-a-dee, dee,” sang the snow-bird, and “Chick-a-dee, dee,” said his fellows. Bessie remembered the song which I presume all my young readers know, beginning “The ground was all covered with snow,” and she laughed at the thought of the birdies dressed up, as the verses said, in frocks and shoes.

“I wish I were a snow-bird,” mused she, “for I should not need new shoes, either; but then the song said he did not know who took care of him. I wonder if that is true?”

Then it seemed as if every bird sang loudly—

"Chick-a-dee, dee—God cares for me,"

but Bessie could not understand the language.

"Any way," thought she, "God did not make me a bird; so I would rather be Bessie."

At this, the door of her heart which had been unclosing, slowly swung wide open, and Wisdom, who had been waiting patiently outside, flew in with smiling face, calling her fairies Content and Good-will to clear away all traces of Anger's presence.

Gayly Bessie ran to feed her doves and chickens, and when at length she entered the house, rosy with cold, she had her own sunny face again. She soon sought out her mother, who readily forgave her; and if you had looked into her room a few minutes later, you would have seen the little girl on her knees by her low bed, asking her heavenly Father to forgive her for breaking His commandments and murmuring against His holy will. Did not angels stoop gladly for that prayer, and carry it quickly to Him who loves a lowly spirit?

Now that peace had come back to Bessie's heart, it was easy for her to be busy and happy.

"I declare," said she, as her mother handed her the old shoes neatly mended and polished, "how tidy they look! I don't need any new ones after all. It would be foolish to get them when we need other things so much more."

"The humble mind finds quick content," replied her mother, with a smile.

So, the day which, at morning, had seemed so full of trouble, passed happily away, and an evening spent in church, chanting hymns and praises to the great and mighty Lord who deigned to become a child upon this earth, that through Him even little children might be saved, sent her peacefully to her low cot, where she fell asleep with these words of a hymn she had just been learning singing themselves over in her mind:

"'Twas a starry night of old
When rejoicing angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth—
God become a child on earth.

"Soft and quiet is the bed
Where I lay my little head;
Thou had'st but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

"Saviour, 'twas to win me grace
Thou did'st stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love,
Child, and man, and God above."

SOME school-girls were whispering together in a corner of the room, when one of their companions entered. "Oh, Jane, do come here!" they cried. "We have a secret to tell you; but you must promise not to speak of it to anybody for the world."

"Well," said Jane, "then I cannot hear it, for I never listen to anything that I cannot tell my mother."

LITTLE MAY HEDGES.

By Rosella.

"YOU are all little cousins alike, and it will be so strange and nice to play together in the very same old barn that your mothers romped and played in when they were little children like you are now.

"Why, I couldn't think of anything more like a pretty story—the kind we read in books;" and good Aunt Nannie bundled up the little pinky ears under hoods, and the funny little dimpled hands that would double up into fists she put in warm mittens, and the capes and shawls over fat shoulders, and with a joyous twittering like spring swallows they set off in a group for Uncle Alick's barn.

There was Hattie, and Lily, and Susie, and Louise, and last, among the girl cousins, but not least, was the little visitor from Pittsburg, May Hedges.

I guess there would not have been all this noise and merriment, only May was a new cousin, and they wanted to please her and make her visit a happy one. Of the boy cousins, there was Harry, and Lute, and Norma, and a little fellow who walked with two crutches, Jack.

Oh, but Uncle Alick's house is a good place for young ones to visit! In the attic they find old letters, and picture-books, and funny bonnets and coats, and queer things to play with; in the wide, roomy cellar are cream and apples; and between the attic and cellar are cheerful rooms, with books, and plants, and pic-

tures, and good dinners, and everything to make people glad and happy. The porch opens into an orchard, and beyond it lie breezy woodland hills, with grape-vine swings anywhere.

No wonder the child cousins hurried little May Hedges from the depôt up to Uncle Alick's.

May was an only child and somewhat spoiled. You could see that by the curl of her red lip as she looked at the plain white 'kerchief neatly pinned across Aunt Nannie's bosom, and then down at her own dainty furs and fine clothing.

But the cousins were sensible little folks, and they loved May right off at first sight.

They all ran, hop, skip and jump, down the bank, then out into the road, past the big walnut tree, and were so cunning and sprightly they looked just like little fairies.

Suddenly, May stopped and tipped her head sideways, just for all the world like a blue jay when he looks sharply up into the far-off sky, and said to Louise: "Now, see here, 'Weesie, it's too bad to have that boy you call Jack going with us; why the patches on his old breeches are all swinging loose like shingles in the wind! You can see his red legs all bare, and not half look; let's make him go home!"

The little girls all stopped and stood still. May could have ruled them like a queen. There were the boys just ahead of them, Jack's lisping voice loudest of all, and his round, ruddy face sweet and bright and beaming with joy.

Oh what a noble thing it is to be brave and true, and courageous enough to stand up for the right!

"Why, May Hedges!" said 'Weesie, with a wonderful wise, long face, her blue eyes deep and tender and womanly as she came up and put her arms around May, and her lips down till they almost touched her new cousin's cheek—"why that boy we call Jack is our own cousin, and his mother is a widow who weaves and washes, and works very hard—and his poor pa is a *shot man*—a dead soldier; you ought to be very sorry; and then poor Jack is a cripple, too, and all the boy they've got!" and 'Weesie nodded her head every time she added a new item to the pitiful story.

"Oh, oh!" said May, making the roundest mouth and the roundest eyes, "I am so sorry for poor Jack! I don't care how ragged he goes now; if that's so, I'll just be real good to him! Ho, Jacky! hold on there!" said she, and away she ran and caught up with him and linked her arm in his, saying, "We two'll go together! I'll show you the nicest hiding-places and won't tell on ye, and you must not tell on me!"

Jack looked down on the little sprite and smiled admiringly, as much as to say: "You're a darling, that's what you are, May Hedges!"

Lily told me afterward that it nearly made the tears come in her eyes when she saw poor Jack on his crutches, hopping along beside the light-footed little queen of a cousin, her crimson merino playing in the winds with his fluttering

rags, and her bright, intelligent face close beside his.

Not many children would have stood up bravely and honestly as did the little hero, 'Weesie. That is the kind of stuff good men and women are made of.

Oh they did have the most fun in Uncle Alick's barn!

Old bats and spiders were brushed by curly heads and flying drapery from their dusky hiding-places; and the mother-birds, that had called in on their journey southward to look good-bye at their last summer's nests, sat on the rafters and drooped their wings and wondered what all this noise meant.

"Yeep! yeep!" Jack would pipe out from the bottom of a wheat bin, where no one had thought of looking; and peep! would May Hedges chime, as fine-voiced and clear as a katydid's, from the dusty old beam overhead, on which she was lying flat on her face, her clothes all tucked closely about her.

Uncle Rube came in, and, forgetful of his ripe years, romped and played hide, and helped hide the others, and made their fun a great deal funnier because he knew so many cunning tricks and ways of hiding little folks.

He tied 'Weesie up in a sack, and stood it among a lot of sacks that were full of grain, and there she stood looking just like a sack of wheat waiting to be hauled off to the mill. She got so tickled hearing all the cousins wonder where she was, she could not stand it any longer, so the sack tumbled over, and rolled about, and laughed out loud, and that was 'Weesie.

One of May's legs slipped through the bottom of the hay-mow into the stable, and nearly touched the old brown horse Charlie and she thought that was a very remarkable adventure.

In the evening she told all the day's visit over to her mother as she sat on her knee, and she ended by saying, "Oh, I have been so glad all day, mother! I wish I could be this happy every day of my life!"

Her mother said, "I think the secret of your happiness lies in having done right this morning—in having made poor Jack happy, instead of sending him off home, as your first wicked impulse was to do. Every selfish child is miserable, and hardly ever knows what the reason is.

"And now, my little daughter, remember and make somebody glad every day. You must try and keep your heart tender and loving and true, and don't forget now, or in the years to come, that *the way to be happy is just to be good.*"

LOOK UPWARD.

A YOUNG man once picked up a gold coin that was lying in the road. Always afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes on the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years that he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the filth and mud in

which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

"WILL putting yourself in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog had only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," answered the passionate boy, and quickly threw the stone.

The dog became enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely, indeed!

Take my word for it; it never did and never will mend the matter to get into a passion. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try to be calm in your little troubles; and when greater ones come, you will be the better able to bear them bravely.



THE PET PONY.

By M. O. F.

YOU have, no doubt, read many stories of dogs having rescued children, and even grown people, from drowning. A pony once did the same thing. He was owned by a gentleman in England.

A canal ran along by a portion of the grounds, and one day the gentleman's little daughter, only three years old, was playing near its banks, and fell into the water. The pony was grazing in a field close by. No one was near to help, and but for her brave, dumb friend, the child would have certainly been drowned. Pony jumped into the canal, seized her dress with his teeth, and swimming swiftly to

the shore, safely landed his precious burden.

He had been used to kind treatment—indeed, was quite a pet with the family, and their kindness had won his affection, and was thus richly rewarded.

Surely God's creatures should meet at our hands better treatment than oftentimes falls to their lot. And many a lesson might we learn from them of faithfulness and kindness, doing with our might what we may do to help and bless.

KIND looks, and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done,
Oh these will make our home-nest
As cheerful as the sun!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MARCH, 1869.



A PLEASANT SCENE.

WHAT a pleasant picture! Peace steals into your mind as you look upon it. The graceful squirrels at play among the branches of the great tree, and

VOL. V.—10

{ the birds and rabbits coming down to drink at the cool stream are happy in the life given them by their Creator. A church in the distance makes you think of the divine love and care. How beautiful, and perfect, and wonderful are the

73

works of God! From the great tree, spreading wide its giant arms and lifting its head almost to the clouds, down to the little blade of grass and sweet violet; from the lion and the elephant down to the tiniest insects—all are perfect, and beautiful, and wonderful!

Man, with all his gifts and powers, cannot make even a worm, or a leaf, or bit of moss; and yet how thoughtlessly he tramples them under his feet!

Look again at this scene. Why is all so peaceful? Why are the squirrels so happy in their gambols? Would not all be changed if a man or boy, or even a little girl, was to appear? Would not the squirrels leap up among the higher branches, the rabbits seek a hiding-place and the birds fly away?

Ah yes, so it would be. And why? Because men and women, who are made in the image of God and should be like God in goodness and mercy—protecting and not destroying—have forgotten to be good and merciful, and animals have learned to be afraid of them.

Isn't it sad to think of this? To think that the peace and tender beauty of the scene you now look upon would be changed and marred by the presence of a human being.

Think of this, dear children; think of it very seriously. How pleasant it would be to have the birds, as we walked in the fields and woods, fly down at our feet or light upon our shoulders; and to have the squirrels play along the paths we trod and welcome us with frisky gambols. All this would be if they had not learned to

look upon man as their enemy. Let it not be so with you, my little readers. Think about this, as I have just said, each one of you; and resolve in your heart to be kind and merciful to all God's living creatures.

A TRUE STORY.

By Ada M. Kennicott.

HOW Beauty sang! All day long it seemed as if his tiny breast were running over with music—great, full waves of song that never quite ceased, but only dropped into little trills and cadences that were like ripples silver-sweet. He was always happy, but to-day he seemed wild with delight.

Anne and Robert said he must be thinking about the blue skies and perfumed groves of his south-land home; but then his song would have been regretful, and there was surely no sadness in the notes he poured forth. Perhaps he was thanking God for all His goodness, for it almost seems that the birds have times when they meet together to sing praises. Now Beauty could meet no fellow-songsters, for his home was in the city, and he swung quite alone in his little cage, so it may be he thought he must sing the more.

Thus the day wore away—people going by in the busy streets—dust, and noise, and confusion, while in his corner Beauty sang, and grandma, listening, declared him the noisiest creature in the whole

city. By and by the evening coolness dropped into the hours, but still he sang, and only ceased when he tucked his head under his wing for the night.

Soon after, Mr. Norton came in to his tea—tired, hungry and just the least bit cross. He flung his hat upon the hook close by Beauty's cage, jarring the little fellow from his slumbers. Thus awakened and seeing the lights, the merry creature seemed to have an idea that it was morning and time to bestir himself. Loudly and clearly he sang as if he were saying, "Sunrise so soon! and so bright, too! I declare, I must have slept soundly."

"How that bird does scream!" exclaimed Mr. Norton, impatiently. Beauty did not mind the uncomplimentary remark, but continued his song as though it had been highly praised instead.

At last the gentleman, losing his small remnant of patience, rose and taking the cage from its hook sat it down in the hall, saying as he did so, "See if you can stop your noise now!"

Anne's lips quivered, but she knew it was useless to speak when papa was cross, though she was grieved at the thought of of her little pet out in the dark hall, alone; "and just because he wanted to sing to us, too," thought she.

However, as tea progressed, her father grew more good-natured, and when his over wearied mind and body were refreshed, the little ones climbed his knees, unrepulsed, for their usual stories and caresses. A pleasant evening it was. Grandma was not often with them, and they gave themselves up to the full en-

joyment of their visit. "Old times" were talked over by the elders, while the small people listened with wonder, and tried to realize how it must seem to know so many people and have so much to tell about them.

But what became of Beauty all this while? No one thought of him, not even when bed-time came, for they all went up the other stairway, and the poor bird was still left alone in the dark; but when grandma came down in the morning, she remembered him and took the cage into the breakfast-room. There, on the bottom of it lay Beauty, quite stiff and cold. Poor fellow! was his little heart broken by the ungrateful treatment he received, or was he so affrighted by the sudden darkness? No one could ever tell, but one thing was certain, he would never trouble any one again with the expression of his innocent happiness. The sun could never shine brightly enough to warm him to life, the breeze never blow so softly as to coax him into singing.

Mr. Norton was very sorry for the result of his impatience: people are most apt to be sorry when it is too late to mend matters. But what if Beauty had not died, but only stayed alone all night in what was to him a horrible pit of blackness? Would not the placing him there have been quite as cruel?

So, though no serious results may follow our unkind words or deeds, let us still remember they are none the less cruel and wicked. You, little girl or boy, may be unkind to your sister to-day, and she may be taken from you to-morrow. No doubt

if this be so, you will repent sincerely of your evil-doing, yet if God's mercy spares her to you, you will forget and treat her unkindly again and again. But remember that He will write down each offence, and some day you will be reminded of it to your bitter sorrow. Be careful of the *little things*—the hasty word and selfish act. With every one some delicate nestling of affection will perish in the heart of your loved one, to be revealed, perhaps when you most yearn for it a silent, unresponsive witness to your cruelty, as poor Beauty's lifeless form was to the unkindness of his master.

THE TOWER OF MISSOLONGHI.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

“WHAT'S the matter, Charlie?” asked Mrs. Greyson, as she came into the dining-room and found him sitting moodily over his book, but plainly bringing not much energy to his lesson.

Charlie pushed his chair part-way back from the table, and tossed his hair off his forehead, as he answered, impatiently :

“I'm tired of all this stuff, mother! What does it signify whether I know it or not? I don't see much use in my being cooped up here when it's such splendid coasting; the pond's frozen hard enough by this time, I know, and I want to build a fort and a snow-man, and—”

“My boy,” said his mother, kindly, “you have plenty of time for all that, besides learning your lesson perfectly ;

and you will enjoy it the more if you have been faithful to your duty. I cannot now tell you just what use it will be for you to understand Natural Philosophy, but you may be assured that father and mother know what is best; and I will tell you an instance in which many lives were saved by means of knowing a single philosophical fact—that the earth is a good conductor of sound. (I noticed that your lesson to-day is on a similar subject.)”

“What was it, mother?” Weariness had vanished from the boy's face.

“Years ago,” said Mrs. Greyson, “when Greece was at war with Turkey, many of the Greeks took refuge in the tower of Missolonghi, a Grecian city. This tower was very strong, and the Turks tried in vain to destroy it. After many efforts, they went away as if they had given up the attempt. But they began digging into the ground at some distance; and one Greek conjectured what they were going to do. In the cellar was a large quantity of powder, and he suspected that their plan was to make a small, underground passage to the cellar, lay tow all along and set fire to the tow. This would burn till it reached the powder, which would of course ignite and blow up the tower. The Greek piled up stones in the centre of the powder-magazine, and placed four small ones loosely on the top. He watched till he saw them shake. He put his ear down close to the earth, listened, and ascertained which way the sound came. Then he began digging, and soon came to the tow and destroyed it; so the Turks' fire could, of course, go no

farther. After waiting some time for the tower to blow up, they began digging in another place. The Greek kept watch of the stones. Soon he saw them shake again. He put down his ear as before, and when he learned the direction, began digging again, and destroyed another line of tow. The Turks tried again and again, but finally concluded that the Greeks had discovered their intentions, and they gave up trying to destroy the tower of Missolonghi."

Charlie's eyes sparkled with awakened interest.

"Thank you, mother," he said; "I'll own Philosophy *is* good for something. I sha'n't forget Missolonghi."

His mother smiled: "I want you to remember another thing. There is a marked resemblance between that tower and human character. There could be no safety for either without constant watchfulness. Besides the huge, open sins which we are on our guard against, there are enemies of our soul's peace which work in secret—evil thoughts and desires, feelings and habits, which we are apt to think small and without danger. There are anger and resentment, discontent, impatience and fretfulness, indolence and carelessness, wandering from truth in little things, and always selfishness in its many guises; these just as surely and really injure character, mar usefulness and lessen the happiness of homes. Be ever on your guard, my boy! Let no secret line of tow bring fire into your soul's fastnesses! And remember that character, to be built up really pure and strong, to endure in

time and eternity, must be built on Christ's truth, and rest on him alone as source and foundation. The soul that lives in him, the life that is formed by obedience to his word, is truly 'founded upon a rock,' and shall never fall."

THE STORY OF LITTLE KIT.

By Leroy.

LITTLE readers of "The Children's Hour," do you love stories beginning "Once upon a time?" I do; for they always make me feel for a moment as if I was a merry child again, just sitting down to listen to a delightful story, all about giants, and fairies, and beautiful princesses, and brave young princes. Now, though my story has nothing about any of these, yet, as I hope you will like it just as well, I shall commence it in the good old way.

Once upon a time there were two great cities; indeed, they are both standing now, just as they were when all that I am going to tell you happened; and some day you may see them for yourselves. One of these cities was called London; and as you looked down upon it from a hill or a tall church steeple, it appeared to be a very grand and beautiful city. There were a great many fine, large houses and splendid churches, whose spires were so tall that they seemed trying to pierce the thick clouds, which hung, the greater part of the time, over the city; and at night, when thousands of lamps

were lighted, and music and laughter sounded from the houses, it all seemed very gay and happy.

But, if you were to walk through all the streets, you would soon find that among those so broad and bright were many narrow, dark alleys, where nothing was heard but dreadful oaths, drunken shouts, weeping and moaning; near to the fine houses you would see dirty, tumble-down places, hardly fit to be the homes of beasts; and close by the beautiful churches you would meet with buildings where they sold the gin which helped more than anything else to make the people that lived in those dreadful alleys so poor and wretched and wicked.

The other city was very different. It was called The Golden City, and oh! I cannot find words to tell you half how happy and beautiful it was. It had a high wall all around it, and twelve gates in the wall, and each gate was made of a single pearl; and the streets were all of shining gold, so bright and pure that it looked like crystal. Through the midst of the city flowed a river of the clearest water, on whose banks grew a wonderful tree, called the tree of life. But best of all, neither sorrow, nor weeping, nor pain, nor sin could ever enter into that city; and the people were all good and happy; and there was never any night there, for the city was so bright that darkness could not enter.

In this city lived the great King, to whom both cities belonged; and the inhabitants were always surrounding the great, white throne on which He sat,

and gazing upon His glorious face, and singing beautiful songs of praise and love to him.

I hope, dear children, that one of these days you will all see the beautiful, happy Golden City with your own eyes, and walk in those shining streets, and join in singing those songs of praise and love.

But, I suppose you think I am never coming to little Kit. Well, look into the darkest and dirtiest alley in London, and there you see a boy not more than eight years old, with a thin pale face and a small, wasted form. It is Christmas-eve night, and the pure, beautiful snow covers all the ground; but in this alley it is no longer pure and beautiful, but soiled and unsightly like everything else. The little boy is standing out in the cold, dark night, with no shoes on his feet, no hat on his head, and his clothes all ragged and dirty. He is crying too; his little, thin hands are cut and bleeding, for that wicked old woman who is just going into one of the filthy houses has beaten him, and driven him out into the cold, dark streets to beg.

This boy is little Kit. Poor child! he has no other name than Kit, now, though once he used to be called Chrissie Lee; no father and mother, for they are both dead, though once they loved and cared for him as tenderly as your kind parents do for you; no home, except with that dreadful old woman, though once he lived in one of those fine houses, and had everything he could wish for to make him comfortable and happy. But all that was when he was much younger; for when

his parents died, and wicked people cheated little Kit out of all his money and sold him to that old woman, he was only three years old; so for five years he has lived with her and been starved and ill-used and beaten.

While so many children were glad and happy in their warm homes, on this Christmas eve, little Kit stole slowly out of the dark alley and entered into the broad, brightly-lighted street. He walked along, crying and shivering as he went, and sometimes stopping a moment to look at the windows of the beautiful houses. There he saw warm, glowing fires, and nice, tempting suppers, which made him feel colder and hungrier than ever. In many there were beautiful Christmas trees, sparkling and flashing with colored lights and hung thick with presents; and when he saw the bright, happy, gayly-dressed children, laughing and dancing and singing in their glee, while those who loved them so dearly looked on and helped them to be merry, poor little Kit's heart felt so lonely and desolate that he could look no longer.

So he turned away and sat down on the steps of one of the churches, waiting to beg the people as they came out. From where he sat he could look into the church, and there he saw crowds of well-dressed people, wrapped up in warm furs, singing and praying. The walls were decorated with evergreens and scarlet berries, the pillars were festooned with beautiful wreaths, and among the evergreens and berries which decked the chancel shone right above the pulpit a single

star. It was as large as the front wheel of a carriage, and so bright that it dazzled Kit's eyes to look at it. In the pulpit was a minister with white hair and a gentle, tender face, and he was telling the people of the child who was born on Christmas nearly two thousand years ago. Kit listened and heard him say that this child was their own King, and lived in the beautiful Golden City, and was watching over them still. And then he said that this great King, who had once been a little child Himself, dearly loved all little children—the poor and wretched as well as the rich and happy; and that if they would only love Him in return, He would some day take them to live with Him in his own Golden City; and then they would never be cold, or hungry, or miserable, or naughty any more, but would be good and happy for ever, and they should join in singing a beautiful song about the King which He loved to hear. Many children were singing it now in the Golden City, and all who loved the King should some day go there and sing it too.

He said it all so plainly that little Kit heard every word, and he stopped crying, and the cold and hunger and misery seemed to go away from him as he listened. He looked up to the shining star and wondered if the Golden City was as beautiful as that; and then he said, very low to himself,

"I love the King! I love the King! Oh I wish He would take me to the Golden City!"

And then he listened again, and the minister was saying that the King was so

good that He listened to all who spoke to Him, and gave those who loved Him whatever they asked Him for, if it was good for them; and if it was not good for them, then He gave them something better in its place. Then the minister said :

“Let us all now ask Him for what we need, for He is here among us, at this very moment, though we cannot see Him.”

Then little Kit saw all the people kneel down and cover their faces with their



hands, and he tried to kneel too; but he felt so weak and numb and powerless that he could not move; so he only bowed his head upon his hands, and said, softly,

“I love you, great King, Oh do take me, *now*, to the Golden City.”

Then he heard the minister's voice, and he tried to raise his head, but he could

not; and the voice seemed to be going farther and farther from him. All at once, soft, sweet music filled the church, and came floating out to little Kit in the cold and darkness outside; and his heart felt wonderfully happy and peaceful, for he thought it was surely the beautiful song of which the minister had told them.

But he felt weaker and weaker, and his head sank lower and lower on his hands.

Far away, up in the Golden City, the great King and His happy people looked down and saw the church and the minister and the warmly-dressed crowd within. And they saw little Kit out in the cold and darkness, all alone; and they heard him whispering how he loved the King, and begging to be taken *now* to the Golden City. And looking on him, the great King loved him, and bade his messengers go and bring him softly and tenderly up to the Golden City. And they brought little Kit and laid him in the great King's arms, and He folded him closely and lovingly to His bosom.

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS going to slip out of the room, when the boy, turning his head, called out to me, "Where are you going, Hope?"

"Now the doctor has come, I was afraid I should be in the way."

"No you won't, either," very decidedly. "I can't let you go, unless you'll promise to come back as soon as he's off."

"Oh yes, I'll come back then;" and before I could say another word, the doctor opened the door and came in with Mr. Brainerd, who had met the old man in the hall.

Lewis was there also. He looked a

good deal surprised as he saw me coming out of the parlor. "Why, Hope, how did you get in there?" he asked.

"I went in there on an errand for Mrs. Brainerd. Oh, Lewis! I've been talking with that poor young fellow. I like him ever so much."

"What is there to like about him?" going into the "back room" as Mrs. Brainerd called it, where we all lived and had our meals. In a moment her husband came in and called her, saying she would be needed in the other room, so Lewis and I were to have our supper alone together. Such a piece of good luck only happened to us once in a great while, and oh dear! how we did prize it!

I would sit at the head of the table and pour the tea, and Lewis would always talk of the happy times when we should have a little robin's nest of our own, and I should be his little housekeeper. And sometimes I would seem to see myself bustling about the small, cozy nutshells of rooms, the mistress of that bit of a home that would be so much better than walking a crowned queen through a gorgeous palace, and I would break out with, "Oh, Lewis, I don't know but it's wicked to say so much, but it really don't seem as though heaven could be any better than that; does it really now?"

And Lewis would laugh and say, "Well, Polly Prim, I think I should rather have the home first and heaven afterward."

Polly Prim was a nickname which Lewis gave me whenever I said or did anything that amused him. It was very

odd, but then I liked it, coming from Lewis, better than many a prettier name.

"But oh it seems too good to ever come true—the dear little home and you and I there, keeping house together. Oh, Lewis! Lewis! it's like some sweet, fairy-land story—it never can really and truly happen."

"Yes, it will, though," and there would come a swift fire into the light blue eyes, and the grim look about his mouth which I knew so well—the look that always told me Lewis Darrow had made up his mind to a thing. "It will be a long, tough struggle, I foresee all that, but the home will be all the sweeter when we've won it, won't it, little Hope?"

And when I heard Lewis talk like this and saw the look in his face, my heart would take courage too, and I would really believe the time was coming, though it might be a long way off, when he and I would have our very little own house together; and meanwhile, though it would be for both of us, as Lewis said, a long, tough struggle, I could have patience and wait.

But to-night, as we sat together at the table, we had something else to talk about. I had to tell Lewis all that had happened while he was gone for the doctor, and how the young stranger and I had got on as nicely as old friends together. "It was wonderful, Lewis," I said. "I didn't feel the least bashful after he spoke to me the first time, and he is just beautiful. I can't tell you how much I like him."

Lewis listened with such interest to all

I said that, hungry as he had been, he half forgot to eat his supper.

"After all," he said, when I was through, and a little quizzical smile came into his eyes; "all girls do think a good deal of beauty, don't they? Even my little Polly Prim's tongue goes wonderfully over this fellow's good looks. I'm jealous already."

I sprang right up at that, and ran around the table to him and threw my arms about my brother's neck. "He doesn't look half so nice to me as my own darling brother Lewis. Nobody can do that."

Lewis' laugh rang out at the merriest: "You didn't really take me for such a ninny as to be in earnest, Hope! I'm not fallen so low yet as to be jealous of any fellow's good looks, or to doubt that I have in my little sister's heart what she has in mine—the first place. So go right back and pour me out another cup of tea."

We had just got well through our supper when Mrs. Brainerd returned, and Lewis and I both shouted out at once: "What does the doctor say about him?"

"His ankle isn't broke, but he's given it an awful sprain. The doctor's dressed it, and he feels a great deal easier now. It's a wonder that spring off the cars didn't cost him his life."

I was so glad to find that it was no worse I could have cried for joy, but Mrs. Brainerd went on to say: "He's asked for you again, Hope, and you'd better go in. It won't be for long you'll have to stay, for he feels sleepy, now the pain's eased, and he'll drop off in a little while."

So I left Lewis with his books and went back to the lonely young stranger. I entered the room very softly, and tiptoed across it to the lounge, making a sign to Mr. Brainerd not to speak, for the man had seated himself by the fire, to be at hand in case anything was wanted. The boy's eyes were closed and he was breathing softly, and though his face was still very pale, the lines of suffering were gone now.

"Here I am!" I whispered so softly that if he were really asleep he would not awaken.

His eyes opened at once, and he smiled on seeing me. "Ah, there you are! I am very glad you are come."

"And I am very glad to find you feeling so much easier."

"Yes, the doctor has bathed and swathed my ankle, and it's greatly relieved."

"I was so afraid he would pain you working over it, and then to think, after all, it isn't broken, as we all feared."

"Did you?" his face growing startled. "I never thought of that. Yes, it was a great mercy it has been no worse."

Mr. Brainerd bustled forward now and said he would leave his patient a little while under my care, as there seemed nothing just then to do, and he must put up his horses for the night, so I was left alone once more with the stranger.

"Is there anything in the world I can do for you?" I asked, after the stage-driver had lumbered his great, clumsy limbs out of the room.

"Yes; if you please just go and sit

down in the arm-chair that man has left. Your face makes a home feeling through all the room, which none of the others can."

"You've asked me to do a very little thing," I answered, but I went and sat down in the arm-chair by the fire. "It must be very lonely for you here, sick and among strangers you never so much as heard of before."

"Well, yes, it was tough enough at first, and that agony in my ankle too. Whew!" he screwed his face.

"It was too bad. We all thought you bore it like a hero."

"Did you? It didn't make the pain any easier to think I had nobody but myself to thank for it all."

That was true enough I knew; but one could not blame him after the boy had paid such a heavy price for his rashness, so I said nothing.

"You think it was a terrible thing I did, Hope. I see it in that little, bright, solemn face of yours, though you have too much grace to say a word."

I could not help smiling at the way he read my thoughts, but if I said anything it must be the truth:

"I do think it was very wrong to risk your life in that way, but I'm more glad than I can tell you that you escaped with no worse harm."

"And I suppose you would like to know what could have set me off on such a break-neck rush and jump. I see that too in your eyes."

"My eyes tell the truth this time, then." So the boy went on to relate his

story. It appeared he was on the way to a small country-seat which two years before his brother-in-law had purchased about thirty miles from Salmon Head, on the borders of one of the small lakes among the hills.

That was before the gentleman's marriage with the boy's sister, but the last summer the three had been together at the little country-seat—bridegroom and bride, young brother—and had a capital time of it too.

"Dick," that was the brother-in-law's name, had resolved to make some improvements in the cottage, and he had gone up the day before on the other side of the mountains to overlook the arrangements, and the boy had taken a fancy to meet his brother there, and have a pull or two for brook-trout before the winter set in.

I am a little girl, you see, and should never be able to tell this story at all except in the boy's own words.

He had made up his mind to steal a surprise on Dick, bursting in suddenly upon him at the cottage; and his sister, whom the husband had left in New York, had entered heartily into the joke, so the boy had started, expecting to reach his brother-in-law the next day. At Salmon Head he had overheard some talk between the passengers about a stage which ran over to Terrace Tavern, and thus saved travelers going far to the north and skirting the mountains the next day. The cars had already started, but the boy seized his valise, made a rush to the door, and his ride to Terrace Tavern was cut short by

the jump that cost him a sprained ankle, which would lay him up in John Brainerd's parlor, as snug as a dormouse in his hole, for the next two or three days.

I couldn't help laughing at the funny way in which he put it at the last. "I don't know how under the sun I could ever stand it in such a dull, dreary place if it wasn't for you."

"I'll do anything I can to help you pass the time away, but that won't be much. If Lewis could only stay at home now, he'd be really company for you."

"Who is Lewis?"

"Why, have you forgotten already? He's my brother, and you would like him, I'm sure."

"But I'm not certain, you see, about him, only about his sister."

He had a pretty, graceful way of paying compliments. I supposed it was merely the polite way of talking which people had in cities, and it was very pleasant, provided it was true.

But I wanted to bring my brother and the young boy together, so I said: "You will certainly like Lewis, and if you can't believe me, you can see for yourself. He is very smart, and can talk about things which I don't understand at all, and—and—he is just the best brother in the whole world."

"I am very glad to hear such a good account of him, and to-morrow I shall be happy, as you say, to judge for myself, but I don't feel equal to making a new acquaintance to-night, and I'm quite satisfied with my present company."

Another one of his pretty compliments;

I wondered if the young stranger meant all he said, and whether I ought to take any notice of it. At any rate, I could think of nothing to say.

I sat still by the cheery fire, thinking over the story he had told me, and how strangely things do happen in the world, and watching the red blaze which went capering and humming up the chimney, and gave to the whole silent, dark old room a homely kind of brightness and comfort I had never thought it could wear. I thought, too, the boy on the lounge was sinking into a doze, when he suddenly roused himself: "Why haven't you asked me the same question I did you, long ago?"

"What was that?"

"What my name was. Wouldn't you like to know now?"

"Oh yes, very much, only I didn't feel sure about asking."

"You are a shy little girl. I found it out the moment I looked up and saw you standing still at my side, with your face full of blushes and pity."

"I felt so sorry for you."

"No need to tell me that, with the look in your face. But about my name?"

"Oh yes, about that?"

He smiled a little at my eagerness, I suppose, and then he said:

"It's nothing remarkable; it's simply Creighton Bell."

"Creighton Bell. Is that right?"

"Yes; how do you like it?"

"I like it pretty well, only it seems rather odd. I suppose it wouldn't after I got used to it."

"Well, suppose you try as fast as you can. Call me Creighton from this time."

"I don't think I could quite do that—at least at first. We have been acquainted such a little while. It will be easier to say Mr. Creighton."

"Well, take your own way about it."

"I suppose now I ought to say Miss Hope, but then I commenced wrong and it won't come easy to me."

"Ah well, there's no need," I hastened to say. "I'm only a little girl, and nobody thinks of calling me Miss. Indeed, I should feel awkward if folks did."

"Well, then, that's all settled. Now, Hope, haven't you grown tired of sitting here, with no better company than a fellow laid up in this way?"

"Oh no, I'm not tired. I'll stay as long as I can do you any good."

"Thank you. I shall drop asleep now in a few minutes. But I should like to have that little face in the fire-shine the last thing I looked on. I shall take that, instead of the lonely, home-sick feeling, into my dreams," his voice dropping wearily over those last words.

In a minute more he was fast asleep. I sat there for some time looking at the pale, handsome, boyish face, across which now and then the red flame flickered. At last Mrs. Brainerd came to the door. I held up my hand softly, but there was no need; the poor, young boy was thoroughly worn out with pain and excitement, and even the stage-driver's thumps across the floor would not have aroused him.

Mrs. Brainerd came up to me and whis-

pered, "I'm much obliged to ye, Hope. John's goin' to set up with him to-night; I'll take my turn now."

I went back to Lewis, and found him buried in his books. It was about the only time he had for study in these short days, and he made the most of it.

"Well, how's your patient, Hope?" as I came in and stood by him.

"He's fast asleep, and, Lewis, I've found out his name and all about him."

My brother laid down his book to listen, and I related all that had passed on my second visit to the parlor, ending my story with, "It's strange, Lewis, but for all he's such a handsome, elegant, young gentleman, I don't feel any more afraid of him than I do of you."

"You do seem to get on wonderfully well together, for the short time you've had to know each other; but, Hope, don't go to sounding any more trumpets in my praise. I shall never be in this Creighton Bell's eyes, nor in those of any other human being's, what I am in my partial little sister's."

"Yes, you will, when folks really come to know you, Lewis."

"You forgot the little girls' talk which you overheard sitting under the bridge this afternoon," his eyes twinkling over the joke, as though he did not enjoy it the less because it was at his own expense.

"It was shameful—it was a wicked falsehood!" I broke out.

"Come now, don't fire up over that again. I think it was real fun. Besides, I'm satisfied that all the good looks should go to you."

"Oh, Lewis, what do you mean? I never thought I was good-looking;" and I found myself actually blushing.

"I know you never did, Hope, and I never told you so, because I was not sure, if our mother lived, she would feel it the best kind of thought to enter a little girl's head. But you are too wise and sensible to let it turn yours, and in the long run it's the hearts for which we are loved, whether they lie under handsome faces or homely ones."

"Ah, Lewis, that speech is so good and true it ought to go into a book."

We had a pleasant evening together. John Brainerd came in and took his usual snooze on the lounge, and Lewis went back to his books, and soon it was bed-time.

When I got to my room that night, among other things I remembered the pleasant speeches which Creighton Bell had made to me, and I went and looked in the glass, and the face there blushed and smiled back at me.

But I was ashamed the next minute. "Hope Darrow," I said, "a pretty face, if you've really got that, is nothing to be vain of, and you'll make a fool of yourself if you ever think of it again."

Then I went over in my thoughts, as one ought to before going to sleep, all the good things that God had dropped into my life, and I remembered how carefully he rocked the sparrows in their nests among the green leaves every summer, and that Lewis and I were closer to his heart than all the birds that filled his summer with their singing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WINTER NIGHT.

By Louise V. Boyd.

BACKWARD, forward, as in play,
Whirled the snow-flakes all the day,
Drifting on the wintry air,
Here and there and everywhere.

At eve the children, happy four,
Closed the shutters, locked the door,
And began, as you may guess,
Rosalie her doll to dress ;
Little Jim, his father's pet,
His soldiers all in order set ;
While Bessie looked with silent frown
On Harry pacing up and down.

Away all day had Harry been ;
Now what could Bessie's frowning mean ?
But half a sentence soon to me
Unraveled all the mystery.

Said Harry, smiling with delight :
" Bessie, you'll see this very night
A rabbit to my trap will come—
Come and be caught ; and here at home
The prize I'll bring, and you shall see,
And won't you then be proud of me ?"
A tear I saw in Bessie's eye
Glisten, as she made reply :

" Oh, Harry, brother, kind and good !
I see a picture in a wood :
A cold, and dark, and gloomy dell,
But there a little household dwell.
A tiny brother, a tinier sister,
For mother cry ; an hour they've missed
her,
Forgot the cold and hunger, pain ;
One cry, " Oh, mother, come again !"

Is all I hear, and then I see
Another picture ; painfully
I con it o'er and o'er again—
That mother dies a death of pain.
Wild wails the wind, fast falls the snow,
The night grows colder ; could I go,
I'd go this very hour and try
To give that creature liberty."

Now sobbing, Rosy murmurs out,
" Oh go !" and Jimmy wheels about
His soldiers from the battle-field,
And Grant-like cries, " I will not yield
Till Harry lets the captive go
Back where those babies love her so !"
Stout Harry, listening to all,
Standing with back against the wall,
Tried to be firm, but tried in vain,
Then said, " I let her go again !"
While Bessie, Rose and little Jim
With kisses almost smothered him.

I blest those darlings from my heart,
But here's my story's better part :
The children found at morning light
That Harry's trap was empty quite,
And mother Bunn, too wise to roam,
With baby Bunn was safe at home.

BEWARE of evil thoughts. They have
done great harm in the world. Bad
thoughts come first, bad words follow,
and bad deeds finish the progress. Watch
against them, strive against them, pray
against them.

" Bad Thought's a thief: he acts his part ;
Creeps through the windows of the heart ;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in."

SELLING FLOWERS.

By Kate Sutherland.

"WHAT will become of her children?"
 "The Father in heaven only knows," was answered.

"She hasn't brought them up to do much."

"No. They'll be very helpless. I don't see what is to become of the poor things."

"How old is Lucy?"

"Thirteen."

"And Maggy?"

"Not over seven."

"They'll have to be separated, of course. Lucy is old enough to go to work in some family.

Though spoken almost in whispers, every word reached the ears of Lucy, who was sitting near with Maggy's head buried in her lap. She was crying, but all at once her tears stopped. "Have to be separated!" she and Maggy! She felt stunned for a little while, as if somebody had struck her a hard blow.

Then the funeral services began, and the minister's solemn voice filled the small room where a few neighbors were gathered. Afterward, the dead mother was carried out and buried in the village graveyard.

A single neighbor returned with the children; all the rest went back to their homes, pitying the orphans and wondering what would become of them.

This neighbor was very poor—a widow with two children of her own, whom she

found it hard to feed and clothe from her scanty earnings. But she had a tender heart, and could not turn away from the sorrowing orphans like the rest. So she went home with them after the funeral; and all the way, as she walked silently with the children, she thought and thought, in a troubled state of mind over what she should say to them.

At last they were at the door of the poor little cottage, and the kind neighbor had not yet found a word that she felt in her heart she could say to these motherless children. Their case was so hard and sad that it seemed like mockery to offer mere words of comfort.

But this silence had to be broken; and so, as they entered the cottage, she said:

"There is a Friend who loves and cares for you. It is God. He is the Father of the fatherless. Do not be afraid, but trust in him."

A wild burst of grief for Lucy and Maggy was their only answer to these comforting words. Waiting until their sobbings and moanings were still, the neighbor, who could only stay for a little while, spoke further with them, saying:

"He will not feed and clothe you and me as he feeds and clothes the birds and animals; for he has made us for a better and a happier life than he has made them. We must feed and clothe ourselves. But we cannot do this unless he helps us; and he helps all who try to help themselves. There are many things that even little girls can do. Why"—and the poor neighbor's voice had a sudden cheeriness, as a new thought came into



SELLING FLOWERS.

her mind like a gleam of light: "Why, you are such a good scholar, Lucy, that you might keep a bit of a school for the little ones—just two or three hours a day, you see, so as not to make it too hard on them, and a trifle easier for their mothers. I'd like to send my Molly; and if I couldn't pay you in money, I could send a loaf of bread and a pot of milk now and then, and that would help."

Lucy did not make any reply to this. It sounded strangely. But she laid it up in her thought. When the neighbor went away, and she was left alone with her sister, it seemed to her, as she said afterward, that she was not Lucy, but somebody else. A new feeling toward Maggy came into her heart—a mother-feeling of care and love—deeper than any feeling she had ever known.

In the night as she lay awake, crying and thinking by turns, while Maggy slept, a way seemed to open before her. "God helps all who try to help themselves." This that the kind neighbor had said was remembered and kept coming up in her thought, and repeating itself over and over again, almost as if some one were speaking it aloud in her ears.

"I will try my best," the grieving girl said, as tears rolled over her cheeks; lifting her heart and eyes to heaven, she prayed, "O Lord, show me what to do."

And then a way seemed to open before her thought—a plain and easy way—and while looking at it in hope she fell asleep.

"I've thought of something we can do, Maggy," she said to her sister on the next morning.

The little sorrowful face did not brighten, for the little sorrowful heart of Maggy had not been troubled in the way Lucy's had been. Nothing of care had come in to divide her grief. But she answered,

"Do—for what?"

"Do—to earn money as mother did. We must earn money, or we can't get things to eat and wear. Don't you know that, Maggy? But I'm the oldest and must see about this. Now I'll tell you what we can do. It all came to me in the night as I was lying awake. Mother loved flowers, you know; and our garden is full of pinks, and candy-tuft, and sweet alyssum, and roses, and phlox, and scarlet sage, and ever so many other kinds. Ladies go past in carriages every day; and I'm sure if we made bouquets we could sell them, for 'most everybody loves flowers.

"Oh, that would be good," answered Maggy, beginning to feel a portion of her sister's care.

So, without any delay, they went into the small patch of ground they called their garden, and picked their aprons full of flowers. These Lucy tied into neat bouquets, and placing them in a work-basket, went and sat down with her sister in front of the cottage. It was not long before a lady came riding by in her carriage, and seeing the children and the bright flowers they held out for sale, stopped and bought two or three little bunches, paying even more for them than they asked.

Lucy could not keep the tears from her

eyes as she received from the lady's hand this first fruit of her effort to help herself. Noticing this, the lady said in a kind voice,

"Is your mother sick?"

At this Lucy sobbed out, unable to control her feelings; and little Maggy, hiding her face against her sister, began crying bitterly. Then the lady got down from her carriage and went into the cottage.

"Where is your mother?" she asked.

"Dead," answered Lucy, with a fresh gush of tears.

"Dead! My poor children!" And the lady's voice grew very tender. "When did this happen?"

Lucy told her the sad story of their loss, and how they were left all alone in the world.

"Did no kind neighbor stay with you last night?" asked the lady.

Lucy shook her head, forcing down the sob that would not let her speak.

"Poor children!" The lady spoke as if to herself, and then sat very still for a good while.

"What made you think of selling flowers?" she asked.

"I must do something," replied Lucy.

"Mrs. Lyon thought I might keep a school for little children, and said if I tried to help myself, God would show me what to do. I lay awake for ever so long last night, thinking and thinking how I could earn something; and at last I prayed, saying, 'O Lord! show me what to do.' Then it came into my mind that our garden was full of flowers, and that I could make up bouquets and sell

them; and I felt such hope and comfort that I went to sleep."

The lady was so touched by this artless story that she could not keep the tears from her eyes.

"Who is Mrs. Lyon?" she asked, as some new thought came into her mind.

"She lives over there by the mill. You can see her little house by the chesnut trees;" and Lucy pointed through the window.

"She's poor?"

"Yes, ma'am; and has to take in washing and sewing."

"It was she who told you that if you would try to help yourself, God would show you what to do."

"Yes, ma'am. And it looks as though she was right—doesn't it?" said Lucy, in an artless way, something like a ray of sunshine falling on her face.

"She was right; there is no doubt of that," answered the lady. "Is she a widow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How many children has she?"

"Two, and they're little things."

The lady then went away; but before going, she said to Lucy, a sweet, serious smile on her face:

"Be of good courage, my child; you looked to your best friend when you looked to the Lord, and asked him to show you the best way in which to walk. He always hears us when we pray to him humbly and sincerely; and always answers our prayers in the way he knows will be best for us, though not always in the way we expect the answer to come.

He heard your prayer last night, and will send you help and friends."

The lady then went to see Mrs. Lyon, and asked her all about the two orphan children, and all about herself.

"It won't do," said the lady, as they talked, "for these children to stay all alone, day and night, in that cottage."

"I've thought about that, ma'am, and it troubles me," answered Mrs. Lyon.

"It's a larger and better house than yours?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you own this one?"

"Oh no, ma'am! It's as much as I can do to get bread for the children."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"The rent's a dollar a week, ma'am." There was an undertone of trouble in the woman's slightly hesitating voice as she thus answered.

"And you don't always find it easy to save that from your earnings?"

"Not always." The poor woman tried not to betray the anxious feelings these questions awakened. But the lady saw it all.

"Are you much behind with your rent?"

"More than eight weeks, in all," Mrs. Lyon answered, the blood rising to her face. Then she added, in a troubled voice: "And I've tried so hard to make it up."

"And prayed sometimes for help?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I often do that; and God does send me help in many ways not thought of. It's wrong to mistrust him,

as I do so often. But we're very weak, you know; and when all is dark, it doesn't seem as if it would ever be day."

"The day is nearest, often, when the night seems the darkest," said the visitor.

"Maybe it is so," Mrs. Lyon returned, in a low, patient voice.

"Is it very dark with you now?" asked the lady.

The poor woman looked up almost with a start, an eager, hopeful flush in her face.

"It is very dark," said the lady, answering her own question.

The face and eyes, though not the voice, of Mrs. Lyon confirmed the answer.

"If this back rent is not soon paid up, what then?"

"The landlord is a hard man, and threatens to sell my cow."

"Sell your cow!"

"Yes, ma'am; and without my cow I'd never be able to feed the children."

After almost a minute of silence, the lady said:

"The two girls who have just lost their mother are good girls."

"Oh yes, ma'am. None better in the neighborhood. Their mother was very careful of them in every way, poor things! I've had more than one cry, all to myself, because I couldn't give them a home."

"You wouldn't object to living in the same house with them?"

"Oh dear no, ma'am! Why should I? It would be a great comfort for me to have them about."

"Why a comfort?" asked the lady.

"Oh, in many ways. Particularly,

because I'm so troubled about the poor lone things now; and that would be off my mind. And then they'd help me with my little ones," pointing to her two children, "and be such a good example to them. I'd call it a great blessing to me and mine to have them about."

"Then it shall be as you wish," spoke out the lady in a clear, kind voice. "I will pay the rent of their cottage for a year, and you shall all live together. As for this poor place, get out of it to-day if you can, and leave me to settle matters with your landlord."

Mrs. Lyon tried to speak her thanks, but her lips moved in silence. Her heart was too full for words. So she took the hand of her heaven-sent visitor, kissed it and made it wet with her tears.

"It is all coming out right, I think," spoke the visitor in a cheery voice. "The night was dark for both you and the motherless children; but God is, I think, nearer to us in the darkness than in the daylight, for then we most need his loving care. He cannot always help us unless we reach out our hands to him; and when we pray for help in any trouble, and at the same time do our best to help ourselves, we are reaching out our hands."

That very night, Mrs. Lyon, with her own and the motherless children around her, thanked God, in her new and pleasant home, for the friend he had sent them, and for the hope and comfort this friend had brought.

"The Lord has been better to me than all my fears," she said, speaking to herself when all were at rest and sleeping.

Then she lifted her eyes heavenward and gave thanks in tearful silence.

All through the pleasant summer days that followed, Lucy and Maggy sold bouquets from their garden, and gathered in more money than Mrs. Lyon could earn, though she worked early and late. The good lady who had been so kind a friend often came to see them, and when the summer days were over, and their garden no longer gave them flowers to sell, encouraged Lucy to open a school for little children.

What a pleasant school it was! Not a child in it but loved the kind and patient teacher, whom God was helping because she tried to help herself. Though he had led her along the path of a great sorrow in the loss of her mother, he was comforting her through the love of being useful and doing good to others, and day by day a sweeter peace than she had ever known grew stronger in her heart. So it was that the good Lord answered the prayer she put up to him in the darkness of her first night of grief, when, lifting her heart to him, she said, "O Lord, show me what to do."

And the blessing that came to her fell also on Mrs. Lyon, whose pity for the motherless children had moved her to offer them the only comfort and help she had it in her power to give.

IF we would be useful to all around us, and so serve our Father in heaven aright, we must, like the little busy bees, "improve each shining hour."

THE FLOWER-SPIDER.*

By Alice Cary.

YOU'VE read of a spider, I suppose,
 Dear children, or been told,
 That has a back as red as a rose,
 And legs as yellow as gold.

Well, one of these fine creatures ran
 In a bed of flowers, you see,
 Until a drop of dew in the sun
 Was hardly as bright as she.

Her two plump sides, they were besprent
 With speckles of all dies,
 And little shimmering streaks were bent
 Like rainbows round her eyes.

Well, when she saw her legs ashine,
 And her back as red as a rose,
 She thought that she herself was fine
 Because she had fine clothes!

Then wild she grew, like one possessed,
 For she thought, upon my word,
 That she wasn't a spider with the rest,
 And set up for a bird!

Ay, for a humming-bird at that!
 And the summer day all through,
 With her head in a tulip-bell she sat,
 The same as the hum-birds do.

She had her little foolish day,
 But her pride was doomed to fall,
 And what do you think she had to pay
 In the ending of it all?

Just this; on dew she could not sup,
 And she could not sup on pride,

And so, with her head in the tulip cup,
 She starved until she died!

For in despite of the golden legs,
 And the back as red as a rose,
 With what is hatched from the spider's eggs
 The spider's nature goes!

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I WISH that pony was mine," said a
 little boy, who stood at a window
 looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?"
 asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him some-
 times," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right
 in him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have
 him part of the time."

"No he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who
 had been listening, and now saw that they
 were beginning to get angry with each
 other, and all for nothing, "let me tell
 you of a quarrel between two boys no
 bigger nor older than you are, that I read
 about the other day. They were going
 along a road, talking together in a pleas-
 ant way, when one of them said,

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in
 the world."

"The other said, 'And I wish I had
 all the cattle in the world.'"

* A spider that lives among flowers, and takes its
 color from them.

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You sha'n't!"

"I will;" and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed; but their mother said,

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half-angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were?"



THE NEEDY GRASSHOPPER.

By Annie Moore.

"GOOD-MORNING, sir," said an idle and unfortunate Grasshopper to a very busy Bee. "Can you give me a few hints as to the best way to make honey? I suffered very much last winter from hunger, and am determined it shall not be so again. Besides, I am fond of honey, and would like to learn to make it, if only for the pleasure of eating it now. What is the idea in going into flowers head first, as you do?"

"I have no time to tell you," said the Bee, "and there are already too many in the business. And then you are not fitted for it. Your knees and elbows are too sharp;" and he flew away.

"Very polite, to make comments upon my personal appearance! I mean to try to make honey, at all events," said the Grasshopper, watching closely another Bee, who went buzzing into a flower. "I see how it is done, and I can buzz with my wings, if it is necessary." So he made a leap from the wall where he sat, into a little harebell that grew near by. The delicate flower was torn in pieces.

"Poor, perishable thing!" said he, as he hopped back to the wall in disgust.

Just then he saw a Spider industriously spinning his web in the hedge.

"Good-morning, neighbor," said the Grasshopper.

"Good-morning," said the Spider, rather gruffly, for he never liked to be disturbed at his work.

"I would like to ask one or two questions about making a web," said the Grasshopper. "I have often watched you at your work in my leisure moments, but can't exactly see how you manage it. I am very tired of grass and things. Are flies good?"

"Rather!" said the Spider.

"That looks easy," said the Grasshopper, "I wonder if I could do it."

"Nothing like trying," said the Spider.

"You go backward and forward quite steadily, I see. I am accustomed to go on the jump. That would not do as well, perhaps.

"Go straight and keep your line taut," said the Spider.

"Thank you for the information," said the Grasshopper. "I have a great mind to try."

"Not on this side of the hedge," said the Spider; "this belongs to me."

"Oh, certainly not," said the Grasshopper.

Then the Spider went into his den, and the Grasshopper hopped over the hedge and began to go backward and forward, as he had seen the Spider do.

A gay Fly came flitting by. "If this web were only done, I could catch him," thought the Grasshopper; but he said, "What do *you* do for a living, my friend?"

"*Do!*" said the Fly—"nothing! I am a gentleman. I amuse myself."

"How about the cold winter?" said the Grasshopper.

"Oh, I creep into a snug hole and sleep till the warm days come again," said the Fly.

"That's a new idea," said the Grasshopper. "Though I am afraid I could not sleep so long—I am rather nervous. Even in the short summer nights I sing as much as I sleep. But pray tell me if you see anything like a *web* here. I have been going backward and forward and across, as the Spider does, for as much as ten minutes, but I fear I shall not succeed."

"There's no sign of a web," said the Fly, who knew all about such matters. "That reminds me; the old Spider on the other side has been making one on

purpose to catch *me*. I must go and have a little sport with him. Did you ever try it? Pull at one corner of his web, slyly, and he comes running out of his den with his mouth open to eat you, while you soar gracefully away."

"Then you are good to eat," said the Grasshopper, smacking his lips, for he was hungry.

"Oh no! Far from it," said the Fly. "It is only his whim;" and he flew over the hedge.

Then the Grasshopper jumped down in despair, and walked along the garden-path, thinking what he would do next.

An Ant came to her door to see which way the wind blew. A bright thought came into his head. "Good-morning, madam," said he. "You take lodgers, I believe. I want to find comfortable quarters for the winter, and am willing to make myself useful."

"I thought you were a dancing-master," said she.

"I *was*, madam," said he, "but that business is dull, now the times are so hard. Though perhaps *you* would like to learn. You have just the figure for it."

"No, I thank you," said she, "I don't approve of dancing;" and she shut the door in his face.

"Of course not. I might have known it," said he; "a Grasshopper never found a friend in an Ant since the world began."

Just then he saw a notice by a doorway under the rock, "Tailoress wanted."

He rapped at the door and a striped Snake put his head out.



"Do you want a tailoress?" said the Grasshopper.

"Yes," said the Snake, "the times are so hard that I mean to have my cast-off snake-skins mended and wear them again. 'A stitch in time is worth two in a bush,' you know?"

"Yes, I know it," said the Grasshopper.

"Are you good at the needle?" said the Snake.

"I am good at *everything*," said the Grasshopper, "excepting at making honey and spinning webs. But I am not sure that I know exactly what you mean by, 'the needle.'"

"Begone then," said the Snake, "I see you are an impostor,"

The autumn wind blew cold and sharp as the poor Grasshopper turned sadly away.

"Am I then an impostor?" thought he.

"My father taught me no trade, and left me no inheritance. Every one else has

some way of providing for himself. Even the silly Fly seems to be a favorite of fortune. Well, then, if I can do nothing else, I can at least try to take a long nap as he does. But I will eat some poppy-seeds first. My mother used to eat them, I remember."

So he took a strong dose of poppy-seeds, and crept into a hole in the wall to sleep away the long, cold winter, if he could.

YOUR best friends are those who tell you kindly of your faults, that you may correct them. "Faithful," says Solomon, "are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

THE path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF DAVID
AND GOLIATH.

By Mary Latham Clark.

LITTLE BLOSSOM and her cousin Willie went one day with their dear grandmother into the meadow to see the lambs. They sat beside a clear brook and watched the pretty creatures, and the children fed some of the least shy among them out of their own little hands.

At last grandma, who had been sitting quite still for some time, as if she were thinking, spoke and the children came near, for they never liked to lose a word that she said.

"This lovely green field, the clear water and these pretty white lambs," said she, "remind me of the beautiful psalm that we read this morning. Do you remember it?"

"I do," answered little Blossom, "for I learned the whole of it over for my Sunday-school lesson. Shall I say it, grandma?"

"You may say the first two verses, dear, for they are what were in my mind just now."

So the little girl repeated these beautiful verses:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

"Can you tell me," asked the grandmother, "who wrote this sweet psalm?"

The children were silent.

"Then I will tell you," said she: "It was David, once a shepherd-boy, and afterward a great king."

"Oh tell us all about him, please do," said Willie.

"It would take me a long time to tell you all about him," said the grandmother, "for a great deal is told of him in the Bible, but I will tell you something about him now, and more, perhaps, at another time. Do you know, little Blossom, what a shepherd is?"

"Yes," answered the child, "you told me when I learned the psalm. It is somebody who takes care of sheep."

"That is right. David was a shepherd and took care of his father's sheep, and I have always thought that the sweet psalm of which we were speaking must have come into his mind at some time when he was out among the green fields, watching the sheep and lambs as we are doing now. I suppose he was thinking that if he took such good care of the helpless creatures under his charge, how much better care the heavenly Shepherd could take of him. God had always been kind to him, and his life had been peaceful and happy; this is what he meant by being made to 'lie down in green pastures' and beside 'still waters.'"

"He was called to pass through many trials before he died, and I presume in after years he often thought with longing of calm and peaceful days when he watched his father's flocks, and sung sweet psalms to the music of his harp.

"I might tell you much about him which could not fail to interest you, but as our

Willie here is so fond of listening to marvelous things, I think I will first tell you the story of David and the giant Goliath."

At the mention of a giant, Willie's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Shall you like that as well as a lion story?" asked little Blossom, always anxious to have her cousin pleased.

"Oh yes, indeed," said Willie, eagerly. "I like to hear about giants and all such things. Uncle Will tells me lots of giant stories that he reads in his Latin books."

"But those are 'made-up' stories," said grandma, "while the one I am to tell you is true."

"All the better for that," said Willie; while little Blossom added, softly,

"Grandma couldn't tell anything but a real, true story if she should try."

"We will walk slowly toward home," said the grandmother, "and I will tell you the story as we go."

The children each took hold of her hand, and as they walked through the "green pastures" and beside the "still waters," their dear, ever-ready storyteller told them in her own simple way, of "David and Goliath."

"Once, when Saul was king of the Israelites, there came a great number of wicked people called the Philistines, and placed their tents upon a hill overlooking the country where the Israelites lived.

"Saul thought they were intending to make war upon his people, so he called together a great many soldiers, and had them arrange their tents upon an opposite hill."

"I suppose," said Willie, "that they

got their guns and cannons all ready, so they could shoot down the Philistines as soon as they began to show fight."

"That was long before guns and cannons were used, or even thought of," said the grandmother. "They used swords, spears, bows and arrows in those days, and those that went into battle wore armor, which was made of brass and iron, and covered nearly every part of their bodies, so that they should not be hurt."

"Did they have their faces covered?" asked little Blossom.

"No; they carried shields which they used to put before their faces to protect them."

"I've seen pictures of them," said Willie.

"Among the Philistines," continued the grandmother, "there was a great giant—Goliath by name. He was very large and strong, and taller than any man you ever saw. He was dressed all in brass from his head to his feet, and some one went before him carrying a shield.

"Every morning and evening for forty days he came out of the camp of the enemy, and walked back and forth before the Israelites, calling out for some one to come and fight with him, saying that if they had any man in their army who was able to kill him, all the Philistines would come and be servants to the Israelites, but if he killed the one who came to fight with him, the Israelites must be servants to the Philistines."

"I guess nobody dared to go and fight such a great giant," said little Blossom.

"No," said the grandmother, "there

was no one in all the army of the Israelites who dared to go near him.

"Now three of David's brothers were in Saul's army, but David not being thought old enough to go to battle, was kept at home to take care of his father's sheep.

"One day, however, his father told him to go to the place where his brothers were, to see how they were getting along, and to carry them some food; so, early in the morning, David went, leaving his sheep in the care of some one else."

"I guess he thought it was pretty fine to go and see the battle," said Willie.

"No doubt," said grandma. "As soon as he went into the army of the Israelites and had spoken to his brothers, he saw the great giant and heard his boasting words.

"Immediately something, perhaps the voice of God, put it into his heart to go himself and offer to fight Goliath.

"When King Saul heard that David wished to go and fight the giant, he was much astonished. He told David that he was not strong enough to fight against such a mighty warrior as Goliath.

"Then David told Saul that once, when he was keeping his father's sheep, there came a lion and a bear and seized a lamb out of the flock, and that he followed them, rescued the lamb and killed them both.

"And he added, 'The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.'

"When Saul heard him speak in this

manner, I suppose he felt that God must have sent him; so he said to David, 'Go, and the Lord be with thee!'

"Then Saul put his armor upon David, but it was so large and heavy that he could not wear it, and he took it off again.

"He only took his staff and a sling in his hand, and he chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them into a shepherd's bag that he carried.

"In this way he went forward to meet the giant. When he drew near, Goliath looked down upon him with great scorn, feeling, I have no doubt, able to crush the slender and rosy-faced boy with one blow of his mighty spear.

"Then David told the Philistine that he came to him 'in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel.'

"After he had said this, he took one of the stones out of his bag, and, putting it into the sling, he threw it with all his might at the giant and struck him upon his forehead, so that he fell down upon the ground.

"Then David ran and took the great sword of the giant and cut off his head.

"When the two armies saw this, the Israelites set up a great shout of joy, and the Philistines left their tents and fled.

"So the Israelites gained the victory, and all because of the brave little shepherd-boy, who was not afraid to do the Lord's will."

"That's the best story you have told yet," said Willie.

"They all seem best to me," said little Blossom.

By this time they had reached home,

and the children, after kissing and thanking their dear grandmother for her story, sat down upon the doorstep to talk it over.

THE IRON FOUNDRY.

By Solomon Sobersides.

"PIGS of iron!" said Alice, "who ever heard of pigs made of iron?"

"I do not mean live pigs," said Uncle Clem, "but great heavy pieces of iron that are called pigs."

"What a queer name for them!" said Alice; "where do they come from?"

"I will tell you," replied her uncle; "they come out of a great, hot fire."

"But you told me iron came out of the ground," said Alice.

"So it does," said Uncle Clem; "that is, the ore iron is made of comes out of the ground; men dig it out with pickaxes and shovels; then they haul it in wagons to the furnace where the great fire is burning, and empty it right down the chimney into the fire. There it melts and makes iron, and runs out red hot in a stream that looks very beautiful. And the men hollow out little places in the ground for the iron to run into. After it has got cold, they pick up those heavy pieces and pile them away: they are pigs of iron."

"I wish I could see some of them," said Alice.

"I will take you where you can do so, to-morrow," replied her uncle, "should

the day be pleasant and we, both of us, well."

The next afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Alice put on her hat and shawl, and running to him, said, "I am ready, uncle; it is a fine day—you remember your promise."

"Yes, I remember it," he replied; "we will go presently."

In a little while they started. Alice put her hand in Uncle Clem's, for he was very kind to her, and that is the way she loved to walk with him.

They went along a street that led out among the factories where different kinds of machinery are made. They heard steam-engines and hammers going, and saw high chimneys with flames and dark smoke coming out of them. Presently they came to a large building with a high doubled door, like a barn door, opening on the street. Here Uncle Clem stopped. In the yard beside the building were heavy pieces of iron piled up, one on top of another, higher than a man's head. "These," said Uncle Clem, "are pigs of iron."

Alice stood gazing at them without saying a word, but looking as if she was very much surprised that they had no heads or tails like live pigs.

"This large building is a foundry," continued Uncle Clem; "let us go in, and I will show you what they do with pigs of iron here."

Then they went inside the door. The building was very large and dark and smoky. A great many rough-looking boxes or frames lay in rows on the floor,

they had no tops to them and were filled with sand. Through the sand a small hole was left open, into which you might pour anything. A number of men were working about. At one side of the building, Alice saw something that looked like a large, round chimney, made of iron, going up through the roof. While she stood looking, a man went close to it, and with a sharp iron rod opened a little hole in the side of this chimney, down near to the ground. Right away a beautiful, bright-burning stream ran out into a large iron pot or ladle, which two men held beneath to catch it. As soon as they had caught enough, the man who had opened the hole, stopped it again with a piece of clay which was fastened to the end of a long stick.

"That red-hot stream which ran into the ladle is melted iron," said Uncle Clem, "and the iron chimney it came out of is called the cupola."

"And what are those men going to do with the melted iron?" asked Alice.

"Watch them and you will see," replied her uncle. While he was speaking, she saw them carrying the ladle over to where the boxes filled with sand lay on the ground. Here they stopped and tilted it up, pouring the melted iron very carefully right into the hole that was left open in the sand. So they went along, emptying the melted iron in each box, until it was nearly all poured out. Then they went back to the cupola to get the ladle filled again.

"Tell me, uncle," said Alice, "why they poured the melted iron through

those little holes into the boxes filled with sand?"

"That sand is hollowed out inside," replied her uncle, "and it is hollowed out in just the shapes they want the iron to be."

After a while, a man came to those boxes into which they had poured the iron and emptied the sand out of them. What was Alice's surprise to see fall out of the sand little iron shovels and spades, such as she had often played with in the garden! Then there were weights like those her mother used in the scales when she was making mince-meat for Christmas—one pound, two pound and three pound weights, and some of much larger size.

"And is this the way," asked Alice, "they make iron into shapes they want it?"

"This is the way," said Uncle Clem, "that all cast-iron things are made. The iron is melted first, and then poured out as you have seen it. We can cut and carve wood into any shape we choose, but iron is too hard for that. So we melt it and while it is soft pour it into the moulds. There we leave it till it grows cold. Then we empty out the sand, and find the iron shaped just as we wanted it. In this way kettles, pots, stoves and hundreds of other things are made that never could be made so nicely and cheaply in any other way."

Alice stood listening very much interested, and looking at the men as they went back again to the cupola for more melted iron, and poured it out into the

moulds, some large and some small, that lay all over the earthen floor of the foundry.

"There is one thing more, uncle," she said, "that I would like to know."

"What is that?" asked Uncle Clem.

"I would like to know," continued she, "how they get the iron into that great big chimney which you call the cupola, so that it can be melted there and run out when the men want it."

Just then one of the workmen passed by and heard her speaking.

"If you will come with me," he said to Uncle Clem, "and bring the little girl, I will show her what she wants to see."

"Thank you," said Uncle Clem. Then Alice held tightly by his hand while the man led them around behind the cupola, and up some high steps that were there.

"Look, my little lady," he said. Alice looked and saw an opening into the cupola, like the door of a great stove. Through that door and inside the cupola she saw a very hot fire burning.

"Here," said the man, "is where we put in the coal, and after it is lighted we throw the pig-iron in on the coal, and the fire melts it, and it runs out below as you have seen."

"You are very kind," said Alice; "what you have shown me is very interesting. I do not think I shall ever forget it."

"You are quite welcome," replied the man; "and I hope your uncle will soon bring you to see us at work again."

The tea-bell was ringing as Uncle Clem and Alice went into the door of their

home; while they sat at table with her father and mother and little brother, she told them of all the wonderful things she had seen.

"And I feel that I have learned a great deal," she said, "for now I know how most of the iron things I see are made."

THE DOG AND THE PIE-MAN.

MR. SMELLIE, in his "Natural Philosophy," mentions a curious instance of intelligence in a dog belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh: "A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling pies happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell he ran toward him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door and saw what was going on. The dog went to his master with many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny carried it in his mouth to the pieman and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog continued daily for several months."

A VERY little word will often do great harm. In the hour of temptation, the word "No," uttered with firmness, will save us; while the word "Yes," though said most reluctantly, will lead us downward.



DOLLY.

By Carrie.

DEAR little Dolly !
Sweet as a rose !

How much I love you

Nobody knows.

Holiday's over,

And by the rule

Minnie must go again

Off to her school.

Don't cry for Minnie,

Dolly my sweet !

When school is over,

Fast as her feet,

Running and skipping

And dancing, will bring

Minnie, she'll come to you,

Darlingest thing !

DO THY LITTLE.

DO thy little ; God has made
Million leaves for forest shade ;
Smallest stars that glory bring—
God employeth every thing.

Then the little thou hast done—

Little battles thou hast won,

Little masteries achieved,

Little wants with care relieved,

Little words in love expressed,

Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favors kindly done,

Little toils thou did'st not shun,

Little graces meekly worn,

Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,

Holy light upon thee shed ;

These are treasures that shall rise

Far beyond the smiling skies.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

APRIL, 1869.



THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

By Mary Latham Clark.

“COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!” screamed Old Chanticleer at the top of his voice, as he flew up to the roof of the shed by the nursery window and flapped his glossy wings.

“Cock-a-doodle-do! Wake up, chil-

dren, and see what has been going on while we have all been sleeping! Fine times we of the barnyard shall have now, scratching for our breakfasts through all this snow! Wake up, children, and see what you think of it! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!”

The children heard only the last word of this fine speech, and out of her trundle bed jumped Minnie, and down from

his crib clambered Charlie, while both ran to the window to see what their pet rooster was making such a noise about.

A beautiful sight burst upon their view. In the east the clouds were of the loveliest crimson and gold, and the earth and trees, which were bare and brown when they were tucked into their little beds the evening before, were now covered with a pure, white mantle of snow. The children clapped their hands with delight as they saw this, for it was the first snow of the season.

"Now, Charlie," said Minnie, who always thought of her little brother's pleasure before her own, "I can draw you to school on my sled, and you can wear your little red mittens and make snow-balls; and some time we will go out and make a snow image, that perhaps will turn to a little live girl and play with us, as the one did in the story that mamma read to us."

"That would be splendid," said Charlie; "only we wouldn't let her come into the warm parlor, for fear she would melt away."

"See!" said Minnie, "the apple trees, loaded with snow, make me think of the way they looked last spring when they were covered with blossoms. How white and beautiful they were then! Don't you remember how we picked some of the pink and white flowers from the lower limbs, and put them with our blue violets to carry to the teacher?"

"Yes, I remember," said Charlie; "but what will become of the dear little violets now, and the buttercups, and all

the flowers which you said had gone to sleep in the ground to wait till spring? This cold snow will freeze them, so that they will never wake up and grow again."

"No, indeed!" said the pleasant voice of their mother, who from the next room had heard her little chatterboxes, and had now come to dress them for breakfast.

"No, indeed! This pure white snow will not freeze the roots of the pretty flowers that are fast asleep in the brown earth beneath it. It will cover them as with a white fleecy blanket, keeping out the cold frost and winds, and they will sleep snug and warm as you do in your little beds, my darlings.

"How good and kind in our heavenly Father to send this beautiful white snow to cover the sleeping plants and flowers, that they may rest securely until the warm spring sun awakes them!"

"But come, my little ones," continued the kind mother, "we must get ready for our breakfast, and after it is over we will go out and feed the hens, and the old rooster that has been crowing so loudly all the time we have been talking. They would have a hard time of it to scratch for their breakfast through all this snow."

"Cock-a-doodle-do! That's just what I was saying!" said Chanticleer, turning his head this way and that with a very knowing look.

Then, flapping his glossy wings again, he flew down to tell his family that, notwithstanding the snow that covered everything, they were soon to have their breakfast.

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By *Virginia F. Townsend.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, after breakfast, I put on my best ruffled white apron, and knocked at the parlor door. Mrs. Brainerd, who was always behindhand and driven to her wits' ends with housework, had told me she should "give all sick folks up into my hands that day," and I understood precisely what that meant. I was to stay with our boy-guest, and do what I could to help him pass off the time pleasantly.

"Come in!" shouted a prompt, clear voice when I knocked at the door. I could not help feeling that somebody inside had been waiting for me.

"Ah, little fairie, there you are, with your pink cheeks fresh as a primrose," as soon as I opened the door. "Come right over here and shake hands with a fellow."

"Good-morning, Mr. Creighton," I said, and I found it as much as I could do to keep from laughing outright at his funny way of talking. "I hope your ankle is feeling a great deal better."

"Mr. Creighton!" he repeated with such a comical face and tone. "I thought we had grown too old friends by this time for any such formal stuff as that."

"Old friends! Why, you forget. We never saw each other until last night."

"That's a fact I can't deny. Well then, my little *new* friend, if that suits you better, I'm glad to see you again."

"I'm glad too to hear you say that. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes, plenty of things. Take that low chair and sit down in it, for I've made a bargain with Mrs. Brainerd that you are to be my nurse for the whole day."

"Oh, you have? That's what she meant when she said she should put you off on my hands. I'm not much of a nurse, though I did learn how to take care of Lewis when he had the fever, and he declared nobody in the world could do things half so well as I. But then he's my brother, you know."

"And I'm not; and of course one can't find it so easy or so pleasant doing things for *new* friends. Is that what you mean, Hope?"

"Oh no, nothing of that kind; I only meant to say that because I am his sister he would think better of what I did than other folks might."

I cannot remember exactly what reply the boy made to this, nor what followed afterward. But I can remember sitting there near the lounge where he lay, the autumn sunshine looking with a broad, golden, heartsome life into the windows, until I could hardly believe this was really the dark, silent, gloomy old parlor which Mrs. Brainerd thought was quite too good for every-day use.

I don't suppose anything we said would be worth writing in a book, yet we found plenty to talk about; and every little while I found myself breaking out into a laugh at the boy's comical way of talking. I often did that with Lewis, but Creighton Bell's talk had something crisp and

sparkling about it, that was as unlike Lewis' quiet humor as possible.

One way and another he must have had a good many glimpses into our every-day life at the stage-driver's—perhaps more than I intended, but things came out as they will, you know, without one's meaning it, when you get to talking. I found out, too, among other matters, that this Creighton Bell had early been abroad; had climbed the Alps and sailed down the Rhine, had passed weeks in London, and lived in Paris for a whole season.

I stared at him in amazement. It seemed like looking into fairy-land, like having all the wonderful and beautiful sights of a world which seemed to me as far off as the moon, brought right down into Mrs. Brainerd's little parlor.

I begged him to tell me something about all the grand places, and about what he had seen and done there.

"There's so much of that I don't know where to begin, Hope; trotting about from one place to another, and every day crowded full of sight-seeing, and fun, and excitement. We had a jolly time, sis, and I with the rest of our party."

"And of all the places, which did you like best, Mr. Creighton?"

"Well, best of all the cities I liked Paris. Ah, I tell you, Hope, that's the place for a fellow to enjoy himself, with the gardens and the palaces, and the promenades, and the people with their gay dresses, and smiling faces, and eager gestures. It seems as though there was nothing but one long holiday in Paris."

"I don't doubt it is all very gay and grand, but then I should not understand one word of all the people were saying; and I should like London best, with its grand Hyde Park and its handsome palaces, and St. Paul's, and the old Tower with its suits of ancient armor, and the cell where that good old Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned so many years and wrote his history, and where Queen Elizabeth was shut up when she was only a young girl by her hard, cruel sister, and where her poor mother was beheaded, and where she herself shut up people in her turn. I should like to see London best of all."

"How in the world have you learned so much about it?"

"In the evenings Lewis and I read to each other, and we always talk over everything afterward. He says it is the best way of stowing it down fast in the memory, and I am sure it is."

"It seems to have served well in your case, anyhow. But, Hope, you'd find London after all, a big, dark, crowded old city, drizzling with rain or choked with fog. There are fine parks with beautiful drives, and there are grand palaces, but after all, for real fun and comfort, give me Paris."

Somewhere, not long afterward, the boy got on the Rhine, and it actually seemed to me I was sailing down the great river, and that along the banks I could see the clusters of grapes like a great purple fire among the thick leaves, when suddenly he called out, "Oh, that's lucky! I've just thought of it, Hope."

"What do you mean, Mr. Creighton?"

"In my carpet-bag there is an album filled with views of the Rhine. It's really a very fine thing. It came just the day before I started, in a box of books and knick-knacks that my sister had ordered from abroad, and I was carrying it up to show to Dick."

"Oh, I would give anything in the world to see the book, Mr. Creighton."

"You shall in two minutes. There's my overcoat on the chair yonder, and if you will be so good as to look in the side pockets you'll find the key in one—I forget which."

After a little fumbling, I found the key and brought it to the owner. The new, shining valise stood just at the head of the lounge where he lay, quite within the boy's reach. It was opened in a hurry, and then he drew out a great, thin, beautiful volume in brown Turkish morocco; with some foreign name in gilt letters on the corner. "There it is," putting the album in my hands. "Look as long as you like, Hope."

It seemed as though I never could get through. I suppose, come to count them, there really were not more than twenty views in all, although they seemed a much larger number.

If I could only set them right before you now, as the pictures looked to me then—the shores of that wonderful river; the great, gray mountains, with the castles and the old ruined palaces upon the summits of the cliffs; the steep, overhanging crags; the weird silence and gloom of one scene, with the thin, white clouds over-

head, and another with some beautiful city upon its banks; the tall spires, the wide palaces, the crowded streets, the rush of people—you could feel and see it all; and there was one, with the solemn glory of the moonlight, and the solemn splendor of the great company of mountains as they stood by the river, and watched it going softly to the sea, which held me longer than any of the others. It was called "The Moonlight at Lurlyfelsen."

My boy friend—I had learned to feel that he was this already—lay and watched me. I read over the names of the pictures as I turned to them.

"That moonlight is a wonderful picture," he said. "Pauline"—I had learned by this time that was his sister's name—"liked that better than any of the others."

"Oh!" drawing a long breath after I had gone over and over with the book. "What a thing it must be to have all those pictures for one's very own—to look at them every day. How you must feel to think they are all really yours!"

Creighton Bell smiled a little at that: "I never thought of the album quite in that light, but the pictures are really pretty in their way."

"Pretty! They are just wonderful. How I do wish Lewis could see them!"

"Well, there's no reason why he shouldn't. You may show them to him to-night."

"Do you really mean that? He will be so interested. I don't know how to thank you, but I am so glad."

"Stop, Hope! If the book is really such a wonderful thing, you shall have something better than showing it to your brother. You shall have it for your very own."

"You don't really mean that, Mr. Creighton?"

"Yes I do, Hope. That album is yours."

"This great, handsome book—all those beautiful pictures?" looking at the volume as it lay in my lap, with its brown and gold; "my very own! But it isn't to be thought of. I never could take it away from you."

"Yes you can, though. Now, Hope, don't be foolish about it, for everybody says I'm a spoiled boy, and that I must have my own way, or there's trouble. So you just keep the book without another word. I don't care much about it, and if I do, I can easily get another, you see, when I go abroad."

After that I could say no more. I tried to thank the boy for such a beautiful gift, but I did not get on with it very well.

"Don't think you haven't paid me a dozen times already, Hope," he broke in upon my stammering. "What do you suppose I should have done here without you?"

"I can't see what good I've been to you."

"I can, though, and that is sufficient."

I laid the album carefully on the chair, but I could not keep my eyes off it. To think so beautiful a thing should really belong to just little me, Hope Darrow!

and then what would Lewis say when he came to see it? How amused and delighted he would be—not of course in the same way that a girl would be, but then I knew him! In a little while Mrs. Brainerd called me out to consult about the dinner she had been preparing for our young city guest. She had got out her old-fashioned china and best linen, and she said I had saved her so much care and trouble that she was determined I should have my share of the treat, and Creighton Bell and I were to have our dinner together on the little round parlor-table.

She had a chicken nicely roasted and a tumbler of blackberry jelly for the occasion. I could have kissed the thin, worn, fretted face when she said:—

"How you and that young chap do get on together, Hope! I should think you'd known each other all your lives! Once or twice I've slipped round to the parlor door to see if I was wanted for anything, and your tongues was a goin'. It's lucky enough for me."

I thought Mrs. Brainerd was not the only one for whom it was lucky, but I just kept that to myself, and hurried back and told Creighton Bell Mrs. Brainerd's plan, and I actually believe he was as glad as I was.

I spread the table near the lounge, and the boy managed to sit up, with his foot propped carefully on a stool, and we had our cozy little dinner together in Mrs. Brainerd's parlor, and it all seemed like a beautiful dream, only it was too real for that.

"Oh, how I do wish Lewis was here!" I said. "It would be just perfect." That brother of mine was always in my thoughts and my talk.

"I don't know how much Lewis would add to the pleasure," lifting his eyes in a kind of skeptical way, "but I'm satisfied with matters as they are."

"That's because you don't know Lewis, and what a good, noble fellow he is. Oh I do want to have you know each other so much! I'm sure you'll like him, and he will you."

"He's a fortunate fellow, any way, to have a sister who thinks so much of him."

"Oh no; it's I'm the fortunate one to have such a brother!"

"What is he about to-day?"

"Oh—didn't you know?—he has to go every day to work at the saw-mill."

"To work at the saw-mill?" repeated Creighton Bell.

Now I knew, just as though he had spoken it, what was going on in his thoughts. "You're a fine city gentleman," I said to myself, "with plenty of money, and plenty of friends and nothing to do but enjoy yourself; and you think a fellow who works at a saw-mill every day can't be of much account." It just roused all the blood within me, and I said, without stopping a moment to think, "Yes, he works at a saw-mill, and I'm prouder of him for that very thing than if he were a crowned king. He does it to take care of me, for we haven't any money—Lewis and I—and he won't leave me, as most brothers would, go out into the world and try his chance, but he just

stays here working hard, early and late, because he promised mamma never to leave his little orphan sister; and he's a hero, if he does work in a saw-mill." I should like to have said something more, but just then the words choked up in my throat.

Creighton Bell seemed to understand in a moment. His face glowed. "Your brother is a noble fellow, Hope, and I honor him for what you have told me. I'm afraid in his case I should not have so much pluck, nor so unselfish a heart, either. I'm a good-for-nothing, lazy fellow at best."

When Creighton Bell said that I forgave him the tone in which he had asked about the saw-mill, and which had stung me to the quick. After that, I cannot tell how, I'm sure, but whenever I really got started talking about Lewis I was always swept off on a great flood-tide of feeling and words, and then the boy seemed so interested that I forgot myself and kept on, and told him a great deal more than I meant to—all about Lewis' plans and studies, and his love of books, and the little robin's nest of a cottage we meant to have together some day.

When I was through I was fairly scared to think I had said so much, and I just broke out, "Oh dear! what have I been saying? I didn't mean to tell so much; I'm sure Lewis wouldn't like it."

"I'm sure Lewis wouldn't care if he knew what a noble, plucky fellow I thought him. He's got the stuff of a hero in him; I know a great many smart, brave young fellows, Hope, whom every-

body praises, and who have plenty of money and hosts of friends, but I don't know of one who'd be equal to this sort of buckling down to work, day after day, in a saw-mill, even for the sake of such a little sister as you must be. I tell you it's grand!" lifting himself up so quickly that I am certain that sprained ankle must have given him a twinge.

But such praise of Lewis brought the tears into my eyes. "He never forgets that last promise he made to mamma," I said, "though really, I don't believe that makes any difference. He'd have done the same anyway, Lewis would."

"That last promise to your mother?" repeated Creighton Bell.

So that came out too. It seemed right enough then, after I had told so much; and the talk I had overheard the night before sitting under the bridge, and all we had said coming home together, until we saw the old stage-coach before the door, and the lights in the parlor window came out before I got through.

Creighton Bell seemed to enjoy that part about Lewis' homeliness quite as much as my brother. He pronounced it all a huge joke, and laughed until the merry tears came into his eyes.

But I think some other kind of tears sparkled there when I told him about all that happened that last night at mamma's bedside.

There was a long silence after I got through. The sun had almost swung behind the hills in front of the windows; and outside, if anybody cared to notice, each pane was all ablaze with red fire.

At last Creighton Bell's voice came to me: "I had a mother too, a long time ago, Hope. I hardly ever speak of her now, but I shall remember her face as long as I live—the sweet, loving face bent down to kiss me when I was a little chap and tottled around her chair. She went away suddenly—where your mother has gone, Hope."

We had one great loss in common then. That thought drew me closer to my new friend than all which had gone before.

There was another long silence, and I said, "But your mother left you a sister, just as mine did Lewis."

"Yes," said the boy—"yes."

But there seemed something wanting in the word, I could not tell what, only I knew he did not say that just as Lewis would.

In a little while he spoke again: "I love Pauline very dearly, and I know she is fond of me. She is very witty, and handsome, and charming, and she has been petted and admired all her life, and that always makes a fine lady, and Pauline is one."

I fancied there was a thought behind, and, if he had been speaking of anybody but his own sister, that Creighton Bell would have said, "But you know it sometimes half spoils a heart to make a fine lady." But here the doctor's chaise drove up again, and I went to call Mrs. Brainerd, who would be wanted at the examination of the ankle, but I took care to carry my album with me, and sat at the window looking at the pictures until it was so dark the river and the hills and

the cities on the Rhine all ran into one another. At last, Mrs. Brainerd returned: "He's getting on swimmin'ly, the doctor says. He'll be up by day after to-morrow." I was glad enough to hear such

good news of our patient, but just then I saw a figure moving up the darkness in the road. I knew who that must be, and I ran out to the gate to meet my brother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SUGAR-MAKING.

COME, my lark, 'tis time for singing—
 Time for singing in the sun—
 For warmth is in the forest,
 And the sap begins to run,
 And making maple sugar
 Is the merriest of fun!
 VOL. v.—15

So we wandered out together,
 Pretty Leonore and I,
 To the dingle where the pansies
 Turned their purple to the sky—
 To the forest, where the children
 Had piled the faggots high.
 Soon the fire burned and crackled,
 Soon the sap began to boil,

And we filled the shining buckets
 With a jubilant turmoil,
 Working busily, and laughing
 At our self-inflicted toil.

When we grew to be a-weary,
 And the sap to bubble o'er,
 Then I cleaned away the brushwood
 From the sloping forest floor,
 And I sat me down to watch it
 By the side of Leonore.

How we sang, and how we chatted
 In the flashes of the sun,
 How we talked of careless wishes,
 Thinking only of the one,
 Till the syrup grew to sugar,
 And the laborers were done.

ROSY'S SECRET.

By Rosella.

"OH if I only had a cloak and furs like Ella Gray's, I should be so glad, but I never have anything nice," said little Nettie Cameron, as she looked at the neat gray sack and crimson scarf hanging on the back of a chair, ready for her to put on when she would start to school.

Her mother heard the fretful wish, and sighed as she continued brushing Nettie's long, bright rippling hair that hung like a golden mist clear down to her waist.

"Oh, Nettie," she said, "how rich and happy you are already, if you only felt and knew it! You have a good home, and parents, and a dear little baby brother. and your health is so good, and you will

fret and want finer clothes and so many things that you don't need at all. You have yet to learn that contentment is more than wealth."

Nettie pouted out her mouth and looked down sullenly at the flowers in the carpet, as she said, "All I need is a cloak and furs like Ella Gray's."

The poor mother was tired and troubled, and her heart put up a wordless prayer to the Ear that is always open to our woes.

A little while before Nettie was ready to start to school, two little girls came in to walk down with her. One of them was Ella Gray, muffled up in her new cloak and furs, her head carried up straightly and proudly, and her mouth all twisted up to its very littlest in an attempt to look pretty.

The other little girl was the only daughter of a poor widow—little Rosy Blain.

When Rosy was a baby she had pulled the coffee-pot over upon herself, and the dreadful burn had left a scar on one side of her bright little face. One cheek was drawn all crooked and into seams and wrinkles. The other was just as sweet and dimpled and pinky as it could be. Why the very old cobbler who lived all alone down the alley, and didn't care a cent for children or babies, would have been glad to have kissed that one sweet little rosebud of a cheek!

I told you how Ella was dressed, but not Rosy. Well, Rosy only had on a scant flannel dress with a big patch in the front breadth, heavy, stubby old shoes, a

little bib-apron tied neatly in a bow behind—a white woolen hood big enough for her grandmother—and over her shoulders she wore the very same plaid flannel that she used to be wrapped in when a wee, wee baby; we call it a cradle-blanket.

“Sit down, girls; I’ll be ready for school in a little while,” said Nettie.

Ella hurried and got into the rocking-chair, but first she lifted her cloak for fear of creasing it. Not so with Rosy.

There lay the baby in his crib, with both wee hands spread out and raised up to look their very biggest, his mouth wide open, yelling like a young wild-cat.

Rosy saw that Mrs. Cameron could not attend to the baby just then, not till Nettie was off to school; so she dropped her basket and books into the nearest chair, and gathered the baby up warmly to her bosom, cooing and saying to him, “Did he want his neighbor Rosy to come and take him up? He just cried and cried for his Rosy: well the darling shall have her; the little wee, ’bused baby shall be cared for! bless its loving heart! Oh, girls! do see him cuddle down in my bosom! Love me? I guess he does too!” and she just rained the kisses down on his cheeks, and neck, and forehead, and on his very little white head!

“Oh, Rose, how can you fuss over babies so?” said Ella, picking a speck of lint off her new muff, and still keeping her mouth all puckered up, trying to look very pretty.

“I don’t like babies very well, either,” said Nettie, looking admiringly at Ella,

but more admiringly at the envied cloak and furs.

Mrs. Cameron didn’t say one word, but she glanced over so lovingly at the kind little Rosy that when she turned her eyes away they were full of tears. She was wishing that her daughter was just like Rosy.

“I’ve a mind to give this baby a piece of my biscuit,” said Rosy, reaching her hand into her basket; “he acts as if he were hungry. I won’t need a whole one for my dinner. “Oh, girls,” said she, “I’ve the nicest tart, all fixed off prettily with candy, here in my basket, that I am going to take to poor Carty McGregor at noon. Did you ever see him? He is not like other children; can’t walk, or talk, or read—just crawls about and makes wild, strange noises; but then he won’t hurt anybody, and he is so glad to get a nice cake, or apple, or tart, or anything that his mother hasn’t got.

“I told ma I’d rather give him the nice tart that Mrs. Bell gave me than to eat it myself, and ma said I might take it to him at noon. Girls, will you go with me?” and the excited little girl paused for want of breath.

The girls had never seen poor Carty, and they promised to go with Rosy.

Ella said stiffly she was afraid her mother might be displeased at her going among strangers, for fear they were not respectable; but Mrs. Cameron told her she thought it would do them all good to look upon the poor boy, and to feel that they owed it to their heavenly Father that they were not like him themselves, but

born with sound minds in sound bodies. She told them to think of this when they saw poor Carty.

When Mrs. Cameron took the baby from Rosy's arms, the little fellow cried and reached out his hands, and shook his head when his mother tried to kiss him.

Rosy called him robin, and jewel, and golden, and darling, and kissed his fat neck again and again, before she could give him up. "What a blessing a baby is!" she said, as she looked over her shoulder and just saw the back of his little white head as he bent over against his mother's bosom and cried for his loving friend Rosy.

"Oh, Rosy," said Mrs. Cameron, to herself, "you poor, ragged, scared little creature, you are worth more with your unselfish nature than all the dressed-up, proud little misses in town! The scanty rag of a cradle-blanket that covers your poor shoulders is more than the robes of royal purple that enwrap the proudest queens. I wish—oh how fervently!—that Nettie were like you!" and in spite of herself the tears stole down her face.

When noon-time came, Rosy put on her hood and blanket eagerly, Nettie put on her shawl slowly, and Ella, not at all, until reassured by Rosy that the McGregors *were* called respectable people, though very poor.

When they reached the house the girls stood back and let Rosy go in first.

They were hardly seated until they were startled by a growling, unearthly sound, and poor Carty, hearing Rosy's voice, came creeping along from the foot

of the bed toward them, grinning with such a frightful face that Nettie and Ella turned away shuddering.

"Poor Carty!" said Rosy, as she laughed in recognition and put the tart in his hand. He chuckled in a satisfied, glad way and shook his head and patted his hands on the floor, and made strange sounds that Rosy said meant, "I thank you!"

Both little girls were pale and frightened, but Mrs. McGreggor said he was as harmless as a lamb, and wouldn't hurt any one. Rosy smoothed his hair, that was like the rough, coarse mane of a wild animal, and softly touched his low forehead, and in a voice low as a little tinkling bell said, "Poor Carty! poor Carty!" and he answered back, "Hee! hee! hoo!" with a mouth as round as an O—poor fellow! it was all the way he could talk.

As soon as he finished eating his tart, he drew a tangled string out of a little pocket in the bosom of his shirt, and making very ugly faces he laid the string in Rosy's hand, saying, "Hee, hee, hoo!"

"He wants to play colty, now," said Rosy: "it is all the play he knows in this whole world—poor Carty!"

Taking the string, she tied it to the button of a belt that went round his waist, and then picking up a shaving she fastened it to the other end of the string, and he crawled in his aimless, sprawling way backward and forward across the house, looking back all the time at the shaving that followed after, and laughing immoderately in his noisy, pitiful way.

The two girls looked on at the strange play, and kept close together in wonder and fear. Rosy laughed with him and nodded "yes," and said "good boy" and "poor fellow" every time he called out his unearthly "Hee, hee, hoo!"

At last they had to start back to school, and Rosy shook his flabby little brown hand, and said, "By-by, Carty!" just as kindly as she would shake hands with the Prince of Wales' little son.

After they had gone through the gate, Ella said: "I never want to go back there again. I feel as if I should not sleep a wink to-night for thinking of the horrible face and the senseless jabber of that sprawling idiot as he played colty!"

"Oh, Rosy, you are the queerest little chick! I believe the very dogs love you!" and here Ella laughed her very merriest. Rosy laughed too, right heartily; perhaps because it was contagious.

"How in this world," said Ella, "did you ever happen to make the acquaintance of such an interesting family?" and here the proud beauty bent over and laughed anew. Ella's laugh was very sweet and musical, even if it did not come from a sweet disposition and a kind heart.

"Why," said Rosy, her scarred little face growing very sad, and looking old and wise and womanly all at once—just as if a shadow had settled upon it—"Why you see I used to fret a good deal, and want nice clothes, and better victuals, and a better home than we have, and I used to wish we were rich, and oh so many other foolish things; and one time, after my ma had been talking to me

about being contented, she sent me down to Carty's house to take 'em some milk, and ever since then I have liked to go there. Whenever I feel kind of fretted like and not satisfied with what we have, I run down there a little bit to stay a while, and somehow I always come away feeling better, and so glad that I ain't like poor Carty. He can't read, or play, or talk, or hear nice stories, or ride out in the country, or go up among the hills, or visit at grandpa's, or do *anything*, but eat tarts and apples and play colty. Oh, girls, but it is a pity for poor Carty! Ain't you glad, Nettie, that your little baby boy Charlie, is whole, and right, and real, and a human baby with nothing the matter, only that he is *too* sweet?"

Nettie looked sideways at the radiant face of the little hero beside her; she had not the courage to look fairly in her eyes. She walked a little slower than Ella and Rosy, and as she looked upon them she thought she would rather be poor Rosy, in her dingy little cradle blanket and short, narrow flannel dress, than Ella in her pride and her furs, and nice new cloak, hiding such a proud, scornful heart as hers.

We don't know whether the visit to Carty McGregor did Nettie as much good as it had done Rosy, but never after that time did she find fault about her clothes not being nice and fine enough, and she grew more loving to her baby brother and kinder to her mother.

One morning, when Rosy had risen early, and was going out to feed the pigs and chickens, right there in the door lay

a little bundle with her name written plainly on the paper that wrapped it: "ROSY BLAIN."

As she opened the door the parcel came rolling into the house, and the little girl, with round, wide open eyes, thinking it was a little white dog or a big white cat, threw up her hands, crying out, "Oh, mother!"

Mrs. Blain opened the paper, and there were the softest, freshest, sweetest little red and white shawl, with the very first folds in it yet, bran new, and calico enough to make Rosy a new dress; red calico, with little dots of black acorns on it; and the prettiest pair of new shoes, bright and shining with morocco tips and red strings, and a pair of soft white hose rolled up inside one of the shoes.

"Who in this world"—began Rosy, and then she couldn't say another word, for the glad tears came and she cried right out, as she stood there hugging these good gifts closely in her little arms.

Nobody knew who sent the parcel, and nobody need want to know; but *we* know that Nettie Cameron's mother made her a new cloak out of her own old one; and that Nettie knows now, as well as Rosy, that which all children are slow to learn—"A contented mind is a continual feast."

A LITTLE girl, walking silently by her father's side on a starry night, was asked of what she was thinking, and she gave this beautiful answer: "I was thinking if the *wrong* side of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right* side be."

SUSIE.

By M. O. J.

"WHAT'S the matter, Susie?" The little girl sat in her rocking-chair, looking very sober.

"I'm tired, auntie," she answered; "I don't know what to do. I've done everything I could think of—played with my dolls, and tea-set, and village, and blocks; I've read my story-books, too, but I'm tired of them all."

"Suppose you try a little *work*, Susie?"

"Do you mean my doll's bed-quilt, auntie? I don't feel like sewing patch-work."

"No, dear; but if you could quite leave off thinking about yourself and your own feelings, and do something really useful to some one else, would it not be a good idea?"

"What can I do, auntie?"

"Are you quite willing to do something *useful*?"

"Yes, auntie."

"Well, little Katy Wood has been sick for weeks. She is better now, but she still has to lie in bed, though she could sit up part of the time if she had a warm wrapper to wear. She gets very tired, of course, staying in bed. Her mother is poor and cannot buy her all the things she needs. Now, if you will make a sacque for Katy, I will cut one out of bright scarlet flannel, and give you some pretty green braid to sew round the edge. It will make her very happy."

Susie thought a minute. She knew

she must not give it up if she once began it; and she did not much like sewing. But a feeling of pity and kindness for the poor, sick child welled up in her heart, and presently she said, with a bright, earnest face, "Yes, auntie, I will."

Auntie soon cut out the sacque, and Susie brought her basket and went to work with a will. Auntie told her two or three beautiful stories while she sewed, and when the tea-bell rang the little girl started up in surprise. She could hardly believe it tea-time, the afternoon had seemed so short. The next day the sacque was neatly finished, and Susie had the pleasure of going with her aunt to see Katy and giving it to her. Oh how pleased the poor child was! And Susie was happy that she had overcome her idle, selfish feelings and done something to help and bless another.

"I'll try to shorten all the rainy days, auntie, now I know the way," she said as they walked home.

Auntie smiled. "We cannot always do just the same thing," she replied, "but we can, rainy days and pleasant days, *do some good*, and help to make others happy."

"That's the way *you* do, auntie, and I mean to," said the little girl.

"It is the way Christ did—the way to follow him," said auntie.

OVER our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine never is wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

A REAL CHARM.

A YOUNG farmer found that he was getting poorer and poorer every day. He went to a friend to ask his advice. This friend, with a very grave face, said, "I know of a charm that will cure all that: take this little cup, drink from it every morning of the water you must get at the crystal spring. But remember you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken."

Next morning the farmer walked across his fields, for the spring was at the further end of the estate. Seeing a neighbor's cows which had broken through the fence and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out and mended the fence. The laborers were not yet at hand. When they came, loitering after their proper time, they were startled at seeing master up so early.

"Oh," said he, "I see how it is; it comes of my not getting up in time."

This early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for breakfast, and the people were, like himself, early at work. He saw that the advice his friend had given him was as good as it was simple. For the charm that saved him from ruin was early rising.

SMALL service is great service while it lasts,
Of deeds the humblest scorn not one;
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the
sun.



L. A. DEBACH SC.

EASTER EGGS.



EASTER EGGS.

By Anna Wilmot.

"SISTER GRACE!"

"What do you want?" Sister Grace did not lift her eyes from the gay embroidery over which her fingers were swiftly moving.

"To-morrow's Easter!"

"Can't you tell me something I don't know?" was the reply; not unkindly spoken, but without any interest in the sister's voice.

"Look at me, Grace, won't you?"

"There; I'm looking at you;" and Grace Bond dropped her hands in her lap with a slightly annoyed gesture, and fixed her eyes on the child's face.

"To-morrow's Easter."

VOL. v.—16

"I've heard that before. Anything else?"

"Yes, I wan't you to dye me some eggs."

"Dye you some eggs!"

"Yes. All the little girls are going to have them. Jennie May and Lucy White told me about the beauties they had last year; and what lovely ones their mother was going to dye for them to-day."

"I must beg to be excused, Fanny," said Grace, coldly.

The light and eagerness went out of the child's face, and her eyes grew wet with tears.

"Don't be silly!" Grace spoke a little harshly. "What does a big girl like you want with Easter eggs?"

"I'm no bigger than Jennie May or Lucy White, and they're going to have them," replied Fanny.

"I can't help it if they are." Grace spoke with some petulance in her voice. "I haven't any time for such nonsense."

Now Fanny had set her heart on the Easter eggs, and her disappointment was so great at her sister's refusal that she could not control her feelings, but burst out crying, at which Grace, being much annoyed, scolded her sharply. This did not help the matter any. Grief gave way to anger, and Fanny talked back to Grace in a very unsisterly way. Both of them were made unhappy.

Thinking to find employment for Fanny, and so divert her thoughts, Grace handed her a piece of worsted work and said,

"Put this flower in for me, won't you? You did the last one nicely."

"No, I won't!" Yes, these were her very words. "If you can't dye me the eggs, I'll not work your flowers."

"Oh," said Grace, "if you're going to keep such bad company, I can't stay;" and she went from the room, leaving Fanny alone.

For a good while Fanny sat crying from anger and disappointment. Then, as she grew calm, the thought of what her sister said as she went out, "If you're going to keep such bad company," came into her mind. She knew very well to what company her sister referred. Anger, ill-nature, fretfulness—these were her companions now, and they were making her wretched.

Gradually, as she sat alone thinking, a change came over her feelings. "I'm sorry I talked so to Grace," she said,

"even if she wouldn't dye me the Easter eggs. Oh, dear!—" and she drew a long sigh—"some little girls have kind sisters that do everything for them, but Grace thinks it a trouble to do even the littlest thing for me."

Even as Fanny said this she remembered the beautiful party-dress that Grace made for her only the week before, and how she sat up late at night so as to be sure to have it ready. And then she thought of a dozen kind and self-denying acts of her sister, all done for her good.

"I'm sorry," she spoke aloud. The bad company in which Grace left her had gone, and in their place were repentance, kindness, love.

She took up the strip of worsted that Grace had placed in her lap, and, unrolling it, commenced working in the flower; and was soon so interested in what she was doing that she scarcely noticed the passage of time.

Grace did not feel very happy when she went from the room leaving Fanny alone. She had not regarded her little sister with the kindness and consideration that were her due. The Easter eggs were a thing of no account to her, but to the child who had set her heart on them they were a great deal.

Now it happened that next door to the pleasant home in which Grace Bond lived was a poor German family—a man and his wife and two children. The woman had been sick, and Grace had gone in two or three times during the week to see her. It was an hour, perhaps, after

leaving Fanny alone that the thought of this woman came into her mind.

"I'll go and see how she is," said Grace; and putting something over her head, she went to the next door and knocked.

"Come in!" cried a pleasant voice, and Grace pushed open the door.

What a surprise! The group that met her gaze was a picture in itself, and very pleasant to look upon—a picture with a lesson that went down into her heart.

Sitting on a low chair was the German mother. On the floor was a white napkin, over which gayly-colored Easter eggs had been spread to cool, and she was now lifting these, one by one, into a dish on her lap. In front of her were the two children, a boy and a girl, looking so pleased and happy that the very sight of their faces made the heart of Grace grow warmer.

"Easter eggs?" she said, with a smile, as she came forward into the room.

"Yes; they please Ludwig and Bertha," was the woman's answer. "And I make them happy when I can."

How lovingly the children looked up into her worn and patient face!

A thought of her unhappy sister now flashed through the mind of Grace, and there came to her an image of the child sitting alone and in tears—a painful contrast to the scene before her. Self-rebuke and self-condemnation followed quickly.

"Oh, these are beautiful!" she said, stooping to the floor and taking up one of the eggs. "How charmingly you have painted them!"

"Won't you take some for your little sister? Bertha and Ludwig will be glad to share them, I know." And the mother looked to her children for approval.

"She shall have two of mine," said Bertha, quickly. "And two of mine," cried Ludwig.

"Oh no; I can't rob you after that fashion," answered Grace. "But if you will let me have four of these beauties—they are beauties—I will send you in a dozen not dyed. Fanny will be so pleased to get them."

"Take them all," said the woman. "I will dye more for the children."

But Grace said, "No; four will be enough for Fanny."

On returning home, Grace hurried to the room where, an hour before, she had left her little sister angry and in tears. Her heart had a troubled beat as she pushed open the door and went in. All was silent. By a table, with her face buried in her arms, sat Fanny fast asleep. The strip of worsted work, with the flower completed, lay on the floor, as if it had just dropped from her hand.

"Fanny dear!" Grace spoke in a tender, loving voice. The child moved but did not answer, for sleep lay heavy on her senses.

"Fanny!"

"Oh yes! What is it?" answered the child, dreamily.

"Fanny dear!" Grace called again.

"Oh! Easter eggs? No, I haven't any; and I wanted them so badly!"

Still dreaming; but she was wide awake a moment afterward, sitting up looking at

Grace, and then at the beautifully painted eggs that were held before wondering eyes.

"It is so good in you, sister dear!" she exclaimed. "Thank you a thousand times!" And springing up she threw her arms about Grace's neck, hugging and kissing her in a heart-gush of love.

"I will try and be more thoughtful of my little sister hereafter," said Grace to herself; and, speaking aloud, with her arms still about the neck of her sister, Fanny said: "I wasn't naughty long, Grace; and I've worked the flower for you, and you are a dear, dear good sister as ever was!"

THE SNOW-DROP.

By *L. A. B. C.*

THERE was a little rustling and murmur down under the snow-drift which had served as a counterpane for the flower-bed, where jonquils, roses, hyacinths, peonies, tulips and pinks had been sleeping their long winter nap.

It was near their time of waking, and that was why they grew restless in their dark chamber.

The Snow-drop could keep still no longer, and lifting its head a little, timidly said:

"Is it not time to wake up, sister Tulip? I thought I heard a robin sing."

"Robins, indeed! More likely you heard the children coasting over your head, with red noses and frozen fingers."

"I'm sure it was a robin, Tulip, it was

such a mournful sweet strain. I thought it said, 'Where are all the flowers gone?' I think it must be time to rise."

"Nonsense! It was a chickadee: foolish things! they fly about all winter in the frost and snow." So the Tulip, who was always more stately and proud than the Snow-drop, turned her back upon her sister and settled down to sleep again.

"Do keep quiet, Snow-drop, and not disturb your betters with such unseasonable clamor," crossly exclaimed the Peony, who, though very grand and showy, was neither sweet nor graceful, and tried to build herself up by putting down others.

Snow-drop lay quite still after this, feeling deeply grieved at the thought of causing her sisters any discomfort.

The Pink who had roused a little, noticed the disconsolate expression of Snow-drop, and being of a more gracious disposition than the Peony and Tulip, said:

"Don't grieve, Snow-drop; you know it always makes Peony cross to disturb her slumber. You did not mean any harm; but it is rather foolish for you to think of getting up in this cold wintry weather. Don't you know how uncomfortable you will be in the frosty air, with your head in a snow-drift, and no one to keep your company? Who else will be foolish enough to venture out of the ground in such weather?"

"That is just why I thought I would rise early and gladden the hearts of men and children by being the first one to tell them spring is coming."

"You mean well, good little Snow-drop, I have no doubt; but I wonder

where you got such notions? What do we live for but to enjoy ourselves and to bask in the warm sun and wave in the gentle breeze. Our summer is so very brief. I for one always wait for the warmest and brightest days, when all the flowers bloom and the birds sing gayly, and the humming-bird always comes to visit me, and life is sweet and gay. Why my dear Snow-drop, I should not see the humming-bird in this cold weather. Ugh! it is so dismal, the very thought makes me shiver."

The Snow-drop drooped its modest head a little, for this long argument quite abashed the timid little thing; but though very gentle, she was true and firm to her good heart, and softly responded:

"I know you are wise and beautiful, sweet Pink, and birds and music and western winds are pleasant, but it is not the selfish enjoyment of bright scenes that makes me happy. Perhaps, I shall make some sad heart glad if I go where the frosts are chill and the winds cold, and whisper a promise of spring; and, O Pink, it is so much sweeter to comfort and gladden a sad heart than to revel in selfish pleasures!"

"Do as you like, foolish creature! I shall wait for the humming-bird and the roses."

So the Pink waited; but the modest Snow-drop, eager to cheer a sad heart, did not mind the cold and the frost, but pushed up its little folded flower and bravely opened to the rugged March breeze, only hoping that its mission might not be in vain. It was not in vain.

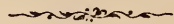
A little girl in a red cloak, like little Red Riding Hood, came out to scatter crumbs for the chickadees and the early robin, and she found the pretty Snow-drop with its head in the snow on the sunny side of the drift.

"Oh, Snow-drop," she cried in ecstasy, "did you blossom for me?" Then she touched it with her soft, pink fingers, and the Snow-drop trembled with delight at the caress.

"How beautiful you are, Snow-drop, and how sweet! How good in you to come when it is so cold, and all the rest of the flowers are hiding in their beds! No, Snow-drop; you did not blossom for me, but for dear Mary. She said she should never see any flowers again. She is going to heaven, Snow-drop, and I think the good Father sent you to her."

Oh how happy this made the sweet flower! The child bore it into the room where Mary lay. The eyes of the dying girl grew glad and bright. She laid it on her pillow and gazed long and lovingly upon it, and then she thanked the little maid who brought it and smiled, saying:

"Sister, I think the flowers in heaven are just like this lovely Snow-drop."



THROUGH all the busy daylight,

Through all the quiet night—

Whether the stars are in the sky,

Or the sun is shining bright—

In the nursery, in the parlor,

In the street, or on the stair—

Though I may seem to be alone,

Yet God is always there.

PICTURES OF HOPE.

By Louise V. Boyd.

"NOW, listen to me," said Katie:
"When I am a woman grown,
And go from father and mother
To live in a house of my own,

"I mean to have pretty pictures
On the walls of every room—
Pictures to be like the sunshine,
And chase away all the gloom.

"I will have an artist paint me,
If he can, our apple tree,
All covered over with blossoms,
And under it you and me.

"And I'll have the dear old willow
That droops above the well,
And under it, holding a pitcher,
Sweet sister Annabel.

"And I'll have dear mother's picture
(This one in my room I'll keep)
Just as she looks bending over
The baby when he's asleep.

"And father must be painted
As that moment he had come
To the fire on a winter evening,
As he says, 'No place like home!'

"And Tom and Carl playing horses
(By that time they'll be men);
And Rover the dog, and my kitten
(You'll all be with me then).

"And with all these pictures, Alice,
I cannot feel sad and lone
When, away from father and mother,
I live in a house of my own."

TOM'S LESSON.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

"GO and get it! Go and get it, I say!"

Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up in his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say,

"Please, please, don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick, which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water-dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on *making* him one! He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank, and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him and a man's voice said:

"Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how *you* like to swim!"

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath, as the stranger lifted him in his stout arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg.

"Oh, sir, pray, pray don't! I *cannot* swim, indeed I cannot! Oh don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again."

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he; "but you meant to *make* him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not *make* you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger at last released him, saying,

"Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, when he created it, did not make it to do, or to be what he did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good-bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, given in real kindness.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE sagacity and fidelity of this dog are wonderful. He presents an interesting example of the effect of education in changing the direction of instinct. He was, no doubt, originally a destroyer of sheep, instead of being, as now, their guardian and preserver. A disposition to take care of sheep has become hereditary, so that a true shepherd's dog takes nat-

urally to his duties. For any other office he would require a course of careful training. The sheep-tending talent is born in him.

Anecdotes of the shepherd's dog are almost as numerous and interesting as those of the Newfoundland. We can give a single one. It is related by Captain Brown in his "Anecdotes of Dogs," on the authority of Sir Patrick Walker:

"A gentleman sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, which the latter had not hands to drive. The seller, however, told him he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off, and that when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed the dog and desire him to go home. The dog received his orders and set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent for so many days that his master began to have serious fears about him, when one morning, to his great surprise, he found the dog had returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be that the drover was so pleased with the animal that he resolved to steal him, and locked him up until the time when he was to leave the country. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape, and one evening succeeded. Whether he had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it looked so, for he immediately went to the field, collected the sheep and drove them all back to his master."



THE LISTENER WHO HEARD NO GOOD OF HERSELF.

By Alice.

FIE! fie upon you, Mabel !
 It grieves me much to know
 So nice a little girl as you
 So mean a fault could show.
 A listener! Have you never heard
 This saying—known to all—
 About himself no listener hears
 A good word ever fall ?
 Sitting within the garden fence
 Are Nettie, Sue and Jane,
 Their fair young fingers busy o'er
 A dandelion chain.
 "Whose shall it be?" asked Nettie Low ;
 "There's Mabel," answered Sue ;
 But Nettie shook her curls, and said,
 "No, that will never do."

This, Mabel listening by the fence,
 With cheeks grown warmer, heard ;
 Then closer bent her eager ears
 To catch each passing word.
 Her shadow through an opening fell,
 And Nettie, in surprise
 That any one should near them be,
 Turned on the spot her eyes,
 And saw, with sorrow and with pain,
 That Mabel listened there.
 "Not Mabel. That will never do,"
 She said, with firmer air.
 "Not Mabel? why?" asked wondering Jane ;
 And "Why?" asked gentle Sue ;
 "Because she's done a meaner thing
 Than we could ever do."
 "What meaner thing?" the children cried.
 "I'll tell you," Nettie said ;
 "She listens at the keyhole, and
 In corners, I'm afraid."

"A listener! Not a listener!

Nettie, this can't be so!"

"Yes," Nettie answered firmly—

"I speak of what I know."

The shadow flitted from the fence,

And Mabel stole away

With silent steps, a wiser girl

For what she heard that day,

Ah, Mabel! Little Mabel!

May the lesson and its pain

Hold you back from ever doing

So mean a thing again.

THE BUD OF PROMISE.

By Elise Osborne.

"PLEASE let me go, mamma. The girls have so much fun."

"But fun is not always good for little girls."

"You said yesterday it was good—that God liked us to laugh and enjoy ourselves."

"So he does," replied Mrs. Clare, "but because it is right sometimes doesn't prove that it is right always."

"How are we to know when it is right?" asked Minnie, pettishly.

"By a great many rules he has given to guide us, when we are old enough to understand them. And until we are so, he gives us parents and teachers and friends to tell us, whom we should always obey without murmuring. So, don't ask again about the party, but listen to a dream I had last night."

Minnie's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

VOL. V.—17

There was nothing she liked so much as to hear one of her mother's pretty stories or still prettier dreams. At once she forgot the party, and pulled her little chair close to her mother, who thus began:

I dreamed I was walking in the garden, just as we walked together this morning, when observing that a withered branch had fallen upon the little cluster of violets you so much admired, I stooped and removed it; but hearing a sweet murmur near me, I lifted my head quickly and looked around, but seeing no one I supposed I had been mistaken, and again stooped to arrange the bruised leaves; but as I did so, I once more heard the soft voice, and now discovered that it came from the bosom of the little cluster. Attentively I listened and heard it say, "How thankful we should be for the kind hand that has rescued us from the cruel weight which threatened our destruction! All praise to our kind protector!"

"Was it the same Hand that placed us here?" asked one of the tiniest buds.

"Not directly," replied the Blossom, which having reached its maturity full twenty-four hours before, was now the oracle, as she was also the centre of the group, "but I have heard that all blessings, whatsoever they may be, and howsoever they may reach us, come from Him; therefore to him our thanks are now due, and you must try your utmost to-day to put on all the beauty of which you are capable. In this way you will honor him. You particularly," she continued, addressing the largest of the buds. "You, whom we have named our Bud of Promise,

from your superior form and size, must exert all your powers. Perhaps this very noon you may become our crowning beauty, the pride of our family."

"I would grow faster," said little Promise, "if I had more of the sunlight."

"We have all that is good for us, you may be sure," replied her sister, "or more would be given."

"We haven't near so much as the roses."

"Let us be thankful for what we have, and diligent in our use of it."

But while the wise Blossom thus spoke, the little Bud, which until now, had nestled close to her side, stretched its tiny neck as far as it could, which to be sure was not very far, yet it was just in the path of a fiery ray that had a little while before darted from the sun; and very soon the rash little Bud felt very hot and thirsty. But as she saw that the roses did not seem to suffer, she thought she too would soon be used to it, and then grow so much faster, and so much larger, and so much more beautiful than her sisters that the good gardener would bestow on her his brightest smiles. So she continued to bear a great deal of pain with the most heroic fortitude, until happening to see herself reflected in a little brooklet near by, she discovered, to her dismay, that instead of expanding, she had been shrinking away, and instead of the bright rose color she had envied, she had become a rusty, dingy yellow!

Shocked at the sight, she turned to her sisters, and was still more distressed to

behold them even more fresh and promising than before. So she drew back her head, and was glad to be again overshadowed by the branches of the kind old elm, which she now acknowledged to have been a kind protector. But she did not feel so happy nor so strong as before, and her head gradually drooped so much that Blossom asked if she was sick.

"Only thirsty," she replied, for she was ashamed to confess her imprudence. "I wish we had some more sweet dew to drink, like that we had this morning."

"We shall have no more till evening," replied Blossom.

"Oh dear! I should think we *might* have some. I am *so* thirsty."

"You should not have exposed yourself to the scorching heart of the sun; but I see a cloud settling over us, which is filled with life-giving drops and will refresh you. Be careful, however, all of you, and keep very close together."

All the smaller buds did at once as she bid them; but Promise impatiently asked,

"*Why* must we keep close?"

"I do not know," replied Blossom; "but it is one of the things we are commanded to do."

"We *might* have been given a reason," pouted Promise.

"It is enough that we have been told that *it is right*," rejoined Blossom, solemnly.

But Promise did not think so, and when her wise sister looked away, opened wide her mouth to catch the drops which had now begun to fall, and finding them very

delicious, lifted herself as far as she could to get them faster. In her impatience she even leaned over her sisters, and again tried to escape the shadowing branches of the elm. "You are very well," she muttered, "when the fierce sun is shining, but you are too fond of taking all the drops yourself."

Oh how she drank them in! Those life-giving drops! They penetrated all her pores and softened her parched mouth, so that the little petals once more opened their lips and assumed a fresher hue. "My poor foolish sisters!" she said, "how closely they keep their bowed heads!"

But as she spoke the cloud burst, the rain fell in torrents, a high wind arose, and before she could draw in her head it struck her so violently that she cried out with pain, "Oh, the cruel, cruel storm! It has broken my graceful stem!"

"Alas, my poor sister!" cried Blossom, sadly. "Why did you not heed my warnings?"

"It is all your fault," returned Promise, passionately. "You said it was the bright sun that painted us, and it has scorched me! You said the cloud was filled with life-giving drops, and it has drenched me! You said the breeze brought balm upon its wings, and it has bruised me!"

"I told you truly," replied Blossom, "but you would not be content with the amount allotted you by a wise Creator. You would not submit to the conditions imposed upon you. You thought yourself a better judge of your necessities

and powers; therefore you suffer and must die."

"Die!" shrieked Promise. "Must I die? Die without ever having been beautiful?"

"Or having produced any seed," said Blossom, mournfully, "which is of far more importance. Beauty, though desirable, lasts but for a short time. It is what we *do* that preserves our existence and causes us to live again. Had you reached your perfection, and borne the seed that is hid within you, you would have lived anew these many springs. Alas, my poor sister!" she exclaimed, as the exhausted Promise fell prostrate upon the ground.

And all the little buds repeated the cry,

"Alas, alas, our bright Bud of Promise!"

Minnie's eyes too were filled with tears.

"How very careful," said Mrs. Clare, putting her arm around her, "should *my* little bud be to avoid the errors of the foolish little floweret!"

"Have *you* a little bud?" asked Minnie, wonderingly.

"Yes. A little bud of great promise."

"Which is it? the tea rosebud?"

"No. It is the little bud I hold in my arm. The budding *woman*, not the budding flower. *You* are my little bud that God has given me to watch over and instruct. So that while you live, you may live as unto him, so developing and perfecting the being he has given you that when you die it may be to waken to a newer and more glorious existence."

Little readers, there are many bright

Buds of Promise in this large garden of the Lord's! Do you not all wish to escape the fate of the poor little violet? If so, hearken to the counsel of your parents, obey their commands and submit cheerfully to their wise restraints, remembering always that excess, even of pleasure, leads to decay and death, both for time and for eternity!

THE TWELFTH BIRTH-DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ERICH kept his twelfth birth-day in the early autumn. His parents had given him many handsome presents, and let him invite a number of his friends to visit him.

They played together in the garden, in a corner of which Erich had a little garden of his own, planted with flowers and fruit trees. A few young peach trees stood by the garden wall, bearing their first fruit. The peaches were just beginning to ripen, and their ruddy sides shone already through the down which covered them.

Erich said: "My father has forbidden me to touch these peaches. They are the first fruit of the young trees; besides, I have my own garden filled with all kinds of fruit. Let us go away; the sight is too tempting."

The boys then said: "What is there to hinder us from tasting them? You are master of the garden to-day. Is it not your birth-day, and are you not another year older? You would not always be a child, would you, and be kept

in leading strings? Only come into our gardens! There is no one there to prevent us." Thus spake the boys.

But Erich said: "Ah, no! come with me; my father has forbidden it." Then the boys answered: "Your father does not see it; how will he find it out? and if he asks, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie!" answered Erich—"then I must lie, and the blush of shame upon my cheeks would soon betray me."

Then the eldest boy said: "Erich is right. Listen! I have another plan. Look, Erich, we will pluck them, and then you can declare that it was not you who did it." Erich and the other boys agreed to this, and they plucked the fruit and ate of it.

Now, when twilight came the children went to their homes. But Erich still remained in the garden, for he feared to look his father in the face, and when he heard the door of the house opened, he started and he was afraid in the gloomy twilight.

Then his father came, and when Erich heard his step he ran quickly to the other side, where his own garden lay. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped of their fruit; he called to Erich: "Erich, my son, where art thou?" And when the boy heard his name, he was affrighted still more and trembled.

But his father came to him and said: "Is this the way thou dost keep thy birth-day? is this the way to thank me? to strip my young trees of their fruit?"

Erich answered and said: "I have not touched the trees, father! Perhaps one of the boys did it."

His father then led him into the house and placed Erich so that the light shone upon his face, and said to him: "How! Wilt thou still deceive thy father?"

Then the boy grew pale and trembled, and confessed all to his father with tears and supplications.

But his father said: "Henceforth the garden shall be locked against thee."

With these words his father turned from him. But Erich could not sleep during the whole night; he was afraid of the darkness; he heard the beating of his heart, and when he fell into a slight slumber, he was startled out of it by dreams. It was the most unhappy night of his life.

On the next day Erich looked pale and sad, and his mother pitied the boy. Therefore she said to his father: "See, Erich mourns and is very sad, and the locked garden is an emblem to him of his father's heart, which is closed against him."

The father answered: "It is right that he should mourn, and it is for this reason that I have locked the garden."

"Alas!" said the mother, "why should he begin a new year of his life so sadly?"

"That it may be a happy year to him," answered the father.

After some days the mother spoke again to the father: "Alas! I fear Erich may doubt our love!"

"No," replied the father, "his conscience will teach him otherwise. He has enjoyed our love always until now. Let

him now learn to value it, that he may strive to gain it anew."

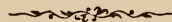
"But will it not appear to him in too serious a guise?" said the mother.

"Yes, in truth," answered the father—"in the guise of justice and of wisdom. But thus, in the consciousness of his guilt, he will learn to honor and revere it. It will then, in time, appear to him in its true shape, and he will without fear call it love again; his present grief assures me that he will do this."

Some days had passed again, when Erich came one morning from his chamber with a calm and cheerful face. He had laid all the gifts which he had received from his parents together in a basket, and now brought it and placed it before his father and mother.

The father said: "What wouldst thou, Erich?" And the boy said: "I am not worthy of the gifts and love of my parents; therefore I restore the gifts which I have not deserved. But my heart tells me that I shall live a new life. Oh, forgive me then, and accept as an offering all that I have received from your love!"

Then the father clasped the boy in his arms, and kissed him and wept over him. And his mother did so likewise.



THE little glow-worm by the road,

Or sparkling in the meadow,

Does what it can to beautify

And cheer the evening shadow;

And so may I, though small like him,

And lowly in my station,

If but my light be pure and true,

Do good in my vocation.

BERTIE'S MISTAKE.

By M. F.

"MAMMA is very busy, and I'm going to help her," said Bertie, resolutely, to himself. "Let me see—what will I do? I'll wind the clock, first thing—and then—"

Bertie pushed a chair up to the table, climbed into it, and from it to the table, and succeeded in reaching the clock. He opened the "funny little door," and after watching the pendulum two or three minutes, took out the key. When he thought the clock was wound enough, he tried to get down, wondering what he should do next, when the chair tipped and over he went. Mamma came running in; and there was a great bump for her to bathe—a pair of blue eyes that looked like violets full of dew, for Bertie was a little boy, and could not help crying—a little heart to be comforted. Mamma did it all and went back to her work, and Bertie out-doors to play; and nobody thought any more of the clock till she put her head in at the door an hour later, glanced at it, and turned back with a little sigh of relief. "Not so late as I thought, by at least an hour! I'm so glad! I shall get through in nice season."

"Mamma," said Bertie, by and by, "I'm hungry; may I have a lunch?" Mamma put down her pie-plates, spread a large slice of wheaten bread with butter that morning churned, and had scarcely resumed her work, when she heard a well-known footstep, and in a moment:

"What! bread and butter at this time of day! Bertie, boy, couldn't you wait five minutes for your dinner?"

"What does that mean?" thought Bertie's mamma, as she went hastily across the room and opening the door looked at the clock. There were the hands pointing to ten—just as they had been, when she looked before.

"I am very sorry," Bertie heard her say to papa; "but I have never known that clock stop in all the time we've had it. I'll hurry dinner all I can."

"Haven't you a little cold meat of some kind," he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I was going to mince the corned beef; but the potatoes are not boiled enough yet."

"Never mind," said he; "give me a couple of slices of bread and butter with cold beef between them, and a cup of tea, if you can get it quickly; for I must take the early afternoon train for Milford, on business. I did not know it when I left home this morning."

Mamma boiled her kettle as soon as possible and made the tea.

While waiting, papa went into the sitting-room to set the clock, and the clock wouldn't go! It was out of order; and little Bertie, sorry and ashamed, but honest, told about his trying to wind it.

Papa at first looked rather serious, but he knew his little boy's word could be trusted, and that he had not willfully done wrong; so he only said in a gentle tone:

"Remember this, Bertie; and when you want to help any one again, look for the *right way* to do it. You meant it

well, but you see that you have made mamma late with her dinner, and it will cost a dollar or more to repair the clock."

Bertie's lip quivered, and tears rolled down. "Please, papa," he said, "take the money in my bank to pay for the clock—there's enough, isn't there?"

"Papa doesn't want it, darling? He wouldn't take it for the world. He only tells you about this, to have you careful in time to come."

And Bertie was careful. The next time he tried to help his mother, he asked her what he should do; and this he found much the best way. Bertie had begun to learn a truth that we are all of us, little folks and grown folks, very apt to overlook—that in order to be "harmless as doves," we must try to be "prudent as serpents!"

If you practice this while you are children, you will form the habit; so that it will be far easier to do so when you are grown up. It will keep you from doing harm, help you to do real good, and save you many a heartache.

DISCONTENT.

A FABLE.

A FABLE is told in Egypt of a poor man who had a nice little garden of leeks. But he was discontented at having to toil for his daily bread.

His good genius came to his aid, and made him owner of a villa with two slaves to wait on him.

He was delighted with the gift, and promised to wish for nothing more. But it was not long before he coveted the neighboring garden, with its statues and fountains. The garden was given him. He then took a fancy to the meadow beyond. The meadow was given him, and then he wanted the park on the farther side of it. The park was bestowed on him, and then, like Ahab, he wanted to rob a poor man of his little vineyard!

Open the door to discontent, and you don't know how many bad wishes will follow. Rather "be content with such things as ye have," and you will be happy, even if poor.

THE HARD TASK.

By Irene L—.

"IT'S so hard, mother. I never can do it, and there's no use in trying."

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!"

sang Mrs. Elder in a pleasant voice.

"It's easy enough to say, 'Try,' mother; but if I tried for ever, I couldn't do this sum. I don't think it was kind in teacher to give me such a hard exercise."

"For ever is a long day, Katy. One might do almost anything in that time. And as for the difficulty of this sum, your teacher in giving it has shown, I think, true kindness. The task is hard in order



that your mental effort may be earnest and vigorous. The body gains strength by active exercise, and so does the mind. You cannot go up a hill with the easy steps taken on level ground; but must brace your muscles, and climb with an effort and strain that often fatigues the limbs and makes rest sweet and refreshing. And so, if you ascend the heights of knowledge, it must be with an effort of the mind not easy to make. But only try, and you will find it no harder than climbing a hill.

"And now," added Mrs. Elder, giving Katy a kiss of encouragement, "I will leave you to your task. Brace your thoughts for the work, as you would brace your limbs to climb a hill. Be in earnest—say, 'I *will* do it,' and you will find the work so easy, when your mind is once

upon it, that you will wonder it ever looked hard."

For a little after Mrs. Elder left the room, Katy sat thinking over all this that her mother had said. Then she roused herself and went to work in real earnest. As her thought fixed itself closely on her task, what seemed dark and difficult a little while before grew clear and became easy.

"Why it's nothing!" she exclaimed, a quarter of an hour afterward, with a look of triumph and satisfaction on her face. "I could do a dozen such sums, if they were twice as hard."

And then she sang in cheery tones—

"'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MAY, 1869.



A PORTRAIT.

“WHAT is this little girl doing?”
Ironing, I should say. “Who is she?” We cannot tell. But this we know, the picture you see is a portrait; and when the portrait was taken, the little girl was at work, just as you see her now.

“Where does she live?” we hear you

ask; and we answer, away over the sea in Germany.

“But how do you know she was at work just as she appears in the picture? Maybe the artist only painted her in this way.”

We know it, because the picture from which we made this engraving is a photograph from life. We bought it among other photographs just received from

Germany, and have had it copied, so that you may all have the likeness of a little unknown sister, far away over the sea, who, if you were face to face with her, could not, perhaps, understand a word you said. And yet, in dress, countenance and all, she looks as if she might be one of your school-companions and friends.

Dear little girl! we wonder if her mamma has a headache, and she is trying to help her? or if the laundry-maid is out, and she is ironing her own dress for a party? But it is no use asking such questions. One guess is as good as another; and if we guessed ever so many times, we never would know whether our guess was right or wrong. But there's one thing we may say, if countenance tells anything: "She's a dear, good little girl, and the sunshine of somebody's heart."

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER V.

"OH, Lewis Darrow, you don't know what has happened to-day: you can't guess what I have to show you!"

At the sight of my brother all the choked stream of my thoughts and feelings broke up in a big torrent of words.

"It's something very good, Polly Prim! I hear that ringing all through your voice;" catching me up in his arms and swinging me about until my head grew dizzy and I had to cry out for mercy.

"Oh, it's more than good; it is just splendid, Lewis," beginning again as soon as I could get breath. "It has seemed as though I couldn't wait until night come to tell you."

"But what is it all about, Hope? Don't keep a fellow on the rack any longer."

"It's all about our sick company, Creighton Bell."

"I was certain of that. You like him, then?"

"Like him! I should think I did. Oh, Lewis, he's beautiful!"

Lewis laughed good-naturedly. "How girls talk when they get to going!" he said. "But I want to know all about him, Hope."

By this time we two were in the house, and Mrs. Brainerd was with the doctor in the parlor, so we had the room quite to ourselves again.

"Let's see; I want to commence at the beginning," trying to steady my thoughts, which were all fluttering and buzzing in my head like a swarm of bees. But as soon as I caught the thread of my story it all unwound fast enough. I went over the whole that night, just as I went over it a little while ago to you; only I kept back the greater part of what I had said to Creighton Bell about Lewis himself. Another time I would tell him, but it would be certain to make my brother shy and uncomfortable just as I was about to bring the two boys together. Then I showed him my Rhine album, and that, with the story I told, you may be sure, kept Lewis wide awake until Mrs. Brainerd returned. "I feel

certain that I shall like your friend, Hope," said my brother, while I held the lamp and he turned over the pictures, holding his breath with surprise and pleasure.

"That boy's taken a notion he must have you both to tea in there; so I've agreed to set the table in the parlor for three," said Mrs. Brainerd. "Dear me! I reckon he's al'ays been used to havin' people spring 'round for him; but then he's rich and can afford to pay for it."

I was more anxious about Lewis' appearance that night than I had ever been before in my life, and I arranged his necktie and smoothed his hair, which was of that dreadfully aggravating kind that never stays in one place for more than two minutes together, and then I stood apart and looked him over carefully. All at once he burst out laughing. "Ah, poor little Polly Prim! what a grave, anxious little face it is inspecting me! But I'm a hopeless case: you never will be able to make a good-looking-fellow out of me, Hope. I think after all you'll have to swallow down that dreadfully bitter pill about my homeliness."

"I never will—never, as long as I live!" I said, something of the old anger and pain making me wince for a moment, but they passed off in the new, pleasant memories that had come between me and the time when I sat shivering under the breeze. I helped Mrs. Brainerd set the table with her best china, Creighton Bell watching us with those great bright eyes of his, and a smile or a joke always ready for me. The doctor had dressed the boy's

ankle again, and pronounced it wonderfully improved.

When the table was all ready, Mrs. Brainerd called Lewis, and I stepped out in the hall and told her I thought she ought to introduce the two boys, as I was only a little girl, and not used to such things; but she said I could get along with it much better than she, and after all "they was only boys," and I needn't mind.

"I'm ready, Mrs. Brainerd," Lewis said, coming into the hall at that moment. So I saw there was no help for it, and we went into the parlor together, and I tried to say, as naturally as though it was nothing at all, "This is my brother Lewis, Mr. Creighton," and the two shook hands like old friends.

Oh what a pleasant supper that was in Mrs. Brainerd's parlor! Creighton Bell limped to the table with the aid of my brother's arm, and I had to sit at the head and pour the tea and be the little hostess, and both the boys made fun of me. Creighton Bell asked Lewis if I did not look very much like a little Red Riding-Hood, whom a wolf might swallow at one big mouthful, and which, of course, made me laugh. Lewis said in turn that I always reminded him of the little fairy of a woman who married a giant, and when somebody jested him about her size, he replied, very gravely, "Oh yes, she's little, there's no denying it, but I tell you she's some!"

"And I've found, too, she was some, to-day!" said Creighton Bell, lifting his eyebrows in such a funny way that I

came near upsetting my tea with laughing.

But as the two became better acquainted they left off jesting for the most part, and talked gravely, calling each other "Darrow" and "Bell;" and I thought how different boys were from girls about such things.

What a long, pleasant evening that was, sitting by the great warm blaze that chirruped in the chimney like flocks of sparrows, and the winds fretting dismally in the bare branches outside!

The boys seemed to find plenty to talk about, and it was enough for me to sit still and listen. If I could remember and write down here what they said, it might seem very little to put in a book, although I drank it in as something very bright and amusing that night.

Creighton Bell told stories of his life abroad which interested us greatly, and Lewis was full of questions, which I saw surprised our young stranger a good deal, and once he said, with a laugh, "How comes it, Darrow, that you seem to know almost as much about foreign countries as though you had been there?"

"I!" said Lewis. "I was never fifty miles from the place where I now stand."

Creighton Bell stared at the boy in a kind of blank amazement, and I knew, just as well as though he had told me, that he was wondering how a boy who worked at a sawmill all day, and hired in such an out-of-the-way place as Salmon Head, could ever have found ways and means to know so much of the great world that lay so far beyond his horizon.

Perhaps Lewis had some shy vision of that kind too, for he added: "I've had to make books my pictures and companions and travels; and then there's a circulating library in the next town, and I have all my evenings to read."

"No, you forget, Lewis," I broke in; "you have all my lessons to hear since I gave up going to school, and it takes a long while to get me on with arithmetic."

The boys laughed at that, and Creighton Bell said that "Arithmetic was a dreadful stumbling-block to all the girls he knew."

I sat still after this, looking at the two boys, perceiving at once the difference between them. There was Creighton Bell, the city-bred, traveled boy, with his slight, graceful figure, his handsome face and his pleasant manners; and there just opposite him was Lewis, with his stout frame, his large head, with its thick, light hair, and his honest face. There was something hearty and manly about him, which it seemed to me—and I tried very hard not to be partial, and to forget that he was my brother—anybody must feel and understand at once.

If he had not the grace and elegance of Creighton Bell, nobody could find him clumsy or awkward; and there was a kind of downright meaning, a straightforwardness in all he said and did that one would not have to be his sister to know came right out of a warm, generous heart and soul, scorning whatever was mean or false; one might read in the very tones of his voice, in the very glance of his eyes, when they opened full upon you,

the native strength and honor of my brother, Lewis Darrow. Late in the evening Mr. Brainerd came in and joined in the talk, telling Creighton Bell that the telegram which the boy had sent to his brother-in-law had probably reached the gentleman by this time.

"What a sensation it will create at the cottage!" said young Bell to himself with a laugh. "I shall look for Dick by day after to-morrow."

"So soon as that?" I asked, startled and sorry enough to hear it.

And Creighton Bell had some answer ready about its being surprising that I was not rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of such a nuisance as he had proven himself; but he added, the next time he came to Salmon Head he did not intend to do it with a sprained ankle.

I saw then that he intended to come again. After we had said good-night to our guest, I did not have any chance to talk him over with Lewis, for Mrs. Brainerd was in the back room, but he came out into the hall that night to kiss me before I went up to bed, and then I took the chance to ask: "Well, Lewis, now don't you think Creighton Bell is all I told you, if I am a girl?"

"I like him far better than I expected, Hope. He's a genuine fellow; no sham nor nonsense about him."

Lewis always meant what he said when he praised people; so I was satisfied.

"But oh, Lewis," I continued; "just think what it must be to have all the money one wants, never to go without things one needs or likes, or have to stop

and think how much they cost! I can't imagine how one would feel. It must be just like going around with Aladdin's lamp all the time."

"Yes, Hope; a little, a very little, of that boy's money that he throws away so carelessly would make a different thing of life for you and me, wouldn't it now?"

A little grave, smothered pain in Lewis' voice showed me in a moment how deep my words had gone. Was he thinking of my thin shawl or my worn shoes, or of that great world closed to him, because, like the little barefoot boy, "he had not the money to pay the toll?"

"I wish you and I could be rich like Creighton Bell," I began again; "but—"

"Sh—sh!" in a low, startled whisper, and my brother nodded toward the door, and I turned and looked, and there, sure enough, it stood ajar, and Creighton Bell inside there might have heard every word we had been speaking.

"Oh, Lewis, do you think he has?" I cried aghast, after he had moved up softly and closed the door.

"He may have dropped asleep, you know. There, Hope, don't bother about it;" but I saw Lewis thought this matter very doubtful at the best, and was a good deal confused too, although he added, "You didn't say anything worth minding, Hope."

After I was up stairs I went over every word I had spoken down in the hall. I wondered if Creighton Bell had overheard me, and what he must have thought of it all, my cheeks tingling again. But it could not be helped now, and I was too

tired with that long, happy day to lie awake over any small trouble.

The next morning, when I went in to see our invalid, I actually found him sitting up in the rocking-chair, with his ankle bolstered on a cushion.

He held out both his hands to me: "Ah, Little Red Riding-Hood, good-morning: you are so small and dainty that I'm half anxious until I see you, lest the wolf has come overnight and carried you off."

"There are no wolves in the woods around Salmon Head," I laughed, "nor bears either. The last was killed twenty years ago. I talked with the old man who shot him."

"You did?"

Then there followed some more merry, foolish talk between us, and at last Creighton Bell said suddenly, and solemnly: "Now, Hope, I know there is a question you would like to ask me, although you are quite too polite to do it."

What did he mean? Was it about last night and what I had said in the hall? my cheeks getting dreadfully hot again.

The boy saw my confusion: "You would like to have me tell you just what I thought of your brother? Now own up fair—wouldn't you, Hope?"

"Oh yes," greatly relieved. "I should very much like to know that."

"I like him; he's a real generous, noble, plucky fellow!"

"Why, those are almost the very words which he said about you. Isn't it funny now?"

"Yes it is," said Creighton Bell, laugh-

ing; "I am glad to find I stand so well with your brother, though, for I know he's a fellow who never says more than he means."

We kept up the talk between us about Lewis quite long enough to make his ears to burn away off at the sawmill if there were any truth in the old tradition, and some way, I cannot tell how, I must have dropped a hint of his drawings.

"Drawings! What are they? Heads? landscapes? Is he an artist?" inquired Creighton Bell.

"Oh no; nothing of that kind. Lewis doesn't think much of them, but some of his pictures seem wonderful to me; and then he's always at work with his pencil when he's nothing else to do."

"What does he make with it, Hope?"

"Oh, houses, bridges, columns, walls and such things. Lewis would throw them all in the fire, but I've saved a pile of them."

"Can't you let me see some of these things, Hope?"

I went up stairs and selected a dozen out of the heap of papers in my drawer. Perhaps these were not the best, but for some reason they had struck my fancy. There were arches, and temples, and cottages, and castles; everything bold and bare, without any background of landscape.

I carried these down stairs to Creighton Bell, and he looked each one over, curious and careful.

"When did your brother do these, Hope?" he asked at last.

"Oh, at odd times; when he was talk

ing with me or waiting for somebody, or anything of that sort."

"Well, Hope, your brother is a born architect! Those draughts prove what is in him. Give him time and a chance, and they'll make his fortune some time."

It was very delightful to hear the boy say this, but the next thought almost swallowed the pleasure: "Poor Lewis! the chance is so long in coming to you."

"Will you give me a few of these draughts, Hope? They may be the means of doing your brother a good turn some time."

"Oh yes, as many as you like."

Creighton Bell selected half a dozen, and was carefully putting them away when a handsome carriage drawn by two small black horses dashed up to the door, and a gentleman sprang out.

"Oh, that's Dick as true as you live?" cried Creighton Bell, catching a glimpse from the window of his brother-in-law.

In a moment more Mrs. Brainerd ushered the gentleman into the parlor. Oh dear! what a meeting that was between those two! I can't help laughing whenever I think of it.

You would have known the brothers-in-law were immensely fond of each other, and yet there was plenty of scolding mingled with the sympathy which Creighton Bell received from his relation.

"It's just like you, Creighton, jumping off the cars when they have got full steam on! You are the rashest, most break-neck fellow alive. It's a wonder you've kept your neck on your shoulders so long."

"Now, Dick, just stop your scolding. It's enough, I say, to have a sprained ankle without taking a lecture on top of that. I know my jump was dangerous, but it can't be helped now. How did you get out here?"

"I came over the hills. Got your telegraph last night, and started off this morning by daylight. A pretty ride you've given me; but, dear boy, I won't find any more fault. It's good to see you alive, and with nothing worse than that sprained ankle. Poor fellow! and you off here among strangers. What would Pauline say?"

"She needn't know anything about it until I'm well. The ankle was awful at first, but I've had a better time here than I've expected."

"I'm glad to hear that. Now, Creighton, you're going right off with me. I've come for you, and I shall only give you ten minutes to start. We must be home before dark, and it's twenty-five miles of wretched up-hill road. We have brought pillows and cushions, and we'll make as soft a nest for you and your sick ankle, you dear, provoking boy, as though you were snug in your own bed at home."

"Ten minutes—that's long enough to say good-bye, isn't it, Hope?" exclaimed Creighton Bell, turning to me, where I stood a little behind his chair, and then his brother-in-law turned and looked too, and saw me, I think, for the first time.

"Come forward and let me introduce you, Hope?" said the boy.

I came forward. I remember he said something very nice and kind about me

to the gentleman, but I was so confused that I could not recall a word the next moment. The stranger smiled and shook my hand most heartily.

He had a pleasant smile and was a very fine-looking gentleman, with a dark, thick beard and hair: a gentleman—you would have taken him for that anywhere; it was in his tones, his air, his looks, and yet, for all that, I did not like him as well as his young brother-in-law. Afterward everything was bustle and confusion, getting Creighton Bell into the carriage.

The black driver was summoned, and with his master's help the boy was comfortably bestowed among the cushions, ready for his long drive.

While his brother-in-law was settling with the stage-driver's wife, the boy leaned out of the carriage and called to me. "We are friends now, Hope," he said, "and one of these days you will hear from me. I cannot tell when, but you may trust me. Promise me you will do that until I come again. Give my love to Lewis, and now good-bye and shake hands," as his brother-in-law sprang into the carriage.

"Good-bye, Mr. Creighton;" and I gave him my hand, and when I took it away, something bright and hard glittered in the palm.

The gentleman bowed, too, lifted his hat and smiled; then the small, fiery horses dashed off, and I stood looking at the carriage, and the tears were thick in my eyes; and it seemed as though all which had happened for the last two days

at Salmon Head may have been a beautiful dream.

But I looked into my hand, and there—would you believe it?—were two shining ten-dollar gold-pieces!

When at last I came really to take this in, and to feel how rich I was, I remembered that twenty dollars would buy me the warmest winter sacque and dress, and a new pair of boots and mittens, and a little brown felt hat trimmed with fresh crimson ribbons!

I should be dressed like a queen all winter, and Lewis Darrow need not screw a single dollar out of his hard wages, nor see me walking by his side again, blue and shivering, in my thin old shawl.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A WISE CHOICE.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said with a modest smile: "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "if I had a pure heart, I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

"AN unkind word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again, even by a coach and six."



PLAYING SCHOOL.

"WHERE are the little rogues?" asked Uncle Phillip, laying down his book. "I haven't heard their chatter this long time. In some mischief, I'll be bound!"

And off he started, for he loved a romp with the children—Sue, Maggy, Jane and Lotty—going down stairs, and stepping noiselessly out upon the piazza, over which he peeped to see if he could find his little favorites.

"H-u-s-h!" he spoke to himself, with his finger on his lips, as a murmur of voices came to his ears. He leaned far over the piazza, looking this way and that, but could see no one.

"What *has* become of the rogues? But I'll find them out."

And back he went, still with noiseless feet, going down from the piazza and out upon the lawn.

VOL. V.—19

"Ha, ha! There you are, my pretty ones!" said Uncle Philip, all to himself, as he caught sight of his pets sitting under a corner of the piazza, each with a book open in her lap, making believe study, though not one of them could read a word.

It was such a pretty group that he took his pencil and sketched it on a piece of paper. He went silently away without disturbing the children, and up to his room, where he spent an hour in drawing a picture of what he had seen.

"I've got something to show you," said Uncle Philip, as his four little nieces came bounding into the parlor just before dinner.

"What is it?" they cried eagerly, pressing round and climbing upon him.

"Oh dear! Don't smother me! Hands off! Stand clear!" laughed Uncle Philip as he pushed them away. "There now!" And he opened a large book that lay upon

the centre-table, and took out a stiff piece of drawing-paper. "Can you tell me what this is?"

The children crowded up closely again and looked on a picture of themselves. For a moment or two they were very still. Then Maggy cried,

"Why, that's you, Lotty! and that's you, Jane! and that's Sue!"

"And that's you!" cried Jane, looking at Maggy. "Why it's a picture of us all, just as we played school under the piazza? Did you make it, Uncle Phil? How did you know?"

"He's been peeping! That's what he's been doing," said Maggy. "Oh, wasn't he mean?"

And then Uncle Philip had a splendid romp with his little pets, that lasted until the dinner-bell rang.

MY GARDENER.

By Alice Cary.

I HAVE a winter gardener,
And he doeth his work so still
That I never hear the stroke of his spade,
Let me listen as I will.

He cometh after the sun is down,
And before the dawn he goes,
And he never maketh a charge to me
For all the seed he sows.

He setteth not, like the husbandman,
His plough in the furrow deep,
And he waiteth not for the summer-time
Of the field he hath sown to reap.

For the vine of his dressing never glows
With the purple vintage cheer,
And the stalk of his planting hangeth not
Its head with the harvest ear.

And you cannot get a grain of gold
From his daffodil so grand,
Nor a stain of blood from his poppy-flower,
Though you squeeze it in your hand.

Nor will there run a drop of dew,
Though you turn it upside down,
From his painted cup; nor can you find
A strawberry-leaf red-brown.

For though he tricks his blossoms out
To make so fine a show,
From roof to stem, and leaf to bud,
They are all as white as snow.

And, like the snow, they melt away
In the sunshine, and are lost;
For the garden-beds are my window-panes,
And the gardener's name is Frost.

DANDY'S EXPERIMENT.

By Annie Moore.

DANDY was a dainty bird, and he had everything that heart could wish—kind friends, for example; a cage with modern improvements; plenty of food, etc. He himself admitted that he was very well content. There was only one thing more that he wanted, and that was to be free in the woods.

His cage was hung out of the window in the sunny weather, and the wild birds came to see him and told him how pleasant it was to be free. "Come to the

woods," said they; "that is life. There is the beautiful lake and the fresh air, and there are the flowers. Come with us to the woods?"

As he was born in a cage and had never seen the woods, he was anxious to go, of course.

"They let me fly about in the room," thought he; "why can't they let me fly out of doors?"

One day Pussy came softly into the room to look at him, as she did whenever she found the door open. There was no one there but Dandy. Pussy searched carefully behind the sofa and under the table. Not a soul.

"Now I'll have him," said she. So she jumped up on the window-seat and pulled the wires apart a little with her strong paw, and was just going to catch him when a noise in the entry disturbed her and she jumped down to listen.

While she was gone Dandy hopped out at the opening she had made and flew into the nearest tree.

"Well, well, well!" said the Parrot at the next door.

"Here I am, to be sure," said Dandy. "I never expected to say, 'Thank you, ma'am,' to that thief of a cat, but she has helped me this time."

The wild birds soon found him and gave him a warm welcome. He told them the story of his escape.

"When I saw her paw," said he, "I thought I should have fallen from my perch—for my father was killed by a cat—but I braced myself and fixed my eye on her, and she fled before me!"

[He had heard his mistress read poetry.]

"Come to the woods," said the wild birds; "come to the woods."

"Are there cats in the woods?" said Dandy.

"Not a cat!" said the wild birds, "excepting the hares, and you don't mind them, of course."

"I can't tell until I see them," said Dandy.

Then they all flew away together. It was very pleasant in the woods, as the birds had said.

There was plenty of room to fly about. The air was soft and sweet, the grass was full of flowers, and there were good things to eat all around.

Then it was charming to stand on a little twig and swing in the wind. That was something Dandy had never tried before, and he enjoyed it after being accustomed to a hard, stiff perch.

The wild birds treated him with great attention because he was a stranger from town. They showed him the lake and the place where the kingfisher lived, and everything that was interesting.

"You see you have nothing to fear from the hares," said they.

"I am not so sure," said Dandy.

"Those tall ears seem rather fierce, and there is a wild look in their eyes that makes my very pin-feathers stand on end. However, I can keep out of their way, I suppose."

"We will sing to you if you like," said the wild birds, "though one of our best singers is away."

So they sang him a grand chorus.

"Very good, very good," said Dandy.

He had never seen or heard so many birds together before.

Then he sang to them, and they listened attentively, for he was a fine singer.

"Please sing that piece once more," said the mocking-bird. "I should like very much to learn it. Is it something of your own composition?"

"My father taught it to me," said Dandy, and he sang it again.

The day passed pleasantly enough, but when night came Dandy began to feel homesick. It was rather cold.

"Isn't there something you can shut up at night to make it a little warmer?" said he.

"Not that we know of," said the wild birds; "but we will sit close around you and keep off the wind."

They felt obliged to do the best they could for him, as they had urged him to come.

"You may take my nest if you'll keep the eggs warm," said a mother-bird.

"I'll try it," said Dandy. So he sat all night in a warm, cozy little nest, on four speckled eggs. "New business for me," thought he.

The next morning they were all up by sunrise. There was plenty to eat.

"About what time do they bring the fresh water for you to bathe?" inquired Dandy.

"We always bathe in the edge of the lake," said the birds.

"Ah!" said Dandy, "indeed! Rather inconvenient, I should suppose."

"We are so used to it that we like

it," said they, "and then it is always ready."

"That is something, to be sure," said Dandy. "My mistress sometimes forgot my bath, and then I was miserable for the whole day. I'll try your lake when you are ready."

Then they all went down to bathe. The wild birds skimmed along over the top of the water, and dipped into it every now and then, or ran down on the white sand and let the little waves come over them; but Dandy stood on a small stone and dipped his bill and then one wing and then the other, and by and by he put one foot in and made a great splashing, and then flew up into a tree. It made the Loon laugh to see him.

To tell the truth, the lake was so much bigger than his bath-tub at home that he was afraid to venture into it.

That day passed.

Many new kinds of food were set before him, but he missed his canary-seed. At night he slept in the same warm little nest with the speckled eggs. But a horrible thought struck him as he stepped into it.

"What if they should hatch in the night! I shouldn't know what in the world to do."

"Don't be afraid," said the mother-bird. "They won't be out for a week or more."

The next morning it rained.

"I must say this is dreadful," said Dandy. "I never was out in the rain before. We shall all be drowned."

"Oh no," said the birds. "Come

under these big leaves. It will soon be over."

And they were right. It was only a summer shower, and the sun came out and dried all the leaves and the grass. But Dandy was dissatisfied.

It was pleasant to have companions, but then the inconvenience of bathing in the lake. It was good to have plenty of room to fly about, but there was the uncertainty of the weather.

While he was wavering between home and the woods, he was startled by the cry of a cat-bird. That decided him.

"My friends," said he, "I thank you for all your kindness. This life is good for those who are used to it, but I feel that at my age it is too great a change. I miss my comforts. If you will show me the way, I will go back to my old home again."

The wild birds were sorry, but they felt that he was right, so they escorted him home in a body and bade him good-bye.

"Good-bye to you," said Dandy. "Come and see me some pleasant day."

"Well, well, well!" said the Parrot at the next door.

Then Dandy flew against the window and his mistress saw him, and came and took him in and kissed him, and put him back in his cage; and the next morning when he woke he said to himself,

"Have I really been away from this cage, or is it only a dream! I wish some one would tell me. When I see the wild birds again I shall know. They can tell."

BROWNIE.

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

"WHAT is Brownie going to do, I wonder?" thought mamma, as the little girl crept softly as a mouse out of her pretty bed and trotted over to the chair that held her clothes. Mousie did not know that mamma was awake, so she very carefully pulled out her two tiny white stockings and sat down on the carpet. Her real name was Marion, but her father called her all manner of pet names, and oftenest Brownie or Mousie. Brownie, because her hair was brown, her eyes were brown, and she ran and played so much out-doors in the sunshine, so often forgetting her hat or taking it off to fill it with wild flowers, that her face and hands were brown too. Not quite as brown as the chestnuts she liked so much. Brownie couldn't tell whether she cared most for gathering the chestnuts or sitting before the kitchen fire watching for them to boil, while old Katy, the colored cook (she was browner than chestnuts), told her stories of the days when she was a little girl—or eating them in papa's lap, when he had pared them nicely around the rim, as she said.

Mousie he called her, because, though she could run fast and play hard, though she talked and laughed and sang, she had a way sometimes—always when any one in the house was sick—of gliding about so quietly that nobody knew she was coming. If papa came home tired and

had a headache, the first thing he knew the little brown hand was nestling among his dark locks and trying to rub away the pain, or holding the camphor-bottle, or putting a pillow under his head.

Brownie was a little mouse only three years old; but she had a large thought that morning. She knew baby kept mamma awake nights, and that she did not feel very well. Papa, too, was away from home, and Brownie resolved to help mamma. It was to be a surprise, too. Oh, how pleased mamma would be when she found her little girl could put on her stockings all by herself!

It was a pretty room where Brownie slept. There was a soft carpet, with wreaths of roses on a brown ground. There were roses on the wall, too, with their bright green leaves and tiny buds, but the rest of the paper was white. There were white muslin curtains, drawn back with pink ribbon, to let in the glad morning sunshine, and the breath of the sweet-brier that climbed up around the south window and peeped in now and then as it rode the breeze for a rocking-horse, to say good-morning to Brownie. The furniture was cream-colored, with sprays of rose-buds; and mamma's coverlet was white marseilles, but Brownie's own little bed had a pink-and-white one, which she called "purfly booful."

But what is Brownie doing? There she sits, in a rose-wreath, her tiny pink toes peeping out, and tries the stocking one way and another.

"Oh, dear me! what's the matter? I know it's inside out;" and, with a great

pull, off came the stocking, and Brownie almost tumbled over. She managed to turn it and tried again. This time it was upside-down, but Brownie didn't know it till, after a great deal of tugging, it was on indeed; but oh dear! that didn't look right—the heel of the stocking lay across Brownie's instep. Off it came again, and she looked it all over, and held it square in front of the pink, waiting toes. She made up her mind it was right this time, and she put in her foot a little way. Another look, another pull, and Brownie sprang up in triumph, and almost clapped her hands; but just in time, she remembered that she wasn't going to wake mamma.

Then she thought of the other stocking—but where was it? Brownie was quite sure that she drew it out with its mate from the pile of clothes in papa's arm-chair, but she couldn't see it. Yes—there it was, on the floor, half-way. Brownie seized the runaway and sat down again. She held it this way and that till she was pretty sure about it, and with two or three tugs, on it went; and Brownie caught a wee laugh from mamma. She scampered across the floor fast as her feet could carry her, and climbed up on the bed; and—well, I wouldn't have cared to count the kisses she received.

Little children, Brownie had helped mamma more than she knew. True, mamma wouldn't have been a minute putting on the little stockings, while it took Brownie full five. But if some one had come in and done all her sewing, it would not have been worth so much.

Do you know why? That would have helped her hands, but Brownie's love helped her heart. It went down deep and drew out two or three little thorns it found there, and dropped like oil on a sore spot that was aching, though Brownie didn't know it; and mamma felt stronger and happier and more hopeful all day.

Remember, little ones, when mother is sick or troubled, that—next to father—your love can help her more than anything else.

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

THERE is much more intelligence in birds than people suppose. An instance occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the story. A thrush had built her nest on the ridge of a quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she appeared to be much troubled by the fragments flying in all directions, but did not go far from her nest. She soon observed that a bell was rung when a blast was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to a safe place. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her nest and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping near their feet. She would remain there until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen noticed this and informed their employers of it, and it was told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors

naturally wished to view this curious act; but, as the rock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered very well. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she soon perceived that she was trifled with; and afterward, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to see if the workmen ran away, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, but when they ran she was very sure to go too.

C.

A SINGLE snow-flake is but a very small thing; so one little sin indulged may appear but of little consequence; but a number of snow-flakes falling all day long, hiding the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to come down in avalanches, and to cover trees, houses, and even whole villages—each one alone may be small, but together they are powerful, and all but irresistible. So sin indulged grows and increases until it becomes a mighty power, that, but for God's help, will destroy our souls.

"WELL, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city," said a man to a neighbor's son. "I tell you, 'tis a dangerous ocean to launch your bark upon."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking a Bible from his pocket; "but you see I've got here a safe compass to steer by."



THE SMILING FACE

THE SMILING FACE.

By Carrie.

FULL of smiles—so happy, radiant !
 Who's the owner of it, say ?
 I will answer, I will tell you—
 It belongs to Helen Grey.

Face so radiant, glad and joyful,
 It belongs to Helen Grey.
 Why so smiling? Why so radiant?
 Tell to me the reason, pray.

Tell the reason? Plain the reason :
 She has learned her lesson well ;
 Hard she studied—long she studied—
 Plainly I the reason tell.

Hard she studied—long she studied—
 But the task is over now :
 This the answer, this the reason
 Why she has a smiling brow.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER.

By E. W. Keith.

CLOSE beside a brook that flowed through a green meadow grew a tiny Flower. She first opened her eyes in the midst of a soft cushion of green moss, nestled close under a large stone ; and so small was she that she could see nothing but the delicate stems of the moss, which seemed to her like a forest of young trees, and the dark gray stone above. Of course, this was to her eyes a mountain of unlimited height ; and many a time when it rained, and the large drops ran

VOL. v.—20

down its furrowed sides, the poor little flower would shrink down beneath its leaves and tremble with fear lest the great mass should topple over and crush her.

But she soon outgrew these childish fancies and shot up quite above the moss, even where it grew tallest, and before long could peep quite round the corner of the rock, where the broad meadow stretched away, with its thousands of delicate grass-blades waving in the wind. Each day she learned something new about her home and her neighbors. She and the little mosses at her side soon became excellent friends, and she had a speaking acquaintance with many of the insects who came to visit them ; for the mosses were quite belles in the neighborhood, and saw the very best society, I assure you. Her especial favorite was a beautiful little golden beetle, with wings so highly burnished that they almost dazzled her, who used to come and bask in the sunshine beside her for hours together. Then there was lovely steel-blue dragon-flies, always darting hither and thither ; but beautiful as they were, she thought them flighty, fickle things, not much to be depended on.

Close beside her, in a little dark crack in the rock, lived a small black spider, who always took the greatest pains to be polite to her, though she was half afraid of his nimble, stealthy ways and his cunning bright eyes. But when one day she discovered how he got his living, her indignation and horror knew no bounds. All his advances were in vain after that,

and many a time, by a bend of her head or a dextrous twist of a leaf, she snapped his silken web and set free some unlucky fly or moth which had become entangled in its threads.

And as the stem grew upward, the little rootlets beneath were not backward in growing too; spreading and thrusting themselves into the ground, and drinking in nourishment wherever they could find it. One day, while our Flower was thus employed, she was surprised to find in her way another rootlet, but so much thicker and larger than her own that she did not at first know what it was. But as all rootlets, you know, have mouths, it is not very wonderful that these two soon became acquainted in their underground hiding-place, and told each other all their views and aims.

"I," said the stranger, "belong to the great oak that towers so high above your head, and that is the reason that I am so careful to thrust myself among the stones and seize them so tightly, that I may be able to hold the trunk firmly when the winter comes and fierce winds blow."

"Winds!" repeated the Flower; "what are they? and what do you mean by an oak? I can see nothing above me but a great gray rock, and that I know has no roots, for the golden beetle told me so, and he lived all winter in the ground beneath it."

The Oak-root laughed outright. "You little innocent!" said he, scornfully. "Of course, a rock has no roots; but let me tell you, an oak-tree is quite a different thing. It is a hundred times higher than

the rock, and every year it grows taller and spreads its arms more broadly. And you have never seen it? Try to look up; perhaps you can get a glimpse above the rock."

So the Flower tried; and by dint of stretching her head and twisting her stem, she at last managed to look up through a rift in the rock. Sure enough, far above her head towered the majestic tree—the massive trunk with its deeply-furrowed bark, the sturdy branches spreading far abroad, with their dense crown of green leaves. The little Flower had never seen anything so grand.

"But of what use," asked she of the Rootlet, "can such a tiny thing as you be to this gigantic tree? Surely its roots should be large in proportion to its size."

The little Root swelled with indignation. "A tiny thing, indeed!" he replied. "Am I not growing larger every year? and were not even the great roots, that never quiver in the fiercest storm, once as small as I? An oak-tree is a different affair from a little thing like you, whom a few fibres can easily hold in the earth. There are thousands of us, each with its own work to do in nourishing the tree. And I don't know what the large ones would do without us, I am sure. When a dry time comes, the tree would die for want of water, long before one of them could make its way to the brook and drink in the moisture."

The Flower secretly thought that she was glad she had not so many roots to keep in order, but her new acquaintance seemed so touchy that she said nothing,

and contented herself with meekly asking him where the brook might be of which he spoke.

This seemed to amuse him still more. "What! don't you know that, either?" he exclaimed. "Well, it's plain you have not lived long in these parts. Why, it flows just beside you—you could see if you were taller—and that is why the Mosses are so green on that side. Greedy things! they would like to take all the moisture if they could, instead of leaving it for me, who am of so much more importance. But I'll be even with them as soon as I grow a little longer. I know a way to creep quite down beneath them, and reach a deep little pool which is never dry."

The little Flower rustled her leaves with indignation to hear her friends spoken of in this way; but before she could speak, the Root went on:

"At least you have heard the Brook, if you have never seen him. Such a continual noise as he keeps up! it really is a serious objection to this neighborhood. I dare say he is very useful; but why people can't do anything without making such a commotion about it, is more than I can see. I am sure no one ever hears *me* make a noise! It is quite a relief in the winter when he is frozen up for a while; but no sooner does the ice melt a little than the tumult is worse than ever, so we don't gain much. Listen what a rushing and rippling there is now!"

"Oh! is that the noise you complain of?" returned the Flower, not much pleased with her cross-grained acquaint-

ance. "Why, I have heard that all my life! I would not live without it for anything."

"Every one to his liking," returned the Root, contemptuously. "You would better go and talk to him if you admire him so much. He is a great traveler and can tell wonderful stories, if one could only believe them!"

By this time the Flower was heartily tired of the Root's fault-finding, so she turned away, and began to wonder how long it would be before she would be tall enough to lean over and catch sight of the Brook. Never had its murmuring seemed so delicious to her. Her friends, the Mosses, told her that their cousins, who lived close by the edge, saw him constantly, and felt quite well acquainted with him; but he was always very busy, they said, and could not stop long to talk. A tall Bramble that grew by the side of the rock had stretched her long arms across, until they reached quite down to the water; but she was so disagreeable, and so given to making sharp speeches, that the Flower was afraid to ask her anything about the Brook. So she kept her curiosity to herself, and passed day after day listening to the ripples, and wondering what they would say to her if she were near enough to hear them.

At last her wishes were granted in rather an unexpected way. She awoke one bright morning to find that the gentle breeze, which had visited her every day of her life, had suddenly changed into a fierce gale, that made her tremble in every fibre, and threatened to strip all the leaves

from her stem. In vain she folded her leaves about her and strove to stand erect; the wind grew every instant more violent, till at last the stem was bent down quite level with the ground. Now she thought her time had surely come; but after lying so for a few moments, and finding that she was not harmed, she ventured to open her eyes and look about her.

To her great joy, she found herself lying on the margin of the Brook, her head bent down so that she could almost touch the bright waters. Now she was happy! To be sure, she could not raise herself up, but she cared nothing for that so long as the Brook smiled lovingly at her, and murmured words of welcome in her ear. She felt shy and strange at first; but the Brook was so bright and happy that it was quite impossible not to feel at home with him; and he was so pleased with the blue-eyed stranger that he sought to entertain her with many wonderful stories of the countries through which he had passed, and told her secrets that you and I will never know, which the mountain-sprites and the ice-fairies had whispered to him in the deep glacier-cave which had been his cradle. His waters were yet cool from their frosty breath, though it was many days since he had seen them last. She reminded him, he said, of the Alpine Gentians, the first flowers he had ever seen, which open their heaven-blue eyes on the very edge of the eternal ice-fields.

The Flower listened eagerly to his sweet words, and told him in return the simple story of her own life, and even confided

to him the unkind way in which the Oak-root had spoken of him. At this the Brook only laughed.

"Have we not each his work to do in the world?" said he. "Why, then, should we stop to make ourselves miserable about what those say of us whose souls are too small to comprehend anything but themselves?"

"That is what I have often wanted to ask you," said the Flower. "What is this work about which you always seem so busy? I cannot see anything to be done."

"I serve the children of men," said the Brook, "for whose pleasure and use all things that we see were made. I am going now to turn the wheels of the old mill down in the hollow, that the miller may have bread for his sunny-haired children. Then I have the fields to water as I go, and many other mills to turn, and at last I shall help to make the mighty river, which is a blessing to all the country. And it is not I alone who work; the Breeze who visits us a moment on his way, is hastening on to carry sweet odors and refreshing coolness to mortals, and to waft on the ships that sail on the great river. The Oak above us will one day be cut down for the service of men, as many of his brethren on the mountain have already been. It will cost him his life, but what of that? It is better to die useful than to live useless."

The Flower listened eagerly, though she understood little of all this. "Tell me more," she said, "of the children of men. I too would fain serve them."

So the Brook told her all that he had seen and heard in flowing past the mill; of the hale old miller, who sat at the door in the twilight silence with his faithful wife by his side, and of the words of love and confidence that passed between them; of the toddling girl and the blue-eyed boy who loved to play by the Brook, to lay garlands of flowers on his bosom and join in his low song. And the Flower laid all these stories up in her heart, and thought often upon them, and the longing grew ever stronger within her that she, too, might do something for the children of men. But that, she thought, could never be, little and useless as she was; and for the first time she shed bitter tears over her prostrate condition.

As she was thinking of this one day, she suddenly saw, stooping over the Brook, the most beautiful creature her eyes ever rested upon. It was a lovely boy, with blue eyes and golden curls hanging on his shoulders. "It is the miller's son," whispered the Brook to her, "the boy of whom I told you;" and he hastened to welcome the child, who had flung himself down on the bank, dipping his fingers in the cool ripples, and caressing the little fishes, who swam fearlessly up to him. Then he spied the little Flower and sprang across the Brook with a cry of delight. Such a lovely Flower, he thought, he had never seen; but his heart was touched with pity at seeing her lie prostrate, unable to raise her head. "I will raise it up," said he; "I will bank up the earth around its roots, and by and by, when it has grown straight

and tall again, I will come and transplant it into my own little garden, where I can see it every day."

The Flower trembled with delight at this. Was she indeed to see something of these wonderful creatures, these *men*, of whom she had dreamed so long? She did not shrink or struggle when the child lifted her up with his gentle fingers, though it was a painful effort, and at first she felt almost dizzy at being so high in the air. He covered the bent roots with earth and moss, and fastened the slender stem to a straight stick, that such an accident might not happen to it again. Then he dipped water from the Brook and poured it around the roots, and kissing again and again the soft leaves, bade her grow strong and beautiful against the time when he should come to claim her. The Flower heard his gay song in the distance as he followed the Brook down through the meadow, and tears, half of joy and half of sorrow, filled her eyes. But the child's last words still rang in her ears, and wasting no time in vain regrets, she set herself instantly to work to drink in all the nourishment she could from the earth, all the color and brightness from the sunbeams, all the fragrance from the breeze. Days and weeks passed by, and she grew every day more beautiful, but the child came not again. She longed for him sadly; the autumn was drawing nigh; her life, she knew, must be a short one. Should she not be able to do something before she died to prove her gratitude for his kindness? Sometimes the thought would come into her mind that he had

forgotten her and would never come again; but she would not yield to it. He had promised to come, and that was enough for her; and day after day she gazed down the path by which he had gone away, expecting to see him again.

One day, when she had strained her eyes till she was weary, and was half dozing in the afternoon sunshine, she was startled by children's voices near. Her heart beat high with hope, but she soon saw that it was not he, but two little girls who were looking earnestly across the Brook. "See there! that must surely be it," cried the younger, whose eyes were like the boy's, though her hair was dark and her cheeks rosy; "there is the rock, and the oak-tree, and—yes—there is the darling little Flower!" In an instant they were kneeling at her side. The Flower understood in a moment that they had come for her; he could not come, and had sent them to bring her to him. Her heart sank for a moment at the thought of leaving her sweet home and going among strangers, perhaps to die there. Then the Brook's words came into her mind: "Better die useful than live useless." "Anything—anywhere!" she thought, "so that I may be with him and give him pleasure." The little girls took it up tenderly, and wrapped soft, cool moss round the stems to keep them fresh. As they started the Flower waved her head as a farewell to the Brook and the Mosses and the gray old rock, thinking sadly that she should never see them again. The way was long and weary, and her leaves were drooping and languid when they

heard the mill-wheel plashing in the Brook, and entered the miller's cottage, where clusters of ripe grapes hung over the low door. "We have brought the sweet Flower, mother!" cried the little girls, running in. "That is well," answered the mother; "thy brother hath wearied sadly for it." The child lay upon a couch, his cheeks pale, his eyes brighter than ever. He stretched out his hands for the Flower with a delighted smile, and kissed it tenderly. "The little Flower is drooping," he said. "Will it die before I do, mother?" "Nay, never talk of dying," said the mother, fondly. "Thou wilt live for many a long year yet, please God, and thou shalt have many flowers more beautiful than that." The child shook his head with a sad smile, and closed his eyes wearily, still clasping the Flower tightly in his hand.

The sun sank behind the hill; the mill-wheel plashed in the Brook; the light autumn breeze sighed softly in the vine-leaves; but the child woke not again. He was dead, and the faded Flower lay upon his breast!

THE BIRD'S PARTY.

By Laura F. Hagner

THE birds gave a party one bright summer day;
'Twas held in a meadow of newly-mown hay,
Close by an old orchard where apples of June
Kept the throats of the vocalists sweetly in tune.

A hedge of wild roses this meadow concealed
From the farmers at work in a neighboring field,
While the hum of the bees and the murmuring brook
Made a paradise quite of this dear little nook.

The sweet Meadow-lark was the hostess that day,
Of manners so gentle and temper so gay;
Tho' 'tis whispered discreetly, half earnest, half fun,
That her graces were learned at the Court of the Sun.

The first to arrive was the Carrier Dove;
He brought the regrets of his friends at the Grove,
The Pouters and Nuns, who had serious reason
To give for thus slighting the Ball of the Season.

Then came the Cock Robin with sweet Jenny Wren,
The Black-birds, a family party of ten,
The Thrushes in brown and the Jay-bird in blue,
With wild Bob-o-linkum who makes such ado.

The King-bird and suite next arrived, I am told,
With the Oriole, dressed all in silver and gold,
While the Cardinal thought it no shame to be seen
In humble attendance upon the gay queen.

In strutted the Peacock, a vain, silly bird,
Who rendered himself by his airs quite absurd;
But the Daws in a corner just whispered together,
And soon the poor creature had scarcely a feather.

On a high mossy rock which o'ershadowed the gate
The baldheaded Eagle was seated in state,
And bore a broad ribbon on which was described,
"E pluribus unum;" America's pride.

In a bower by ivy screened off from the day
The Owl and the Bat dozed the morning away,
And the Woodpecker's tap nor the Catbird's wild scream
Could arouse the dull souls from their indolent dream.

They danced and they flirted, coquetted and sang,
Till the neighboring woods with the merriment rang;
And then upon couches by Nature designed
On the sweetest of berries they merrily dined.

The tables were cleared, and in bumpers of dew
Many healths had been given, when over them flew
A pert little Sparrow whom nobody knew.
"Farmer Seedwell!" he cried. "Ladies! fly for your lives!"
Then into a neighboring thicket he dives.
The birds gave a flutter, and off they all flew
Without even bidding the hostess adieu!



THE TABLES TURNED.

By Uncle Herbert.

JOHNNY BLAIR thought it fine sport, but not so the chickens, when his cornstalk came thrashing about their sides and over their heads. He didn't feel the hurt. It was all the same to him whether the cornstalk hit the rooster or the tub.

Off flew the scared chickens at Johnny's attack, and then he hid himself behind the fence and waited until hunger drew them back. But only a few grains did he let

them eat before he was down on them, striking right and left with his cornstalk, and hurting and frightening them again.

How he laughed to see them scamper away! Oh, it was fine fun for the cruel boy. But just as he had enticed them back for the third time and was raising his stick, the tables were turned, and instead of the hens getting hurt and frightened, Johnny's shoulders felt the sudden smart of a birch rod vigorously laid on.

"How do you like that, sir?" asked a rough voice, as Johnny jumped about and writhed with pain. "Chickens have feelings as well as boys," said the farmer,

who, hearing the cries of his fowls, had come round to see what troubled them. "I hope you will remember that."

Johnny slunk away, feeling rather badly in mind as well as body. He knew that it was wrong to hurt dumb creatures, but, like too many little boys, he was hard and cruel toward the weak and helpless. To be caught in his evil sport and get his back well striped was anything but pleasant; and he went off toward his home, which was near that of the farmer's, saying to himself as he went along—

"He'd no right to strike me. I'm not his boy; and I'll tell father, so I will."

Just then he saw his father at work in a field, and clambering over the fence he ran toward him; but stopped after going a few paces. There were two sides to the story he was going to tell him, and after looking at both sides for a little while, he thought it best to keep it all to himself. So he sat down on the grass, saying in his heart, "I'll spite him for it," meaning the farmer. He didn't sit there long, for his angry feelings made him restless, but got up and went out of the field into the road. Then he saw a dog belonging to the farmer, that ran up to him, wagging his tail. What did Johnny do? Pat the dog on the head and say, kindly, "Poor fellow?" No, he was in an ill-humor, and gave him a kick, at which the dog sprang upon him and bit his hand until the blood came. He was almost as much frightened at the fierce growls and bite of the dog as the chickens were when he beat them with his cornstalk.

Poor Johnny! Things were going

wrong with him. Many and many a time had he kicked the dog, and frightened the chickens, and worried the dumb things that came in his way—for he was, I am sorry to tell you, rather a cruel boy—without suffering any ill consequences. But now had come a change by no means pleasant. And he had not seen the end of it.

After he got over the pain and fright, Johnny walked soberly homeward. On the way he passed a small pond in which a mother goose was swimming with her yellow goslings. An old white gander stood on the edge of the pond. Johnny's love of tormenting animals came back again, and rolling up his trowsers he waded in and caught up one of the goslings. But just as he reached the shore the old white gander made a dash at him, and catching him by the ear, gave him such a bite and jerk at the same time that he fell in the mud and water, wetting and soiling his clothes all over.

He was, if anything, worse scared at this unexpected attack from a gander than at the growls and bite of the dog. After scrambling up and wiping off some of the mud, he ran home; and—I don't know whether I am pleased or sorry to say it—got a sound whipping from his mother for being so wet and dirty.

THE STARS.

WE cannot count the stars on high,
We only see them shine;
We only know the gracious hand
That made them is divine.

TONY AND JACOB.

By Solomon Soberside.

TONY and Jacob were brothers. They lived in the country where their father had gone, because he hoped the pure country air would make him stronger and healthier than he had been in the city. The house he had moved to was built of stone and stood upon a hill. A good many trees were growing around it, which made it shady and pleasant in summer, but when the cold November winds came, those trees lost all their leaves and the place looked bare and dreary. There were two vacant spots on the grass near to the house, where room was still left to plant two trees. "On those spots I will plant white pines," said Mr. Adams, "so that I shall have some green to look at all winter."

The next morning he called the boys and told them they must dig the holes for the trees. They went willingly to work, but it took them a good while to do it, for their father marked out large round spaces, and after they were dug he asked them to bring some rich earth from the garden to be thrown in when the trees were planted. "It will make them grow faster," he said, "than the poor soil you have found here. And now," he continued, "since the holes are dug, we will go to the nursery for the trees."

It was a good long drive to the nursery. When they reached there the boys saw rows of trees of many different kinds growing close together; their father told them

these were kept for sale. As soon as Mr. Adams drew in at the gate, the nurseryman came forward to wait on him. "Have you any white pines?" said Mr. Adams.

"I have, sir," replied the nurseryman, at the same time leading them to another part of the field, where they came to a row of these pretty evergreens grown up as high as the boys' heads. "These are they," he said, "they have good branches and good roots, and I think will please you."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Adams, "each one of you pick out one, for I mean to give each of you one of them to take care of."

The boys were pleased at this, and soon chose two very pretty trees, which their father told the nurseryman he might dig up. "And try to give us as good roots as possible," he said.

At this the man took his grubbing-hoe and spade and soon brought one of the trees out of the ground. He had gotten not only a large part of the roots with it, but also much of the earth in which they grew, so that Mr. Adams said he was sure that tree ought to grow. It was the one Tony had chosen.

Next he began to dig around Jacob's tree. This stood so near the others in the row that he had to dig close to its stalk, and when at last he pulled it out of the ground no earth clung to it, and the roots looked poor and thin. Jacob was disappointed, but the man said it was the best he could do. So Mr. Adams paid him for both trees, and they were put into the wagon.

As soon as they reached home the boys carried the trees to the holes they had dug for them. First they put in a little of the rich earth they had brought from the garden, because the holes were too deep. Then one of them held the tree up while the other covered the roots carefully. After these were well covered, they tramped the earth down all round the tree, then they put in the rest of the earth, and so their trees were both planted.

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Adams said, "Your work has just begun, boys; the trees will need care to make them grow, every day they should have water."

"We will attend to that," replied they, and both started to give them a bucketful.

Now pumping water and carrying it on warm spring mornings is an amusement boys are very apt to grow tired of. Tony and Jacob kept it up for a week, but after that, Tony would sometimes miss a morning. "The roots on my tree are so good," he said, "they will not need water every day. Don't you remember, Jake, what splendid ones they were?" Jacob said he did, but advised Tony to keep on watering. "Then," said he, "you may feel sure it will grow. But I cannot feel sure that mine will grow whatever I do, for my roots were so poor."

And Tony did keep on a few days longer, till the pump got a little out of order; it wanted mending, but the man could not come at once to do it. This made it hard work to pump even one bucketful; then Tony gave up entirely,

"My tree is safe already," he said, "it would have died before this if it was going to die."

But Jacob persevered; no matter how warm it was or how hard the pump worked, every morning he brought his bucketful and emptied it round his tree. He did more than this, for when the sun grew hot, he gathered up some old dead leaves and straw and spread them on the ground above the roots. This kept them damp and cool, because the sun could not reach the ground to dry up the water he had poured there. "What a foolish fellow you were," cried Tony, "to let the man put you off with such a mean tree! Just look at mine, taken root already and out of all danger, while I have nothing to do but to stand and see it grow. But you have to work, work, work, and I expect your tree will die after all your trouble."

"While there's life there's hope," said Jacob. "I'll keep on till it does die."

About three weeks after this, one very hot day in August Tony went out to harness the horse for his father. As he drove in from the barn, he happened to cast his eyes toward the trees. They stood quite near each other, so he could easily see any difference between them. And now as he looked he was surprised to see that there was a difference, such as he had never noticed before. He fastened the horse and went to examine them. "There's something the matter," he said; "my tree has changed its color; how faded it looks! and the bark is shriveled too. Dear me! I do believe

there is a worm at the root." He ran for his spade to dig and find it. While he was digging very hard, his father walked out from the house and stood beside him. "My tree does not look well," he said; "I think there is a worm at the root, and I am digging to find it."

"You need not take the trouble, Tony," said his father; "your tree is dying. For some days I have known it; you cannot save it now."

"Don't you think a worm has done it?" asked Tony, looking up anxiously in his father's face.

"Not the one you are digging after," replied his father.

"What worm then, father?—do tell me," cried Tony.

"Ah my boy," said Mr. Adams, "if you had worked as your brother has done, your tree to-day would have been as green as his. It is dying because it was not attended to. I am afraid, Tony, I must call the worm that has killed it the worm of laziness."

Tony let his spade fall, and a few tears dropped from his eyes as he walked sadly toward the house. After this his tree withered more and more every day. Soon its dead leaves began to turn a reddish-brown color, till at last, to get rid of the unpleasant sight, he cut it down and threw it on the wood-pile.

But Jacob's tree had taken root and was growing finely. When November came and the other trees were dropping their leaves, it kept as green as ever. All through the winter it shone beautiful above the snow. Often Mr. Adams

would look at it from the library window, and sometimes he would say, "See the reward of industry." At Christmas it could spare two or three boughs to hang above the mantel-piece. When spring came it shot out new branches at the end of the old ones. They were of a lighter green, but looked fresh and healthy. Then a bluebird came and built her nest in its thickest part.

But now I must tell you that Tony repented of his fault, and before April was past his father gave him another tree. This he planted and watered industriously. It grew, and in a few years caught up to Jacob's. But he had far the most work before he was done, for he had to work two summers, besides bearing the shame of having failed in the first. To do our whole duty at the right time is the shortest and surest way of gaining our end.

IN a school, "Ale and Beer Measure" was given out as one of the lessons for the next day. Next morning the first boy was called upon, but said, "I don't know it." "How's that?" asked the teacher. "Please, sir," he replied, "neither father nor I think it's any use, for we neither mean to buy, sell or drink the stuff."

TOMMY's mamma had given him a beautiful watch. "What time is it?" asked the proud young mother. "Quarter past six." "You are mistaken; it is half-past six." "How glad I am!" said the boy. "Why so?" "I have loved you a quarter of an hour longer."



VIOLETS.

By M. E. Rockwell.

"OH, mother, mother, I'm so disappointed!"

And Gertie Reynolds' voice had such a pitiful quaver in it that you felt thankful that she had a sympathizing mother to go to in her trouble, whatever it might be.

"What is it, my darling?" and, some way, half the pain had gone out of the

child's heart just with the tenderness of those few words.

"Why, mother, here it is Wednesday afternoon, you know. And don't you remember I was going to Silver Creek to-day after blue violets, if Cousin Grace would go with me?"

"And Grace said she could go. Well?"

"But Grace can't go, because her father is going to take her to Newark to get her photograph taken. And I did not know it till just now, when school

was out. And there is nobody else near enough—nobody you will let me go there with. And it is such a nice day—oh, the loveliest day!—and I know that by this time the violets are so large and so thick in the meadow by Silver Creek!”

Out of breath with the recital, the little ten-year-old girl at last paused, making a strong effort to keep back the tears from her eyes.

Mrs. Reynolds did not laugh at her earnestness, as some people would have done. Neither did she tell her how wicked it was to feel disappointed over such a trifle when she would have so much more terrible trials if she lived to grow up, as I have heard some other people do. She knew that children's troubles are great enough for children's strength, and that the knowledge of greater ones will come soon enough, without putting the little hearts into dread and mystery about them beforehand. She stooped and kissed her little daughter's flushed face.

“Mother feels disappointed, too,” she said. “I had quite set my heart on having some violets for the vases in Aunt Ellen's room before she came. Go and take off your hat and bathe your face and hands, and I will see if anything can be done.”

Gertie ran up stairs, put away her books and made her toilet, and came down to dinner looking quite bright and hopeful.

“Perhaps mother will go with me herself,” she thought, “and that would be ever so much nicer than going with Grace.”

As soon as they went into the sitting-room after dinner, she asked her mother if she had thought of anybody to go with her to Silver Creek.

“Yes, I think so,” Mrs. Reynolds replied. “I would go if I did not expect Aunt Ellen to-night, and had not some preparations to attend to. But you know Nettie Ryan, the washerwoman's little girl, don't you, Gertie?”

“I have seen her once, mother, when she brought an excuse for her mother not coming one Tuesday morning.”

“Well, she is a very good child, I believe, and careful and trusty. Her mother leaves the younger children with her when she goes out to work. She is two years older than you are, and I think I shall feel quite safe to let you go to Silver Creek with her. As her mother is at home to-day, she will probably be very glad to let her go.”

Gertie was not quite pleased with this proposal. She looked down and tapped the floor with the toe of her shoe for some time without saying a word.

“I suppose Nettie Ryan is good enough, mother,” she said at last, “but she is Irish, and her mother is our washerwoman, and I shouldn't think you would want me to associate with her.”

“She is a modest, faithful little girl,” repeated Mrs. Reynolds, “and has been very carefully taught by a Christian mother. I do not think she will be likely to do you any harm. She is kept at home so closely that it will, no doubt, be a great pleasure to her to go with you. I consider her a perfectly safe associate for

you. But you can do as you choose about inviting her."

Gertie's face was very thoughtful for as much as five minutes. She was naturally a proud little girl, and had heard many foolish things said by the girls at school. She was sure they would toss their heads and laugh with contempt if they knew she went out to walk with an Irish washerwoman's daughter. But Gertie had been taught by her judicious mother that such things were very silly and wicked, and after a little her good sense conquered in the battle with her pride.

"I'll go right away and ask her to go," she said; "it's all nonsense to be afraid of the girls."

Her mother smiled, and Gertie was soon on her way to Mrs. Ryan's little brown house, with her doll on one arm and her basket on the other.

Mrs. Ryan was pleased and grateful for Mrs. Reynolds' confidence in her little daughter, and gave consent very gladly.

"It's little the dear child ever gets of the sweet air and the sunshine," she said; "and as for picking flowers it will be a treat she has not had since her father died."

And very soon the little girls were on their way across the pastures toward where the violets grew beside Silver Creek, nearly a mile away.

I am afraid it was almost entirely a selfish feeling that made Gertie decide to ask Nettie to accompany her. But it was not long before she enjoyed the beautiful May-day afternoon quite as much for Nettie's sake as for her own.

The little Irish girl was innocent and pretty, and oh so fond of flowers! It seemed as if she could not express her delight when they came in sight of the patches of sweet-breathed violets on the banks of the creek. And soon it came out that Nettie knew how to make wreaths of them—and making wreaths of wild flowers is a coveted and mysterious gift among little flower-gatherers—strong, full wreaths, smooth on the inside, and with the lovely blue and white blossoms turned out from the head in such charming clusters! And sitting there close together beside the clear waters of Silver Creek, where they could see their happy faces reflected as if they were before a mirror, Nettie told the little girl strange and beautiful stories about her native country, Ireland, and about sailing for days and days across the great blue waters of the ocean, with nothing in sight but a few birds as far as they could see. Then she told her how strange and sad the great city of New York had seemed when they landed, and how glad they had been when they came to this pleasant country village, where her father could get plenty of work, and they lived so nicely in the little brown cottage.

Her voice grew sad and the tears were in her eyes as she told about the dark days that came afterward, when her father was taken with a dreadful fever, and died after a few days of sickness, not knowing his wife and children as they stood around. After that her mother had to find work to support herself and the three little ones. Gertie's kind heart was full of

interest and sympathy as her little companion told her how hard it had been to get food and clothes and firewood during the long, cold winter, and how glad they had been to see the first soft, sunny spring days.

And Gertie was so interested that Nettie went on to tell her all about the baby, Teddy, and dear, mischievous little Johnny, and how she managed to keep them good and quiet during the long days when her mother was away. And then a little secret of her own slipped out—how she hoped during the summer to pick berries and do errands whenever she could be spared, and earn money enough to buy hats and shoes for herself and Johnny before another winter, so that they would not have to stop going to Sunday-school when the snow came.

And Gertie thought of a little purse of her own at home, with almost two dollars in it, and resolved to give half to Nettie if her mother was willing, to help with the hats, and wondered if that nice pair of stout shoes she had outgrown would not fit little Johnny.

Oh, it was a charming afternoon to the two little girls sitting beside Silver Creek. Nettie's pale cheeks were rosier and her blue eyes brighter for weeks afterward whenever she thought of it.

As for Gertie, when she reached home just at sunset, with her basket full of great blue and white violets, and two of the sweetest wreaths to be kept fresh in water over night for Grace and herself to wear next day, she told her mother that Nettie Ryan was one of the nicest girls

she ever saw, and she had never spent a happier afternoon in her life. Her mother said: "Then the violets from Silver Creek are not the only ones my little girl has enjoyed to-day. I hope she has been planting some in her heart."

"Violets in my heart, dear mother?"

"Yes, darling; these flowers you love so well are the emblems of the graces of modesty, gentleness and love in your heart. And every kind and sympathizing act or word plants a root from which will spring sweet blossoms in every season of your life."

TO MY BROTHER.

By Charles Sprague.

WE are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh let us keep
The links that bind us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
The good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked—
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports werè all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the bond
To hold us 'till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
'Till side by side we lie.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JUNE, 1869.



GYP.

By Irene L—.

“GYP! Gyp! Where is that dog?
You Gyp!”

Gyp, who was lying on the floor, raised his head and gave a low, longing sort of whine, as if he desired above all things to answer the excited call of his young master, Harry Owen, but had no power to rise.

VOL. v.—22

“Gyp! Here! here! here!” There was another lifting of the sleek head, another low, suppressed whine, and then the animal was still again, lying close to the floor, with shut eyes, as if sleeping.

For several minutes Harry kept on calling, but Gyp gave no sign that he heard his voice.

“Why, Gyp!” exclaimed Lucy Owen, Harry’s younger sister, coming into the room where the dog lay about ten minutes afterward. The doors were all open, and

Gyp could have gone out when Harry called if he had cared to do so. "Your master has been looking for you everywhere. Why didn't you go when you were called for?"

Gyp sprung up, danced about the floor and showed many signs of pleasure. Lucy had her bonnet on and a small package in her hand. Gyp knew that she was going over to the village, and followed her as she left the house.

"You Gyp!" called Harry from across a field. He had his gun over his shoulder, and was going into the woods to shoot squirrels.

But the dog did not seem to hear him; though, if you had seen the peculiar way in which he dropped his head and kept his eyes on the ground, you would have known that he was simply pretending not to hear. It was a curious freak, this, of the dog. He and Harry were almost inseparable; and whenever his young master brought out his gun, the animal would grow half frantic with delight. But now Harry whistled and called in vain. The dog did not give the slightest heed.

"Come along then!" said Lucy, speaking to Gyp. "Let you and I have a run." And away they started, fleet as the wind.

Mrs. Owen, Lucy's mother, was sitting at her work nearly an hour afterward, when Gyp came bounding into the room. He jumped upon her, stood with his forefeet in her lap, and looked into her face with a strange, beseeching, human look, showing, at the same time, great anxiety. For a moment he stood thus, with his

black, lustrous eyes on the face of Lucy's mother, and then sprang away to the door, where he stood looking back and whining piteously.

Mrs. Owen knew that something was wrong, and starting up, went to the door. As she did so, Gyp bounded away, looking back as he ran. A sudden fear fell like a deep shadow on her heart as she thought of Lucy.

"Oh, my child!" she exclaimed, and ran forward after the dog. Gyp, seeing this, started down the road leading to the village, and Mrs. Owen ran, half-frantically, after him. Between her house and the village was a deep ravine, through which ran a swift stream of water. Over this stream was an old wooden bridge, narrow and without a hand-railing. It stood at least twenty feet above the water that whirled and seethed among jagged rocks. Toward this ravine the dog ran, keeping far ahead of Mrs. Owen, but stopping now and then to bark at her in an impatient way, as if trying to urge her to greater speed.

As soon as he reached the edge of the ravine, from which the narrow road, or path, went steeply down, he looked back for a moment and then sprung forward, barking in a new and more excited way. Mrs. Owen quickened her steps, but the dog was soon far ahead of her, still barking wildly and eagerly. She heard him, in a few moments, at the bottom of the ravine, and then suddenly his barking ceased. But in a few moments it broke out passionately again, and with something new in its sound, and she was aware

that the dog was returning. He was soon in sight, and the moment he saw Mrs. Owen he stopped and gave a series of yelping cries that had in them a human sound of entreaty, then whirled about and disappeared down the steep path, barking all the way, but with a new and more exhilarating cry.

At the bottom of the ravine, beneath the bridge, Mrs. Owen found her child clinging to the branch of a tree, her body in the rushing stream. Gyp stood on a rock just above her, barking and leaping about, and in his dog language telling her as best he could that help was near.

Mrs. Owen ran down the bank and reached Lucy just as her strength was exhausted, and bore her, fainting, to a place of safety. In ten minutes it would have been too late.

"How did Gyp know, mamma dear?" asked Lucy, looking with serious eyes into her mother's face, as they talked afterward of the dog's strange conduct in refusing to go with Harry. "How did he know that I would fall over the bridge?"

"He didn't know," replied Mrs. Owen.

"He must have known something. I can't understand; but it's wonderful, and I keep thinking about it all the time."

"Our Father in heaven is very near us, you know. Nothing passes, or is coming to pass, without his knowledge. He knew that you would fall over the bridge, and be drowned unless some one came to save you. He knew that no one would pass the bridge in time; and so, in a way we do not understand, he made Gyp deaf, as

it were, to Harry's calls, and pleased to go with you."

"It was so good in him," murmured Lucy, with shut eyes and tears creeping through the fringe of lashes. "And so wonderful!" she added, after a little silence. "I never felt before that God was so very near—seeing us, caring for us, and saving us when in danger."

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF ELISHA.

By Mary Latham Clark.

OUR sweet "Little Blossom," whose real name was May, was sitting one bright morning in autumn upon the broad stone step, with a very sad face, and tears were in her blue eyes.

Up and down the graveled path that led to the front gate her cousin Willie was walking, stopping occasionally to look down the street, as if expecting something. So, indeed, he was, for he was going home that morning; and although it wanted full half an hour to the time when the coach would come, he was ready to go, with his carpet-bag packed and locked.

Not that he was tired of his visit with his dear little cousin; oh no! but he had been away from his home and his school through the whole of the summer vacation, and the thought of going back to them seemed pleasant to him. Besides, he was going to ride in a coach and in the cars, with no one in particular to take care of him, and this fact made him feel

very smart and manly. So, although he was at heart very sorry to leave his little playmate, he did not feel quite as sad as she did.

"I did not know until you came," said she, at length, "how nice it was to have some one to play with. I used to think my dolls and books were company enough, but now how shall I play store up in the barn-chamber, or what fun will there be in fishing all alone, or who will swing me in our new swing?"

"Why, it seems to me," added she, with the tears starting from her eyes, "that there won't be anybody left after you are gone!"

Willie couldn't bear to see his little cousin cry, so he came and sat beside her and put his arm around her neck.

"Don't cry, May," said he; "I almost know your mother will let you come to see me this winter, and we will have splendid times together. I shall not forget you. When I get home I will send you some of my story-books, and I will print you a real letter, so plain that perhaps you can read it yourself."

Little Blossom wiped her eyes and brightened up a little at this, and just then the coach, with its span of white horses, rattled up the street, and all the family came to the door to bid Willie good-bye.

May stood at the gate and watched the coach until it disappeared, and then she went where it was her custom to go when she wanted consolation—to her dear grandmother, who was never too busy to pet and comfort her darling.

The dear old lady took her into her lap and rocked her slowly to and fro, until her tears had dried away.

At length she said in her kind, cheery voice, "Shall I tell my Little Blossom a story to keep her from grieving too much at the loss of her dear little cousin?"

"Oh, if you only will!" exclaimed the little girl. "I should like it better than anything else now; one of your sweet Bible stories, you know."

"Well, then," said the good grandmother, "I will tell you a story which I read this morning. I thought of you then, it is so simple and sweet."

"Oh, do tell it to me, grandma!" said Little Blossom, with animation.

So grandma began her story thus:

"There was once a good man named Elisha. He used to go through the country teaching the people about God, and how to please him.

"No doubt he was often tired and hungry, but he was always happy, for God loved him.

"There were a rich man and his wife in a place called Shunem, through which Elisha often passed, who were very kind to this good old man; and they had a little room built for him in their house, with a bed and a table, and all things comfortable and convenient in it, so that he could go into it whenever he came there, and feel as though he had a little home of his own.

"Elisha was very much pleased with this little room, and he took a great deal of comfort in it. He felt very thankful to these good people for their kindness,

and he tried to think what he could do to make them happy and to show his gratitude to them.

"So one day he asked this good woman what he should do for her, but she did not seem to think of anything she wanted.

"At last Elisha's servant told him that she had no child, and that perhaps a little son or daughter would please her the most of anything.

"Elisha thought so too, for people in those days felt that it was a great misfortune not to have any children; so he prayed to God that she might have a child; and his prayer was answered, for the next year she really had a baby boy of her own.

"You can think how much they loved this dear little son, after having lived so many years without any little child to love.

"One day, when he was old enough to run about, he went out into the field with his father to see the men reap corn, when suddenly he felt a dreadful pain in his head. He was very sick indeed. They carried him to his mother, and she held him in her arms until noon, when he died."

"Oh, wasn't that a pity!" said Little Blossom. "What did that poor mother do?"

"You shall hear what she did," said the grandmother.

"Instead of telling any one what had happened, she went up to Elisha's room and laid her little dead boy upon his bed, and then she made haste and rode to the

place where she knew she should find Elisha.

"When he saw her coming, he told his servant to go and meet her, and to say, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?' And she answered, 'It is well.'"

"How could she say it was well," asked Little Blossom, "when her dear little boy was dead?"

"Ah, my little girl," said the grandmother, "she loved God, and she knew that the spirit of her darling boy had gone to him, so that it was well with the child, although her own heart was so sad at losing him."

"What did she want of Elisha?" asked Little Blossom. "He couldn't make her child alive again, could he?"

"No, he could not alone, but she knew that God, through him, had done many wonderful things, and she felt that nothing was too hard for the Lord to do.

"So she asked Elisha to go back to her house with her; and when he had done so he went up to his own little room and saw the dear child lying cold and dead upon his bed.

"Then he shut the door and prayed to God to make the child alive again."

"And did he?" asked Little Blossom, eagerly, her sweet face all aglow with interest.

"Yes," said the grandmother; "God heard his prayer, the spirit of the little child came back; and when Elisha called the mother she took him up, warm and alive again, in her loving arms."

"Oh, how happy she must have been!"

said Little Blossom; "how very, very happy! And how they all must have loved that good man afterward!"

"And how they must have loved the good God," added the grandmother, "who had thus given them back their sweet darling again to be the light and joy of their household!"

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

A MEMORY OF JUNE.

By Miss N. R. Patton.

THE scent of the early roses
Came through the open door,
And the jessamine boughs at the window
Threw shadows on the floor.

Our little one sat on the carpet,
And hummed a childish tune,
Lost in the dreamy stillness
Of an afternoon in June.

She sat within the doorway
And lifted her fine blue eyes
To the distant, hazy mountains,
And the brilliant summer skies.

And she watched the white clouds floating,
Like the wings of angel-kind,
Across the wide vault's azure,
And sighed to be left behind.

She watched them fleeing onward,
She knew not where or whence,
And her little heart's wild longing
Grew childishly intense.

And she wished for their forms so airy,
That she might not longer wait,

But upward fly, and onward
Till she reached the golden gate;

For she thought that beyond the mountain,
Where the white clouds seemed to melt,
Was the beautiful gate of the city
Where the good Our Father dwelt.

And she watched till the baby-wishes
Made the pretty blue eyes weep—
Till, with golden head on the door-sill,
The little one fell asleep.

The shadows grew long and longer
As the sun sank toward the west,
And still she lay in the doorway
In calm and quiet rest.

Then we lifted the darling gently,
That her sleep we might not break,
But we wept when we saw, as we raised her,
That she never more would wake.

The earthly, passionate longing
Was still in the bright blue eyes,
But the childish, wishful spirit
Had sought its native skies.

The light of the sinking sunbeams
Fell warm on her golden hair,
But the light of a Sun eternal
Made her spirit white and fair.

And ever, as daylight waneth
Toward the late of the afternoon,
The form that lay in the doorway
That sunny day in June,

Seems still to sleep on the carpet,
The sun on the golden hair,
And the childish wish for heaven
In the blue eyes bright and fair.

TRUE RICHES.

"I DON'T understand this, papa," said Harry Ray, looking up from the page he was reading.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Ray.

Harry read: "You must put your hand into a person's heart to find out how much he is worth, not into his pocket."

"Oh, that is what we call a figure of speech," said Mr. Ray, smiling, "and it means that if we wish to know a man's true worth, we must find out how good he is. Yesterday I heard a man say of young Mr. Wharton, whose father died last winter and left him very rich, that he was a poor, miserable fellow, meaning that he had neither a wise head nor a good heart. There are two kinds of riches, you know—one made up of gold and silver, and houses and lands."

"What is the other made up of?" asked Harry.

"There are riches of the mind and heart," answered Mr. Ray. "Don't you remember this verse of a beautiful hymn:

'Riches divine: who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.'

"Oh yes," said Harry, his eyes and face brightening with interest; "and I wonder, now, that I never thought what it meant."

"The wise and good man," replied the father, "he who has the costly merchandise of wisdom in his heart, is the truly

rich man, for he has the heavenly treasure that neither moth nor rust can corrupt. You must look into his heart, not into his pocket, to know how much he is worth."

THE BUTTER LION.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

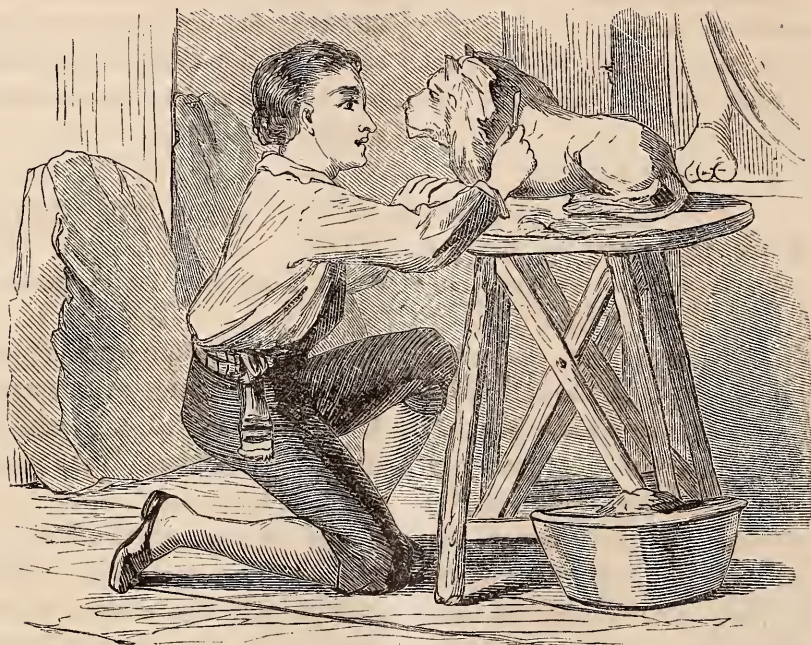
IN the beautiful land of Italy lived a boy whose name was Antonio Canova. His home was with his grandfather, who was a stone-cutter. They were poor, but not in actual want.

The old man was fond of Antonio, and treated him very kindly. His hopes centred in this boy, and he meant to do all that lay in his power to provide for his future. He planned to have him a master stone-cutter, and with this in view had him taught drawing.

This pleased Antonio, and he soon showed a decided taste and ability. He began modeling birds and flowers in clay, and succeeded so well as to delight his old grandfather. Ah! in his future lay something beyond a stone-cutter's calling.

One day a nobleman, who was about to give a dinner-party, sent an order for some table-ornament. He did not specify what it should be, but wanted something new. There was but little time, and the old man tried in vain to think of anything. Antonio saw that he looked anxious and troubled, and said to him,

"I think I can please him. Let me have some good hard butter, and I will make a lion."



THE BUTTER LION.

"That is a good idea," said grandpa, cheerfully; and he sent at once for the butter.

Antonio went to work with a will. Soon a lion's head looks out from the gold-colored mass, then the mane ripples over the shoulder, the body and limbs are carefully rounded, and the old man looks on with delight.

When sent to the nobleman's table, the lion attracted a good deal of attention, and the guests, on being told that it was the work of a boy, desired to see him. Antonio was sent for, and they were as much pleased with him as his work. His manners were courteous and pleasant, and though pleased with their praise, he was modest and retiring.

The nobleman, whose name was Fa-

liero, finding he had genuine talent, provided instruction for him, and proved a kind friend.

With this aid, and an earnest, patient, faithful striving to do his best, he became a world-renowned sculptor. Is it not likely that many a time, when working long and patiently, chisel in hand and marble before him, his thoughts went back to the little image in butter that delighted his old grandfather, and that, well and faithfully wrought, was his stepping-stone to all his after success?

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,

Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;

Brightest links of life are broken

By a single angry word.

HOPE DARROW.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE days came and went at Salmon Head, after Creighton Bell's visit, just as they had always come and gone before, growing colder, and shorter, and drearier as they leaned down into the early winter; and through the buzzing of the winds the snows came at last, and danced like swarms of white butterflies down the air; and the old elm in the lane shivered under its white crown, with no pleasant rustle of green leaves, nor birds' nests, nor sweet chirrup of robins among the branches.

All these days, though, I was busy as bees are making honey out of the clover and daisies of June, and my heart was as glad as a bobolink's when it pours the great gladness of its first spring song out in some blossoming tree, and all the air is sweet with the dew and fragrance of May.

All this time I was wide awake over a great surprise I had in store for Lewis; but this required so much pains and thought that I never could have carried the matter out if Mrs. Brainerd had not put her heart and wits in it too.

I had related to my brother, more than once, all that had happened during the last morning, when Creighton Bell went away from us; but there was one thing I kept back, and that was the present I

had found in my palm when the carriage had rolled out of sight.

Lewis never had a suspicion of this; and although sometimes, when I went down to meet my brother by the bridge, and he would glance at my old thin shawl, and the trouble would come into his eyes, it would seem as though I must burst right out with, "Oh, Lewis Darrow, if you only knew something I could tell you, you wouldn't look like that!"

But I would think to myself, "Now, Hope, you know it isn't time yet. Don't you let it out;" and I shut my lips closely for fear the secret should jump out of them in spite of me.

Of course Mrs. Brainerd had to know all about it; and I want to say right here, that though she was a good deal like a rainy day most of the time—sour, and sharp, and fretted, and made me feel unhappy a great many times, with her cross ways and speeches, as one can, you know, with whom you are living all the time—yet I shall never forget how she entered with her whole heart into my plans at this time, and took every pains to help them forward.

"The gentleman had done the handsome thing by her," Mrs. Brainerd always declared when she spoke of Creighton Bell's brother-in-law; and I think she felt she owed something to me for the care I had taken of the sick boy, and that it was owing to this he had so pleasant a story to tell of his sojourn under John Brainerd's roof.

Be that as it may, one morning Mrs. Brainerd, with her husband, started, in

high spirits, from Salmon Head to the next town, in order to buy her the new black silk dress on which she had long set her heart, and the boy's sprained ankle had brought a windfall to her as well as to myself.

Mrs. Brainerd carried, also, snugly stowed away in one corner of her bag, the two gold pieces which the boy had left in my hand. The stage-driver's wife was in her element when she was before a counter, driving a shrewd bargain with some storekeeper. I have often heard the woman affirm that "only give her a little money, and nobody could beat her shopping;" and I really think she only did herself justice.

When Mrs. Brainerd returned late that day—and it seemed about the longest of my life—she took me into her bed-room and displayed her parcels, her worn face actually glowing with pleasure.

"I've made that twenty dollars hold out well, Hope; see here!" and my eyes did see, until they were fairly dazzled with wonder and delight.

First, there was a merino, of a bright crimson shade, for a sacque and dress, and some black velvet ribbon for trimming, and a brown plush hat with a bit of green pheasant's wing for a plume, and a pair of handsome balmoral boots, and lined kid gloves, soft and warm as down; and gloves and shoes fitted, to quote Mrs. Brainerd, as though they had grown there.

"I never could have got that merino at that price if it hadn't been a remnant, and I made him come down on the boots,

because they'd been made to order and worn twice, though nobody would ever think it. It takes me, Hope!" drawing a long breath and fanning herself with her handkerchief.

When it appeared that, notwithstanding all these bargains, Mrs. Brainerd had actually saved enough out of the twenty dollars to get a dressmaker, with "city patterns," for a whole day, I thought she had fairly outshone herself. "It's wonderful how far twenty dollars will go," I said at last, looking at my pile of new goods.

"Only in the right sort of hands, child—remember that," put in Mrs. Brainerd. But I wonder if there was a richer or a happier little girl in all the country than I was that night, when I carried my arm full of packages up stairs, and thought of Lewis, and wished Creighton Bell could know.

After that happy days followed. The dressmaker came and fitted, and basted, and trimmed, until what remained to be done, with a little advice once in a while from Mrs. Brainerd, was all "plain sailing" for me, and I think I set every stitch in that crimson merino sacque and dress with some pleasant thought of the friend who had given, or the brother for whom, more than for myself, I was making them.

At last, the day before Christmas, the things were all done, and I dressed myself for Lewis' benefit, knowing that he would be home early from the saw-mill that night.

It is very strange, but as true as I am

alive this moment, I can see the little girl just as I saw her then, in the old glass with the faded gilt frame, which always hung above the table in the little back room at the stage-driver's.

Mrs. Brainerd had buttoned the sacque and smoothed the folds, and tied the little brown hat with her own hands. "You wouldn't know yourself, child. I declare, Hope, I wouldn't have believed it! Look there, John!" turning me round and round, her face full of pleased wonder.

"Yes; I see," pulling himself up in his chair and squinting at me, first with one eye and then with the other.

I went to the glass and looked in, as I told you. "Was that actually Hope Darrow?" I asked myself, gazing at the figure in the bright, warm colors, with the dainty little hat a-top of her head—all so new and fresh and handsome; and everything, from the bit of shining pheasant's wing to the toes of my new boots, good enough for a queen.

To think what that twenty dollars had done! and to think, too, what Lewis would say!

I went to the window and looked out. It was beginning to grow dark already, and the sky overhead was dismal, and the wind growled low around the house, and every little while a cluster of fine snowflakes, like an army of white ants, would come spinning through the air. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand with a soft touch on my dress. I started and looked around.

"Never mind, child," said John Brainerd, with some new feeling at work in his

big, stolid face; "only as you stood there you brought back the sight of my little girl; she used to wear a bright red frock too, and stand at the window looking for me," his voice choking and the big hands fumbling at my dress. "But it came to a white shroud at last, and my little girl will never stand by the window in her red frock and the smile in her eyes, looking for me again."

Mrs. Brainerd had gone out a moment before. If she had been standing by, the stage-driver could never have got those words out, I am sure; but they seemed to go right down into my heart, and I just put up my lips and kissed the man's cheek, and never minded the red, coarse beard; and I think it seemed to him, for the moment, like a kiss from the lips of his own dead little girl. He did not say a word, but turned and went out of the room, stumbling a little worse than ever.

In a few moments I heard the click of the gate-latch, and my heart was in my mouth as I saw Lewis come up the walk, but I kept my place by the window, where it was light.

The door opened and shut. Then Lewis caught sight of me. "Who is that?" he asked, standing still and staring as though I were a little red fairy dropped right out of the clouds.

"It's your own sister, Hope Darrow, sir, and nobody else," trying to speak as pretty as I could. "Don't you know me?"

"What under the sun does it all mean?" still staring at me in a dazed way.

Then I came forward and danced and curtsied before him. "It means, Lewis Darrow, that this crimson merino dress, and the sacque to match, and the brown hat, and the green pheasant's wing, and the new balmoral boots, are all mine; and what's more, they're paid for with my own money. What do you think of that now?"

"Knock me down with a feather!"

It was real fun to watch his face, and so I kept him in a kind of blank stare and amazement for a minute or two longer, and then, in a few broken sentences, I told him the whole story—how I came by the money, and what a time I had had since Creighton Bell went away, keeping my secret and making my plans to break on him all at once with this surprise, some night.

"And just think, Lewis, this sacque is all lined and padded, and these boots are so thick the snow can never strike through them! I can go down to the bridge, now, to meet you every night, with something better than my old shawl to keep out the cold."

Lewis did not say very much, but he turned me round and round, and looked me all over, and declared he should never have known me, I had grown such a fine lady; and then, all of a sudden, he pushed me away from him, dropped down in a chair—I could hardly believe the sight of my eyes, he was always so brave and strong, but Lewis Darrow actually burst out a-crying.

"What does it mean? What is the matter?" I cried, just aghast that all my

pretty plans had turned out like this, after all. Lewis was too proud to let a girl, though she was his sister, see him cry long. He actually shook all over with the effort to control himself.

"Dont mind me, Hope; I couldn't help making a fool of myself at first. That thin shawl and those old shoes have cut me to the heart so many times when I've seen you trotting to meet me, with your little blue, pinched face; and tonight, coming home, I was thinking about all this, and—well, it was hard on a fellow, Hope, when his heart and his hands are willing to work, and yet, for all that, he must see his little sister go cold."

I broke right in here: "But I'm not going cold, Lewis. I shall be as warm as a kitten by the fire in my new sacque and dress. Just feel and see how thick and soft they are! Now, wasn't Creighton Bell kind?"

"Kind! I'll bless that boy to the last breath of my life!" It was a pity Creighton Bell couldn't hear the fervor with which this was said.

"I know he thought the money would go to buy a wax doll, or a pretty tea-set, or some other fine toys. He'd no idea what his present would do for me," I said.

"It's a pity he can't see how handsome it's made you look," replied Lewis. "I didn't suppose fine clothes could do so much for you, Hope."

Just then Mrs. Brainerd came in, eager to hear how Lewis had taken the surprise; and then she had a long story to tell about the way she had managed to get each

article under price; and Lewis listened and looked looks that were finer praise than any words.

After that, whenever the snows had not blocked up the roads, I went down at night to meet my brother in my warm dress and brown hat; and he used to tell me I looked to him, when he first caught sight of me in the distance, standing against the cold white and gray of the landscape, like a red bird, or a great crimson blossom, or anything else that was bright, and warm, and pretty; but that was only the talk of Lewis, you know.

We had other talk about Creighton Bell during those long winter evenings, when the storms shouted around the gray stone house of the stage-driver. I think Lewis must have learned, like a lesson, all the talk which had passed between the boy and me during those days when Creighton Bell was laid up with his sprained ankle in Mrs. Brainerd's parlor; but Lewis never seemed tired of listening, and I oftenest concluded with, "I know Creighton Bell will keep his promise. One of these days we shall see him here again."

"But it may be a long time first. It is best to make up your mind to that, Hope," Lewis added once.

"How long? Do you mean months and months, Lewis?"

"I was thinking of years when I spoke."

"Years! oh, Lewis, they're dreadfully long things! Why, it won't take many of them to make men of you and Creighton Bell, and a woman of me."

"Years won't seem as long to you when you are as old as I am, Hope," said Lewis, whose life had already shed off seventeen of these dreadfully long years.

The winter went by, and again there was singing of birds and budding of trees around the old stone house of the stage-driver; and during all this time there had come no sign from Creighton Bell, and all our lives went on just as they had gone before the boy had brought that fresh breeze from the great outside world into our home; and looking back on it all, I used to fancy the memory of the boy's stay amongst us was like a little picture of color, and warmth, and light, shining out brighter for the gray and gloom about it. But there came a change at last. One afternoon, when the old elm was all astir with young leaves, and there was a twittering of robins in every branch, I went down to meet Lewis, hiding myself behind the great gnarled trunk.

How happy my heart was as I waited there! It seemed as though the sap of the spring, the joy of the thrushes, had entered into me also, and when at last Lewis came along, I sprang out with a shout and caught his hand.

But as soon as I glanced up into his face I cried out, "Oh, what is the matter?"

"Will you be a brave little girl now, Hope? If you should break down I could not bear it."

I clung to him: "Whatever it is I will be brave: I will help you bear it, Lewis."

In a few words the whole came out. The owner of the saw-mill had had an

offer for his land, and had closed up the bargain that afternoon, and was going out West at once with his family. The old building would be torn down by the new owners, and so Lewis had lost his place, and that meant the loss of bread to eat and of a roof to shelter us.

I took it all in with a few gasping breaths, each one of which it seemed would make an old woman of me; but for all that, I remembered my promise to Lewis and kept faith with it.

"What are you going to do, Lewis?" as soon as I could speak.

"God above only knows, Hope, what is to become of us." His face worked. In my whole life I had never seen him so thoroughly broken down.

"He will take care of us, Lewis. Oh, I feel sure that He will find some way out of the trouble."

I really think I was braver at this time than my brother, and that it was my courage that kept heart and hope in him.

The blow was the heaviest he had ever staggered under, and for a while it seemed almost to crush heart and hope out of him.

Whenever I dared, too, to look the matter fairly in the face, it seemed as bad as bad could be.

We were actually, Lewis and I, homeless and friendless in the great world!

Those were dreary, dreary days that followed. It makes my heart sink with the old ache now, to remember them.

I used to wonder, sometimes, that the birds could sing so gayly among the green leaves, and the blossoms laugh in the

dews and sunshine without a single thought, for God took care of them, and yet that he could forget all about us—Lewis and me.

I was frightened at the dreadful thoughts which came to me sometimes, as though they buzzed in the very air; and oh, dear me! I don't like to remember the nights when I couldn't sleep for the trouble, and lay wide awake and cried all alone in the darkness and stillness.

But, for all that, I always met Lewis with a brave face and a bright smile when he came home at night, although I always read the story in his face before I spoke one word—the dreadful story that he had found no work.

At last the worst came. I had foreseen it all along; but that did not make it any easier at the last. Lewis must go away from Salmon Head, and find work in some larger place.

I could bear anything but that, I thought—to be separated from my brother; and when he first spoke of it, looking in my face all the time to see how I would take it, I just wrung my hands in a swift spasm of pain, and shrieked out, "Oh, Lewis, let us starve first!"

He looked at me with some dreadful anguish in his eyes. "I'd rather do it for myself than leave you, Hope, only dependence is worse than death."

When he said that I tried to get up some heart again, and I told my brother at last, if he did not go so very far away, and I could be certain of seeing him once in a while, I would take courage and try to bear it, and perhaps after a while he

would find something that I could do, so I could come and live near him once more.

So it was settled at last that Lewis should go off to the city in search of employment—the great, distant city that, whenever I thought of it, seemed to me like some vast, noisy, greedy monster, ready to open its jaws and crunch everybody who entered into them.

“I’ve a strong heart and two hands ready to put into anything which offers,” said Lewis; “but there’s no use staying around Salmon Head. I might turn in among the farm-hands, though I’m not used to that sort of work, and get enough to barely carry me through the summer; but then there’s the winter, and there’s you, Hope.”

One of the darkest days John Brainerd stumbled in upon our talk, his great pipe of coarse tobacco in his mouth, the fumes of which always turned me sick whenever they came in my way. The man took two or three extra whiffs now before he spoke:

“You’re in a tight place just now, Lewis, and we won’t say anything about the girl’s board till you’re out on’t. She can stay just the same and never mind. It’ll seem, anyhow, pretty much like doin’ it for a little gal o’ mine I had once, and that I shouldn’t liked to a’ seen turned out into the world.”

Then the man bolted right off. It was his fashion, you know. Lewis and I did not speak a word for a long time afterward, but we shall never forget that speech of the old stage-driver’s, nor the

hand he reached out to help us in our utmost need.

Mrs. Brainerd, too, never alluded to the matter, but her husband must have talked it all over with her beforehand; and it seemed to me that her voice and manner had both grown softer since the trouble came upon us.

Of course there was no time to be lost, now that Lewis had once made up his mind to go. One or two of the neighbors gave him letters to friends of theirs in the city, and I mended his stockings and got things in readiness for him to start, although it seemed as though my heart would break, thinking of the long, lonely times that were to come.

It was the day before Lewis was to leave, and he and I took our last walk together down to the old bridge, where I had gone all winter to meet him in my warm crimson dress.

It was a beautiful afternoon now, just on the edge of June, and it seemed to me the world never looked so beautiful, and yet never seemed so sad as it did on that last walk of ours. We did not say much to each other, and like a mournful tune, the words kept ringing and ringing through my head: “There will be no Lewis to walk with you to-morrow night!”

We came up the lane at last, and the stage stood before the gate, just as it had stood that dreary autumn night when we had seen the red fire-light shine out of the front windows in Mrs. Brainerd’s parlor. As we drew near the house, the woman came suddenly out of the side-

door and ran down to meet us. She had on her black silk dress and seemed in a flurry of excitement.

"They've come, and they've been waiting all this time for you!" she broke out.

"Who has come?" we both asked.

"Why Creighton Bell and his sister, and her husband; and we haven't done anything but talk about you; and I couldn't leave until you got back, and not the first step made toward supper for all them fine folks."

"Creighton Bell! Oh, I said he would come—I said he would come, you know, Lewis!" I shouted, and it seemed as though in a moment a great, stifling ache and darkness rolled straight off from my heart.

WATERING HIS GARDEN WITH RAIN.

By Irene L——.

IT was a great disappointment to Edgar. He was all dressed and ready for a walk with his mother in the fields and woods, when it suddenly grew dark and large rain-drops came pattering against the window.

"Oh dear!" he cried, as he looked up at the clouds—"Oh dear! it's always the way when I'm going out. I wish it would never rain."

"What did my little boy say?" asked Edgar's mother, who heard these fretful sentences. "Never rain?"

"There's no good in it," Edgar replied, his face as gloomy as the sky. "No good at all, but to wet the ground and

make it so muddy a little boy can't go out."

"Do you know what makes the grass grow?"

Edgar did not answer.

"It is the rain," said his mother. "If it were never to rain any more, the grass, and flowers, and trees would all die. We should have no grain or fruit for food. The earth would become a barren waste, and birds, and beasts, and men would all perish."

Edgar got down from the chair and came to where his mother was sitting.

"Does the rain make things grow, mamma?" he asked, the look of fretfulness going out of his face; and his mother answered:

"The rain and the sunshine together."

"Oh! I didn't know that," said Edgar.

"You've seen me water the flowers. They were dry, just as little boys get dry, and I gave them water to drink. If I had not done so, they would have withered and died. Now, the earth is a great fruit and flower garden, given to us by the Lord; and he waters it with rain. If he were not to do so, every green thing would perish, and we would have neither food to eat nor water to drink. Isn't he good?"

Edgar had climbed to his mother's lap, and was looking earnestly into her face.

"And is he watering his garden now, mamma?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

Edgar was silent for some moments.



In the pause the patter of large drops could be heard on the window panes. A gentle, serious, but sweet expression was resting on his countenance.

"I hope he's not angry with me," said the child, a little tremor in his voice.

"No, darling; God is never angry with us, but only sorry when we do wrong."

"It was wrong for me to wish it would never rain."

"You didn't mean to do wrong."

"No, ma'am. I only felt so bad; and I didn't know that it was the good Lord watering his garden with rain."

"And here comes his sunshine after the rain!" exclaimed Edgar's mother, as beams of light came bursting into the room. "He has watered the earth as a garden, and now sends upon it his twin blessing of sunshine. Come to the window and let us see how beautiful it is making everything."

The clouds had broken and were passing away. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began. On every leaf and flower and blade of grass hung crystal drops, brighter in the sunbeams than diamonds; and far away in the heavens a beautiful rainbow had thrown its arch of colors on the clouds.

"God knows best, my darling, when to send the rain and when the sunshine," said the mother.

Peace had come into the child's heart, and he only answered:

"I am glad now that the good Lord has sent the rain."

JOSIE'S BLOCKS.

By M. O. F.

JOSIE'S father had come home from New York, and brought him a box of blocks. They were very handsome, with pictures of animals on one side. The little boy was highly pleased, as he said he could build and "play menagerie" too. For a long time they were his favorite playthings; but he shared his pleasure with his sister and playmates, and even lent his blocks for a whole week to a little friend who was sick.

But one day he was selfish with them, and disobedient too. He was playing up stairs when he heard his mother calling him. He was just in the midst of building a very grand castle, and though he knew he ought to reply at once, waited to put on a few more blocks. She called again and again, but he did not answer, though he kept saying to himself, to quiet his conscience, "I will in a minute."

But when the minute and another minute had passed, he did not hear the call.

He played on, but his blocks seemed to have lost their interest. His houses "didn't look pretty," his bridges "wouldn't stand." Pretty soon he gave up and tried other toys, but his pleasure for that day was lost, and at tea-time he went down feeling ashamed to meet his father and mother.

"Where have you been, Josie?" his mother asked. "I called you several times, but you were not in doors."

Josie was tempted, but he would not

tell a falsehood. He owned his fault at once.

"Oh, Josie!" she said, in a sad, surprised tone, "I did not think that of you. Uncle James was here with Lily and Arthur, and wanted you to go to Cochituate with them."

Poor Josie! this was about as much as he could bear. He had not seen his cousins for several weeks, and a ride to Cochituate was a rare pleasure. It was such a pleasant road, and the blue lake itself was very beautiful, gleaming in spring sunshine, with its surroundings of hills and woods, and its little gate-house in one corner. Josie liked to go into the gate-house and look at the great wheel; he liked to go down to the water's edge and watch the fishes gliding about in its clear depths. The road crossed the middle of the lake like a band of ribbon, and standing on the bridge, it would be hard to say which side gave the prettier view. Josie had lost it all wholly through his own fault, as he well knew, and he was afterward more obedient—more careful not only to do right things, but to do them in the right time.

THE BIRDS.

THE birds came to my window
And perched upon my sill,
And oh, they looked so hungry!—
So very, very chill!
I lifted up the window,
And gave them out some crumbs:
They will thank me with their music
As soon as summer comes.

OUR SAMMY.

By Beulah.

EYES a nut-brown hue,
How we all love you,
Little Sammy!
Ah! that childish face,
By its own sweet grace,
Winneth it a place
Time cannot efface
In the hearts of many.

"Would you have me stay
With you all the day,
Until after dinner?"
Glad, she answered, "Yes,"
With a mute caress;
For his loveliness,
Surely it could win her.

With a happy smile,
Stayed he yet a while—
With no fears—
Full of winsome ways,
Even in his plays
Wise beyond his years.

Quick his heart doth beat
Time to dancing feet;
Gentle Shepherd, lead,
In each hour of need,
Through a flowery mead,
Our sweet lamb, we plead!
Darling Sammy!

THE fairest faces that we know
Are not the brows of beauty,
And the blesseddest ways in which we go
Are the homely paths of duty.



YOU CAN'T CATCH THE FISHES.

TAKE care, little girl!

You can't catch the dear, tiny fishes; they won't let you; and if you should bend over a little too far, you will fall into the water, and then who would get you out? Oh dear! you would be drowned, I'm afraid, for I don't see your mamma or anybody else.

I know the fishes are beautiful, with their shining sides turned to the sun, and looking like silver and gold; but they won't let you catch them, little one. The moment your hand touches the water down they will go, and you, reaching too far, may tumble in; so, come away from the water. Hark! Isn't your mamma calling? Yes, I'm sure she is; and I hope she is near, and will come right away ere you fall in, for then you might be drowned before she could get you out.

MILK AT SECOND-HAND.

WE find this amusing anecdote in a recent number of *HOURS AT HOME*:

Willy and Freddy both were very fond of milk, and a mug of it always completed their supper. But while in the country last summer it so happened that they one day saw the girl milking.

"There, Willy," said Freddy, "you see that, do you? I don't want any more milk after the cow's had it;" and he withdrew, very much disgusted,

That evening, when their mugs of milk were placed on the table, both stood untouched. A reason of this being asked, Freddy simply declared that he didn't want any milk after the cow had had it, but further refused to explain. Willy, however, told of the discovery of the morning.

Their mother then explained to them that the milk did not come to them second-

hand; that the cow ate grass, which was changed into milk by a wonderful chemical process, akin to that which produced everything in nature. In the light of this explanation Willy was satisfied, but Freddy still turned up his nose at milk.

After supper, Willy, who, on these important occasions, always acted as expounder, took his brother aside into a corner.

"It's all right, Freddy," he said, "and you can just go on drinking your milk again. The cow eats grass, and that's what makes it. Now, if the cow didn't eat the grass, you'd have to, you see. That's what the cow's for."

Freddy resumed his evening draughts. To his mind the only alternative was eating grass, and from that he shrank.

TWO FACES.

A WRITER in THE NURSERY tells its little readers of a girl who has two faces—one of them sweet and smiling when visitors call, and the other sour and discontented when alone with her mother. No one would think her to be the same little girl who behaved so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress; the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

"I know another little girl," says this writer, "who has only one face, and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never

so sweet as when alone with mamma. Which little girl do you like best—the one with two faces, or the other who has but one? And which will you be like?"

ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO WISHED HERSELF A BIRD OR A BUTTERFLY.

By Kate Sutherland.

"IF I were a bird or a butterfly!" said Nellie Gray, as she turned over the pages of a picture-book.

"What then?" asked a voice near her.

"Oh! It's you, aunty!" Nelly started with a look of surprise, as she spoke. "I didn't know you were in the room."

"I only came in this moment. But what about the bird and butterfly, dear? I should think, from your tone of voice, that you envied them."

"So I do sometimes—they are so free and happy. It's all holiday with them; no hard tasks nor tiresome work."

"Why, Nelly dear!"

"Well, aunty, I've thought it many and many a time, and now I've said it. I s'pose it's wicked, but I can't help it if it is."

"No, not wicked, but foolish," said Aunt Carrie.

"What is wicked, aunty? I'd just like to know."

"It is wicked to break God's commandments—to blaspheme, to steal, to kill, to bear false witness, to covet, or do any evil thing to your neighbor."

"Oh! Then it isn't wicked to wish myself a bird or a butterfly."

"Only foolish, not wicked."

"I'm glad it isn't wicked, aunty," said Nelly, drawing a long breath of relief, "for I want to be a good little girl; but Becky Jones is always saying to me, 'Oh, don't do this! it's wicked,' and, 'Oh, don't say that! it's wicked,' until I'm so worried and kind of tangled up that I don't sometimes care what I do or say. 'If that's wicked,' I said to her yesterday, as we came home from Sunday-school, 'then I'm wicked, and I don't care if I am.'"

"What was it that she called wicked?" asked Aunt Carrie.

"I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and sat down and put my feet in the beautiful water. Oh, it was so cool and clear! And then she cried out, 'Oh, you naughty girl! that's wicked!' And when I climbed over the fence to chase a butterfly and get some laurel blossoms, she said, 'You wicked little thing!' but she took a bunch of the flowers when I gave them to her; and I couldn't help thinking that if it was wicked in me to pull them, it must be wicked in her to take them. How is that, aunty?"

"Well, I should say," replied Aunt Carrie, "that if there was anything wicked about your getting the flowers, Becky shared your wickedness in taking them."

"Just my own thought. But what about it, aunty? Is it wicked to put your feet in the water or to pull a flower on Sunday?"

"It is wicked to think evil or to do evil," said Aunt Carrie.

"Oh yes, I know that. I mustn't steal, or kill, or bear false witness; and it's just as bad to do any of these things on weekdays as on Sundays. But there's a commandment about Sunday, you know, aunty. We must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. And it's just here that I'm puzzled."

"What is the puzzle?"

"I don't know what keeping it holy means. Is it holy to look solemn and scold little children if they happen to laugh, or look at a picture-book, or jump and run about?"

"Who does that, Carrie?"

"Becky Jones' mother. Oh dear! I wouldn't live in her house for all the gold in the world. Is that the way to keep the Sabbath holy?"

"It isn't my way," said Aunt Carrie, smiling.

"No indeed," answered the little girl, "I guess it isn't your way! And you're as good as Mrs. Jones, and a great deal better. But, aunty dear, what does it mean? How are we to keep the Sabbath holy?"

"We keep it holy when we put away evil thoughts and selfish feelings, and do good to others as we have opportunity."

"But shouldn't we do that every day, aunty?"

"Yes, dear; but on Sunday we are free from the cares and duties of worldly life, and have time to give our thoughts more directly to higher and purer things. On that day we pause in the work, the care,

the hurry and bustle of life, and have rest for both mind and body. We make the day sacred to other things than toil and study, buying and selling and getting gain. We have time to care for our souls that are to live for ever; and we make the day holy when we think about God and his divine teachings, and sincerely desire to do his will. In doing good to our neighbors on that day we keep it holy; and we keep it holy when we put away mere worldly cares and anxieties, trusting in God that he will make all things work together for our good, if we keep his law.

"We need not be solemn, nor wear forbidding faces," continued Aunt Carrie, "in order to keep the Sabbath day holy. We may gather the flowers, whose beauty and perfume tell us of Him who made them, if we will; and put our white feet in the crystal water, pure and refreshing as truth. We may walk abroad and see God in his beautiful works; we may be cheerful, and laugh if we are glad at heart. But we may not sin."

"Oh, I'm glad it isn't wicked to pull flowers and chase butterflies on Sunday!" said Nelly, taking a deep breath, like one who feels a great weight suddenly removed. "If Sunday is the Lord's day, it seems to me it ought to be the happiest day of all the week; but I'm sure if I lived with Mrs. Jones, I'd be sorry when it came, and glad when it was over."

"The good Lord," answered Aunt Carrie, "is never displeased with us for being happy. He doesn't want us to put

on sad faces and make Sunday, or any other day, gloomy. Sunday is one of his good gifts to men, and he wishes us to use it in all ways, innocently, that will lead us to forget the world and its common cares, and make us think of him as our loving Father and Friend."

"And there isn't anything wicked in wishing myself a bird or a butterfly," said Nelly, "for that isn't breaking a commandment or doing harm to any one. It is only foolish, you said."

"I said it was foolish," replied Aunt Carrie, "but I'll use another word—thoughtless. We say a good many things, without thinking, that we do not really mean. And yet these foolish or thoughtless things, as we call them, are not always mere idle words."

"Were mine idle words, aunty?" asked Nelly.

"Why did you say them?"

"Oh, because I was so tired with my hard lessons; and when I looked at this little picture and thought of the fields and flowers, and bright water, I wished myself a bird or a butterfly, that I might be among them."

"That is, you were longing for rest and change. The task was so hard that you had grown weary. No, I will not call them idle words, my dear; but only your way of saying what we all sometimes say when overburdened with work or care. We want rest and change, and often long for it as much as you longed just now for the garden and fields."

"And it isn't wicked to have such feelings, aunty?"



"No, dear. He who made us knew that we would have them."

"Did he?"

"Oh yes; and in his love for us, he set apart one day in every seven, in which we could have rest for the body and refreshment for the mind. He gave to men the blessed Sabbath, that it might be the sweetest, happiest and best day in all the week. Your wish to be a bird or a butterfly came of your longing for change and rest, for that higher and purer life of which the Sabbath is not only a symbol, but the means whereby it is gained."

"Thank you, aunty dear," said Nelly. "I feel so much better now. I don't understand it all, but maybe I will when I'm older; but I'm glad it is not wicked to wish myself a bird sometimes, when I'm tired of sitting in my room studying

hard lessons; or wicked to pull flowers and run about in the fields and garden on Sunday, if I feel like it. Oh, I shall enjoy the Sundays so much more now, and thank God for them!"

A LITTLE boy, seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door, counting some money held in his hand, and evidently about to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, "Don't go in there." The man put his hand, with the money, in his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice and did not go in.

"How do you keep out of quarrels?" asked one friend of another. "Oh, easily enough," was replied. "If a man gets angry with me, I let him have all the quarrel to himself."



LAUDERBACH & CO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

WESTCOTT & THOMSON,
Stereotypers,
PHILADELPHIA.

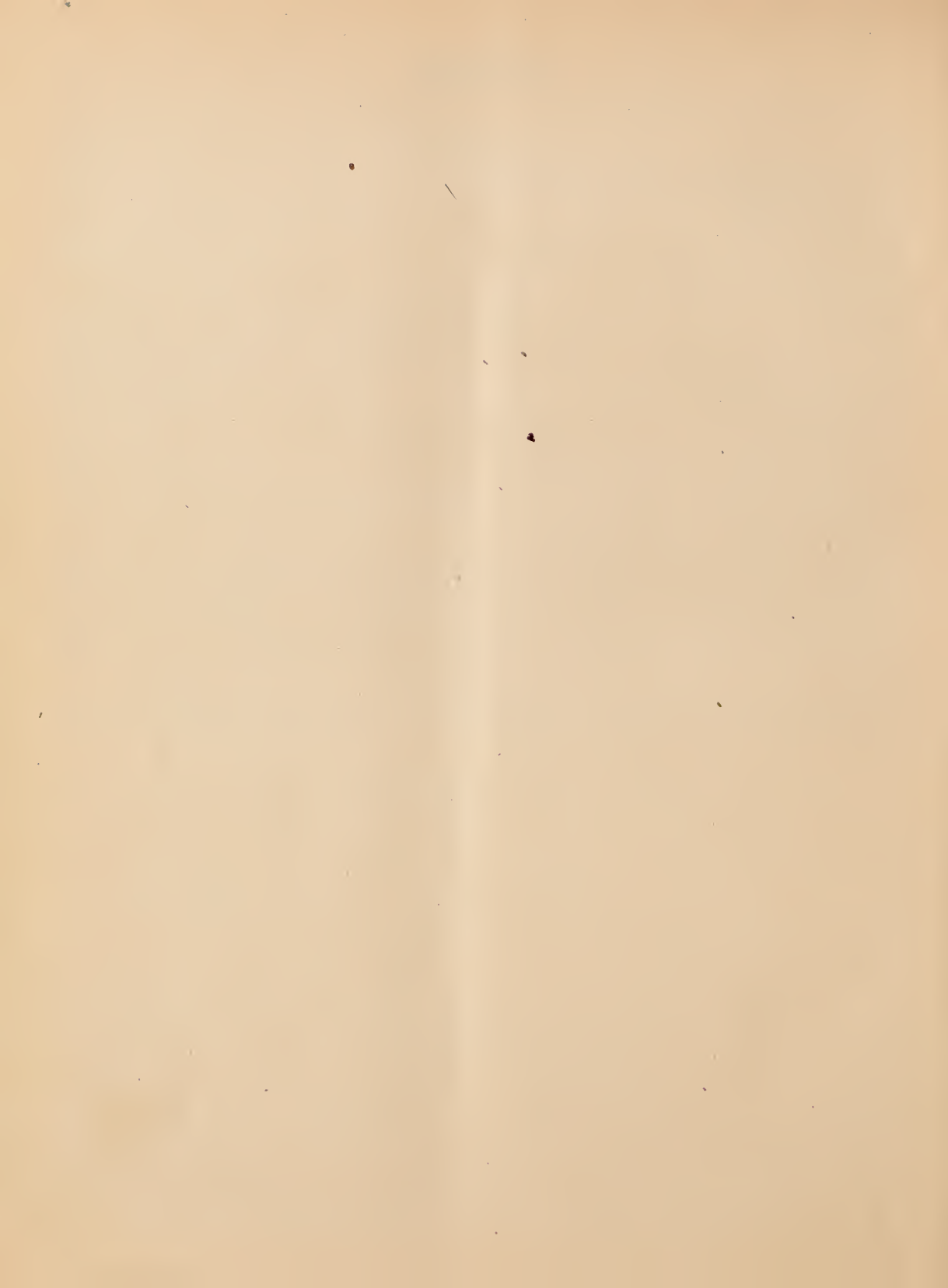
DEACON & PETERSON,
Printers,
PHILADELPHIA.

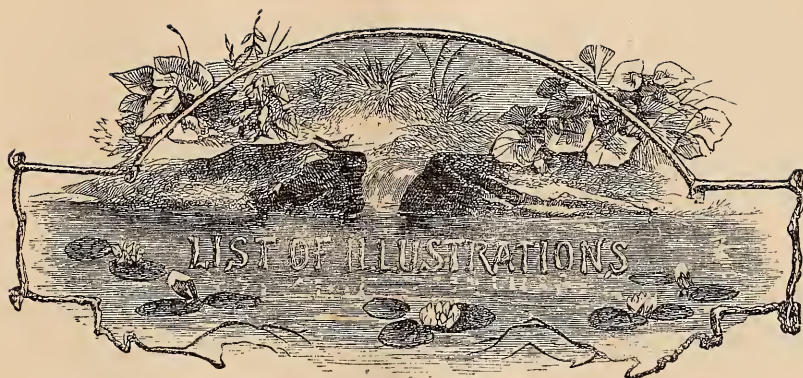
Contents.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT.....	PAGE 40
ANECDOTE OF A KING.....	70
A TRAP FOR A HUMMING-BIRD.....	116
A LESSON OF MERCY. BY ALICE CARY.....	131
ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS. BY E. B. D.....	141
A LETTER TO THE READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.....	155
ANECDOTE OF A DOG.....	156
A GOOD RULE.....	189
BARBARA BLUE. BY ALICE CARY.....	9
BY AND BY.....	103
COUNTING BABY'S TOES.....	32
CARRIE AND HER COUSINS.....	71
CHASING A BUTTERFLY.....	104
EVA'S FAIRY STORY. BY M. O. J.....	182
FRANK AND SAIDEE. BY SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.....	28
FATHER'S BOOTS.....	165
FORGIVE AND FORGET.....	184
GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK.....	76
HOW TO GET GOOD FEELINGS. BY AUNT CARRIE.....	22
KITTIE'S TABLEAUX. BY MARY LATHAM CLARK.....	143
LITTLE MISSIONARIES. BY CLIO STANLEY.....	33, 64, 90
LEOPARD. BY M. O. J.....	99
LOST IN THE HIGHLANDS. BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	117
LITTLE VIALS; OR CHILDREN'S PRAYERS. BY M. O. J.....	123
LITTLE HARRY. BY G. H. M.....	179

MORE ABOUT "EASTER EGGS." By MARY LATHAM CLARK.....	PAGE 25
MABEL'S STORY. By MAY LEONARD.....	52
MY SISTER.....	57
MARY JANE JONES. By ROSELLA RICE.....	57
MY DOLLIES. By KATY.....	72
MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.....	100
MOUSIE AND HER BABIES. By ROSELLA RICE.....	105
MAGGIE LEE. By MRS. MARY E. MCKINNE.....	133
MARIA AND HER COUSIN. By AUNT LIZZIE.....	169
"MAYN'T I BE A BOY?".....	189
NETTIE'S PEARLS. By MINNIE MOSS.....	183
OUR TEMPLE. By C. L.....	98
OUR "BABY GREY." By G. H. M.....	115
OUR PET BEAR. By HALLIE C.....	187
SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS. By UNCLE HERBERT.....	62
SOMETHING ABOUT EYES. By PEARL PEVERIL.....	68
SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.....	71
SIX LITTLE PINS. By LOUISE V. BOYD.....	93
SAINT BARBARA.....	125
SNAKE-CHARMERS.....	135
SILVERFOOT. By ADA M. KENNICOTT.....	161
"SHALL I EAT IT ALL MYSELF?".....	184
TERRACE RIDGE. A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW." By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.....	11, 42, 81, 106, 145 172
THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.....	16
THE TWO FACES.....	23
THE SUNNY SIDE.....	23
THE NEW SCHOLAR.....	25
THE SLEEP OF DEATH. By IRENE L——.....	32
THE BUTTERFLY.....	33
THE PET MOUSE. By ANNIE MOORE.....	37
THE WILL FOR THE DEED. By M. O. J.....	41
THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A HEROINE. By ——.....	49
THE KING'S MISTAKE. By MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.....	55
TOM-TIT. By L. J. HAGNER.....	55
THE CHILDREN'S COLT. By ROSELLA RICE.....	73
THE SONG OF THE BEE.....	79
THE QUICK TEMPER. By UNCLE HERBERT.....	80
THE LITTLE ITALIAN BOY.....	88
THE GREEN HERON. By MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.....	96

	PAGE
THE CHANGED SPRING. By Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON.....	101
THE VOICE FROM THE WATER. By RAY RIDGWAY.....	113
THE LITTLE SEEDS.....	115
THE FRIGATE-BIRD. By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.....	120
THE WIND AND THE FROST. By ANNIE MOORE.....	130
THE ROSE AND THE EARWIG.....	132
TOO HOT.....	137
THE LITTLE WAITING-MAID. By Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON.....	138
THE CUCKOO. By ANNIE MOORE.....	141
THE USEFUL SISTERS. By C. R. W.....	142
THE RACCOON.....	152
THE LITTLE DROP THAT FELL FROM THE BLACK CLOUD.....	157
THE KING-FISHERS. By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.....	158
THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.....	179
THE SNOW-STORM.....	180
THE PIG AND THE HEN. By ALICE CARY.....	186
THE TRUE SECRET.....	187
THE WALKING LEAF.....	188
THE GOOD SHEPHERD.....	191
THE OSTRICH. By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.....	191
WILLIE AND THE APPLE.....	134
WILLIE'S HAPPY DAY. By Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON.....	190





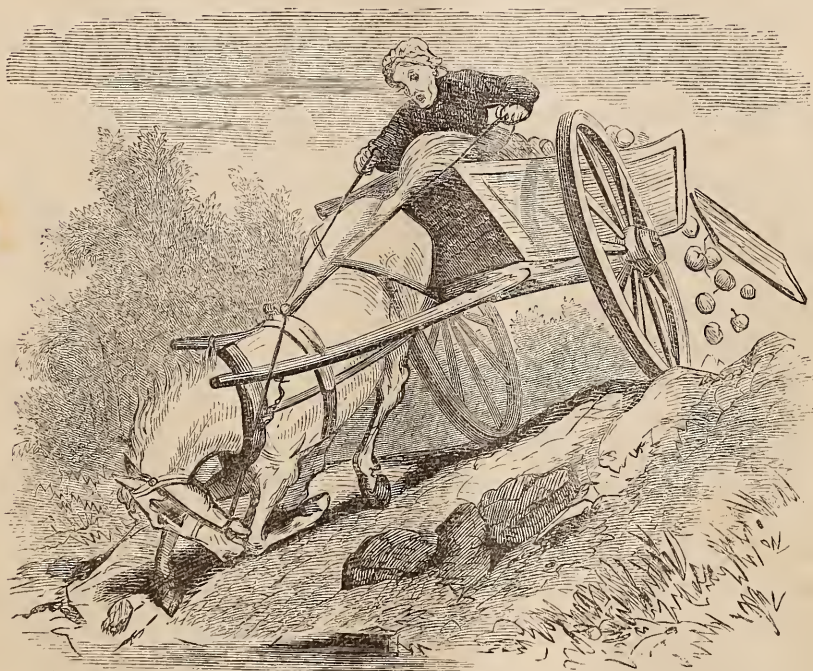
	PAGE
1.—BARBARA BLUE.....	9
2.—THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.....	16
3.—THE NEW SCHOLAR.....	24
4.—THE BUTTERFLY.....	33
5.—A PORTRAIT.....	40
6.—THE WILL FOR THE DEED.....	41
7.—THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A HEROINE.....	49
8.—THE SISTERS.....	56
9.—LITTLE MISSIONARIES.....	64
10.—MY DOLLIES.....	72
11.—THE CHILDREN'S COLT.....	73
12.—THE QUICK TEMPER.....	80
13.—THE LITTLE ITALIAN BOY.....	88
14.—THE GREEN HERON.....	96
15.—CHASING A BUTTERFLY.....	104
16.—MOUSIE AND HER BABIES.....	105
17.—A TRAP FOR A HUMMING-BIRD.....	116
18.—THE FRIGATE-BIRD.....	121
19.—SAINT BARBARA.....	125
20.—THE SNAKE-CHARMER.....	135
21.—TOO HOT.....	137
22.—GATHERING FLOWERS.....	144

23.—CHASING A BUTTERFLY.....	144
24.—A LOST CHILD.....	145
25.—FOUND AT LAST.....	145
26.—THE RACCOON.....	153
27.—THE JACAMAR.....	160
28.—FATHER'S BOOTS.....	165
29.—MARIA AND HER COUSIN.....	169
30.—THE SNOW-STORM.....	180
31.—“SHALL I EAT IT ALL MYSELF?”.....	185
32.—THE WALKING-LEAF.....	188
33.—THE OSTRICH.....	192

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JULY, 1869.



BARBARA BLUE.

By Alice Cary.

THERE was an old woman
Named Barbara Blue,
But not the old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
And didn't know what
With her children to do!
VOL. VI.—2

For she that I tell you of
Lived all alone,
A miserly creature
As ever was known,
And had never a chick
Nor a child of her own.

She kept very still, and
Some said she was meek;

Others said she was only
Too stingy to speak—
That her little dog fed
On one bone for a week!

She made apple-pies,
And she made them so tart
That the mouths of the children
Who ate them would smart;
And these she went peddling
About in a cart.

One day, on her travels,
She happened to meet
A farmer, who said
He had apples so sweet
That all the town's-people
Would have them to eat.

"And how do you sell them?"
Says Barbara Blue.
"Why, if you want only
A bushel or two,"
Says the farmer, "I don't mind
To give them to you."

"What! give me a bushel?"
Cries Barbara Blue—
"A bushel of apples,
And sweet apples too!"
"Be sure," says the farmer—
"Be sure, ma'am, I do."

And then he said if she
Would give him a tart
(She had a great basket full
There in her cart),
He would show her the orchard,
And then they would part.

So she picked out a little one,
Burnt at the top,

And held it a moment
And then let it drop,
And then said she hadn't
A moment to stop,
And drove her old horse
Away, hippity hop!

One night when the air was
All blind with the snow,
Dame Barbara, driving
So soft and so slow
That the farmer her whereabouts
Never would know,

Went after the apples;
And avarice grew
When she saw their red coats,
Till, before she was through,
She took twenty bushels,
Instead of the two!

She filled the cart full,
And she heaped it a-top,
And if just an apple
Fell off, she would stop,
And then drive ahead again,
Hippity hop!

Her horse now would stumble,
And now he would fall,
And where the high river-bank
Sloped like a wall,
Sheer down, they went over it,
Apples and all!

It is easier to blame others than to do
better ourselves.

NEVER trouble another for what you
can do yourself.

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BRAINERD'S tongue kept at work like the buzzing of a swarm of bees, until it stopped at last at her parlor door, where she left Lewis and me.

I took them all in at a glance—Creighton Bell with his restless head bobbing in and out of the window, and his brother-in-law sitting opposite with a pile of traveling shawls and valises about him, and the elegant lady leaning back in the large arm-chair and seeming to fill the whole room with a presence of grace and beauty that made me almost afraid to come where it was.

Then Creighton Bell's voice rang out like a flute's: "There they are at last! Have you been hiding on purpose all this time?" and he was at my side actually kissing and shaking hands all in a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Creighton, I'm glad to see you once more! We should not have kept you waiting a moment if we had known, you may be certain."

Then, while Lewis and Creighton were shaking hands, the gentleman came forward and said, with his most pleasant smile, "I can't allow that young jackanapes any liberties that I don't claim myself. You haven't forgotten me, my little girl?"

"Oh no, sir! You are Mr. Fairfax. I

am very glad you are come too;" and then he did just what Creighton had done a moment before.

Afterward, he took me up to the beautiful lady, who sat with her curious, amused smile watching all that was going on. "Pauline," he said, "this is the little girl, Hope Darrow, of whom you and I have heard so much."

The lady leaned forward with her wonderful, proud, beautiful face that seemed too dainty and fine for any real, every-day life. She took my fingers in her soft, white hands sparkling with rings, and she touched my forehead with her lips. "Yes, Hope," she said, and her voice was pleasant, like one which would slip smoothly and brightly along a tune—"Yes, we have all heard a great deal about you, Hope."

It was said very kindly and graciously, but I understood from that moment why Creighton Bell had said, when I spoke of his sister, "Yes, I have Pauline—yes." The boy brought up Lewis now, and introduced him to his relatives, and after that Creighton Bell had the talk, most of the time, to himself.

It appeared that the party were on their way to their country-seat a little earlier than usual this season, as Mrs. Fairfax was quite worn out with city gayeties and excitements.

The young brother had prevailed on his relatives to take the Salmon-Head route on purpose to stop at John Brainerd's and find out what had become of his friends, who, to use his own way of talking, had not written him a word, but

kept as still as squirrels in their holes all winter.

"But we couldn't write without knowing where to address you," said Lewis.

"If you had taken the pains to read my letters, you wouldn't have been at any loss," answered Creighton, with plenty of spirit.

"Your letters! What letters?" said Lewis and I together.

Then it all came out that the boy had written us twice, and both letters had failed to reach us.

Creighton Bell struck his hands together. "I knew there must be some good reason for it," he said. "It wasn't like you to turn the cold shoulder to a fellow like that; but what an ungrateful monster you must have thought me, to neglect you in that fashion, after all your care and kindness!"

"You would never say that again, if you had once heard Hope's earnest, 'Oh, I know he will come back some day, Lewis! He said he would, and I am sure he will keep his word,'" laughed my brother.

"How many times did she say that?" asked Mr. Fairfax, turning his pleasant smile on me.

"If I should make a rough estimate, I should say at least once a day."

"What! so often as that? Bravo, Hope!" and the boy came over and shook hands with me. "I wish everybody had as much faith in what I say," with a comic glance in the direction of Pauline.

She answered it. I soon found they were rallying each other a good deal, half

in play, half in earnest. "If Hope knew you as well as I do, Creighton, she would place less faith in your promises."

I could not tell whether the lady really meant what she said, but in a few minutes Mrs. Brainerd called me out into the hall.

"You don't mind if I told them, Hope?" she said.

"Told them about what, Mrs. Brainerd?" I asked.

"Oh, about your affairs. I see well enough that was what they was after, and so it all came out about the saw-mill, and Lewis starting off to-morrow for the city and leaving you all alone, and a good many other things."

"Other things! What else was there to tell?"

"Well, about the bargains we made with Creighton Bell's money, and what a nice, warm suit it kept you in all winter."

"Oh, Mrs. Brainerd, how could you!" feeling the blood hot in my face.

"Nonsense, child! Don't go to blushing over it. There's no harm done to anybody, and I knew what I was about."

Of course there was no help for the matter now, and Mrs. Brainerd had proved herself a kind friend during our troubles. If she had only shown a little more delicacy about our affairs, but I remembered a sentence that I had written in my copy-book, because it struck me at the time: "One must take people as they are in this world, and not as one might like to have them."

So once again I helped Mrs. Brainerd get out her best china; and the broiling

chickens and the browning biscuit were filling the room with savory odors when I returned to the parlor.

I found the party there deep in discussing their arrangements for the night. Creighton Bell had a fancy to remain at the stage-driver's until the following day, but his sister insisted they must be at the Ridge that night.

"Oh, Pauline, you are so fussy!" said Creighton Bell to his sister, speaking in anything but a kind and amiable tone of voice.

"You are the most unreasonable boy that I ever met, Creighton. Here I've come all this distance out of my way just to please you and Dick, and now you come up with another of your absurd plans; but I shall go over to-night with Mr. Brainerd, if I leave the rest of you here," a fretful, wearied look around the beautiful mouth, and the voice full of rapid impatience.

"Come, children, don't go to having a squabble now. You shall have your way about getting home to-night, Pauline," added the lady's husband, in very much the tone one would have used to a spoiled child. One could see the man was very fond of his beautiful wife, and that he was disposed to humor all her whims, and that it was just as her brother had said—Pauline was used to being petted and flattered.

The lady leaned back in her chair, now, with a tired, fretted look, which I began to think would grow into her face as its youth and bloom vanished, and I wondered whether, after all, it would not grow

to be one of the unhappy, dissatisfied old faces I had seen sometimes.

But that seemed wrong to think of Creighton Bell's sister, and when, at some jest of her husband, the smile brightened suddenly where the frown had darkened a moment before, one half forgot the shadow that had been for the brightness that was.

"Come, we have no time to lose," said Mr. Fairfax. "Suppose we leave Pauline and Hope to amuse each other, while we three go out and have a talk together."

"Yes; that will put Creighton in a better temper," replied the lady, pleasantly.

The three went out together, but the boy turned back and said to me, "We won't be gone a great while, Hope, and I think when we return you will hear something very pleasant."

So Creighton Bell's sister and I were left alone together, and when I looked at her, sitting there in her beauty and grace, I smiled a little to myself at the thought of just me—Hope Darrow—"amusing" such a fine lady.

Mrs. Fairfax caught the smile. "What is it pleases you, Hope?" she asked, very graciously.

"Oh, it was nothing, ma'am, worth telling," I answered, a good deal confused.

"But I should like to know, Hope," and now the smile came with all its persuasive sweetness into her face, and I knew then, whatever her pride and her temper might be, it was no wonder that

men and women praised and admired the sister of Creighton Bell.

So I stammered out my thought in some broken way, dreadfully ashamed both at it and myself.

The lady's smile came sweeter and brighter than ever. "That is a very pretty, delicate compliment," she said, "and I know it came right out of an honest little heart, which is more than one is certain of when one is praised and flattered among crowds of what you would call, I suppose, grand men and women.

"And now, Hope, if I should tell you all the nice things I have heard of you, I suspect you would blush a little deeper than you do now; but I am glad to have a chance to thank you for all your kindly care of my brother when he was laid up here last fall. It was his own fault, but that did not make the pain any easier, and Creighton is a dear, noble fellow, although he is such a dreadful tease and bother."

"I'm sure, ma'am, there isn't anything to thank me for. It was very little that I could do."

I could not talk with the elegant lady as I could with her frank, generous brother, who, no doubt, had plenty of faults on his part. I looked at her sitting there in her pride, and grace, and beauty, and felt how impossible it would be to tell her of my dead mother, or of what Lewis was to me; but for all that, she was kind and gracious, and when the weary look came into her face and she leaned her head back among the cushions, saying that the long day's travel had

quite worn her out, I brought a pillow for her head and a cushion for her feet, and left her to fall asleep until the others returned.

It seemed to me they were gone a very long time, although it must have been less than an hour, but I was in a flutter of excitement all the while, wondering what they were talking about so long, and thinking of Creighton Bell's look and smile when he said, "You will hear something very pleasant, Hope."

At last the three returned. I saw, as soon as I glanced into Lewis' face, that something had happened which had moved him to the depths. "It's all settled, Hope," shouted Creighton Bell, catching sight of me in the door.

"And, Lewis, it's good, is it?"

"Come into the parlor and you shall see for yourself," said my brother; and if I had been stark blind and heard his voice, there would have been no need to ask him the question I had. So we all went into the parlor and roused Mrs. Fairfax from her slumber, and I stood in their midst, and Creighton Bell clapped his hands together and turned to his sister and said, "You haven't told a single word, Pauline? You know you promised."

"Not a lisp, Creighton," rubbing the sleep out of her great, dusky eyes, while my heart throbbed and it seemed as though we were all actors in a play.

"Now commence, Lewis," cried Creighton Bell.

I think Lewis tried to speak, but something choked in his throat, and he turned

off suddenly with a little gesture. "You do it for me," he said to the boy.

There is no use of my telling you in Creighton Bell's words, for at the time I only took in their meaning, and that I shall remember as long as I live. It amounted to this: he had carried off the drawings of my brother and showed them to more than one famous architect. Each had given his opinion that the drawings showed a latent power which ought to be developed, and now Mr. Fairfax had resolved to give my brother a fine chance among the acres around the country home which he had purchased.

The gentleman was about laying out the grounds under a celebrated landscape gardener, and there would be rustic arbors and bridges, and summer-houses to be made; and though the whole would be under the general management of an artist, still the latter would like a pupil whose heart and soul were in the work, and who could manage the details during his absence.

Lewis was precisely the sort of pupil that was needed for the work, and another such chance might hardly offer in a lifetime; so he was to come to the Ridge the very next week, on a salary which at least trebled that he had received at the saw-mill; and whenever there was room at the little "Pigeon's Nest," for it had spasms of overflowing with city guests during the summer, I was to ride over and make as long a visit as I liked, certain that there would be some people glad to see me.

From beginning to end I took in the

meaning of all this; but after all, I was only a little girl, and the strain on my heart and nerves had been terrible through these last days, and the joy came too suddenly.

I tried to speak, but my breath gasped and gasped and my lips fumbled at the words, and a sharp, awful pain clutched at my heart and throat, and I turned to Lewis and stretched out my arms, and I cried out, "Oh, Lewis, the joy will kill me!" and I should have fallen the next moment if somebody had not caught me.

"Poor little girl!" I heard somebody's voice say, as though I was in a dream, and then they laid me on the lounge, and in a moment a great sob wrenched itself out of my heart, and then another and another. I couldn't help it, although I thought I must die now for very shame before all these strange people, but the sobs would come and shiver over me, and I could only cry between, "Oh, Lewis, you and I will not have to go apart now!"

How kind they all were to me! I cannot think now without crying again. Lewis sat by me and chafed my hands, and they brought me cordials, and they said all kinds of pleasant, cheerful, soothing things to me, very much as they would to a little, frightened baby; and sure enough, I was no better than one for a good while. But at last I grew calm again, and then, when supper was ready—and, indeed, it had waited a long time—Mr. Fairfax took me out in his arms and set me down carefully between my brother and Creighton; and oh, such a supper as that was! I was too tired to say much,

but it was enough to sit still there and look at all the kindly faces which smiled upon me, and think how happy I was, and how good God had been to Lewis and me.

I overheard the boy say to his brother-in-law, "Did you ever have anything touch you to the quick like that, Dick?"

"Never," answered the gentleman; and then I said to myself, "Oh, Hope Darrow, how could you do such a thing?" but all the time, away down in my heart, I knew that I could not have helped myself, and that if kings and queens and all the world had been there, I should have acted just the same.

After supper was over there was a great bustle of departure, for a long ride was before the travelers. Creighton Bell busied himself about getting his bundles and packages into the stage, and hurried back to me every few minutes to talk over the happy times we three would have this summer at the Ridge.

When his sister came to kiss me at parting, too, there was something in her manner which I had missed before.

"Good-bye, my child," she said. "We shall all be glad to have you come to us."

At last they were all stowed inside John Brainerd's lumbering wagon, and the hearty good-byes were said as we stood in the doorway—Lewis and I—and watched them roll away, and over the hill the young moon hung like a great yellow, half-blossomed buttercup.

I looked up in my brother's face. "Oh, Lewis," I said, "is it the same world it was this afternoon?"

His mouth quivered. "Not to you and me, Hope," he answered.

He had been quiet for the last hour, but I had felt that a great tumult was going on within him. He drew me into the house now, and sitting down he burst suddenly into tears, and holding me fast and turning my face away from him. Lewis Darrow cried as I had never known the brave, strong heart cry in all its life before; and I knew what weights of bitterness and pain slipped with those tears from my brother's soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.

IN a book called "*The Irvington Stories*," written by Mrs. M. E. Dodge, is a beautiful and touching Christmas story, which no doubt some of you have read, called "The Hermit of the Hills." A poor, miserable, lonely, ill-natured old man lived in a hovel on the side of a hill; and he was so cross to the village children that they were afraid of him, for when any of them came near his hut, he would run after them with a big stick in his hand and threaten to break their bones.

Well, once on a time, just before Christmas, some of the boys and girls of the village ventured out to the hovel of "Old Pop," as he was called, and asked him to let them cut down a young hemlock that stood near, that they might have it for a Christmas tree. This made him very angry, and brandishing his big stick, he ran



furiously toward them. All scampered off in fear, but on looking back they saw that he had fallen and could not rise.

One tender-hearted little girl, named Elsie Brown, turned back to help the old man. All the rest scampered away.

Without a thought of danger, the sweet little Samaritan hurried back to the spot where Old Pop was lying; no stick in his listless hand now.

VOL. VI.—3

"Are you hurt?" whispered Elsie, bending over him, but starting back with a shudder as she saw his white lips and the blood trickling down over his furrowed cheek and long gray beard.

There was no answer.

Recovering her self-possession in an instant, the noble-hearted child rushed into the hut for water. Finding none, she seized an old earthen pitcher, lacking

both handle and spout, and ran to the stream near by. Around it ice lay in the hollows, holding with a firm clutch the yellow leaves that had fallen there in the soft Indian-summer days. Elsie sprang over them, never pausing, as at any other time she would have done, to indulge in those blessed little slides so dear to school-girls. In a moment she was hastening back, with her pitcher full, toward the injured man.

His senses had returned, and he was trying to rise as Elsie approached.

"Ah, you little ragamuffin," he growled, looking drearily at her, "wait until I get at you!—you shall feel my big stick!"

"I am sorry, sir," said Elsie, never pausing, but hurrying toward him and even laying her hand upon his shoulder. "I am very sorry you fell; indeed I am. See, here is water; let me bathe your head—you have cut it badly."

"Here! none of your tricks!" with a savage scowl. "Be off with you, or I'll pitch you down the hill!"

Elsie answered, resolutely,

"No; you will not hurt a little girl like me, I am sure. Come into the hut, and when I have bathed your wound and bound up your head, then I'll go. It is cold out here, even in the sunshine."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and muttered, "It is cold in there too. Go back—go to your home and let the old man die."

"But you are not going to die," laughed Elsie, shaking her head at him, though she trembled all over at his strange manner. "You have only a cut

upon your temple, and you couldn't die of that, even if you wanted to;" and she began busily to gather the pieces of broken branches that lay scattered on the side of the hill.

"Here! let that wood alone!" cried the old man, now fairly upon his feet, yet looking at her like one in a dream.

"Yes, in a moment," was Elsie's good-natured reply, as she bustled into the hut with her apron full. Old Pop lost not an instant in stumbling in after her.

Ah, little Elsie—kind little Elsie!—you have dared too far! No; he does not harm her. He crouches upon a rough bench near the hearthstone and watches her movements in silence.

There were a few smouldering embers left. Elsie scraped them together with a stick, heaped first a few dried leaves, then the twigs upon them, and kneeling lower, blew with all her little might into their midst, shutting her eyes very tightly, for the ashes were flying into her face.

Snap! crack! the wood was in a blaze! Placing two or three larger sticks upon the top, Elsie rose with a solemn, business-like air:

"Ah, you are very pale and faint yet; you must wear my cloak until the room is warm, if it ever can get warm with all these cracks in the roof;" and she wrapped a coarse but bright garment about his shoulders.

He pushed it uneasily away: no anger in his manner now; no kindness either. "I am not cold; go home."

"Very soon I will," said the child, cheerily, running out for the pitcher of

water and breaking its thin film of ice as she came in again, the ruddy gleam of the fire playing upon her face.

"Oh, you haven't any rag here, have you? Well, my apron will do;" and she dipped a corner into the water. "Now you must let me wash away that ugly blood."

Either the wound was smarting sorely or Old Pop was stupefied by his fall, for he made no resistance. Softly and tenderly as snow-flakes fell the touches of Elsie's hands upon that bowed head. "It is not much," she said, when at last the blood was all carefully washed away. "You should hold cold water to the bump; that's what mother always does for me. And now, if I only had a cobweb!"

This humble wish was easily met in the rickety hut, almost by the reaching of her hand, for spiders had woven there unmolested for many a day. The blood was soon stanching to Elsie's full content.

"Now I'll go," said the child, quietly, as with nimble hands she placed fresh sticks upon the fire. "Do you feel any better, sir?"

"Hey?" very gruffly.

"You feel better, I hope. Does your head hurt you now, sir?"

"No; go home."

Elsie moved sadly toward the door, and then—child that she was—a sudden impulse caused her to go back to him.

"Poor old man," she almost whispered, "your heart has been broken."

His start frightened her. She believed he would strike her on the spot, but he

only lifted his head and looked wearily into her face.

"Why, child?"

"Because—because you are so very cross; and you cannot be cheered even in these merry Christmas times. Why, it comes day after to-morrow! You surely will not be the only person in the whole world who does not keep Christmas?" and Elsie stared at him in innocent dismay.

"Christmas!" echoed Old Pop, gloomily; "I have 'most forgotten what that is."

"Forgotten Christmas! Why, I think if I were to grow twice as old as you are, I could never forget that! It's the dear Christ's birth-day, you know; and every one, even the most miserable, cannot help being happy on that day."

"Happy?" whispered Old Pop under his breath, and looking absently at Elsie as she seated herself at his feet—"Happy?"

"Yes, happy," repeated Elsie, gently. "Shall I tell you all about it?"

The old man nodded, never taking his eyes from hers.

"Why, it is Christ's birth-day; and was he not a good—a holy child?"

He did not reply; but a gleam, like something from the past, shot across his furrowed face, and Elsie read her answer.

"Oh, he was so pure—so noble! Never did he hold one harsh or wicked thought; mother has told me this often. He could not, you know; never had the slightest quarrel; never did anything the least bit wrong, and was always making everybody

about him happy—just completely good and wise. Oh, he was a blessed, blessed child, I am sure, and his days must have been like sunshine, with none of the dreadful trials that came to him afterward. You've heard all about it, haven't you? how they persecuted and tortured him, and all for no harm he had done whatever?"

The old man nodded as, with troubled eyes, he gazed into that tearful, upturned face.

"But it is all over now," resumed Elsie, brightening. "The saints in heaven are never sad, and surely he is gladdest of all; and whenever his birthday comes, oh! I am certain all his childish thoughts must come back to him. Then he visits earth as the Christ-child—comes to see all of us little children. We cannot see him, but I know he comes and he blesses us and makes us, oh, so happy! Mother says he enters everybody's heart and whispers, 'Love the children for my sake,' and he makes them feel just like giving all the boys and girls a holiday, and having lovely green Christmas-trees for them, hung with toys and all kinds of beautiful things; and the rich give to one another and to the poor, and the poor are loving and gentle to each other, for he tells them how he loves them and everybody."

"Everybody, child?"

"Yes, I am sure he does," cried Elsie, clasping her hands.

"No, he does not—not always," sighed the old man. "He has not crept into my heart, little girl; I am lonely, lonely."

"Ah, but he will, though!" insisted Elsie, looking brightly into his eyes and shaking her sunny curls against his breast.

"He will; it is not too late yet."

The old man shook his head, gazing wistfully into her glowing face.

"Yes, he will; I am sure of it. Why, the wood has nearly burned away! Poor old man! how many, many cold days you must sit here shivering, while we are warm and comfortable down in the village. Why don't you come and live there, and get nice clothes and—"

The hermit glared at her so wildly that, in very fear, Elsie moved toward the door. Standing outside, she looked in to say,

"Good-bye! Be sure to keep that bump wet. May some of us children come soon and gather wood for you?"

"No, no, little girl. Here, wait a moment." And with a half-troubled, half-pleased expression on his worn face, Old Pop picked a large dry maple-leaf from the floor and proceeded to take something from a rough box in the corner of his cabin.

Elsie was only a child, and a girl-child too; who can blame her that she raised on tip-toe with curiosity?

"Here, child, take this."

It was a leaf full of coarse maple-sugar. Elsie felt disappointed, scarce knowing why; but no duchess could have received it with truer politeness than she.

"Thank you, sir."

The mute figure, as it stood watching Elsie tripping back over the hills, was different in its aspect from that which two

hours before had forbidden her approach. The same form and face, but with no anger in its gesture, no fierceness in its look.

Shall we tell you of all that happened after this? The old man's heart was softened toward children. He was not so poor as he seemed. Next day he went to the village and bought toys, and books, and sweetmeats, and on Christmas invited all the children far and near, and gave them presents and a feast. He seemed like a new man. All his hardness, and anger, and misery had vanished. Elsie was there of course, and one of the happiest of Old Pop's little friends. And what do you think happened next? Well, the story goes on:

Old Pop's name fairly rang in the village on that Christmas day; and nearly every time it was spoken an unuttered blessing went with it.

Meantime, the changed old man turned from his long, wistful gaze as the last loiterer disappeared. Elsie and the schoolmaster were still beside him.

"We must go now, my friend," said the latter, extending his hand. "I promised this little girl's mother that I would take her back before sundown."

Elsie clung to Old Pop's cloak.

"Come with us," she urged; "do come; we cannot go and leave you here alone on these cold hills."

"But I am not alone any more, my child," said the old man, gently stroking Elsie's curls as he spoke.

"Oh, I am so glad! I shall love the dear Christ-child more than ever now!"

cried Elsie. "I knew he would come to you on Christmas eve. But you surely won't stay here all by yourself, now that every one will love you?"

"Every one, child?"

"Yes, every one; why not? But what makes you always call me 'child?' My name is Elsie."

The hermit gave a sharp cry, and would have fallen had not the schoolmaster held him with a strong arm.

"Elsie!" he repeated, in a whining voice, as they led him into the warm hut. "I had a little girl called Elsie once; where is she? Oh, she is gone, gone!"

Raising his eyes, he looked yearningly into the child's face. He shook his head.

"No, no, not like my Elsie; she was taller, her eyes were darker—black hair; she was all I had, but she left me. She did come back once, but I drove her away; and then, then," he continued, raising his voice almost to a scream, "she died; died alone and uncared for; no friend, not one to—"

He stopped short, glaring wildly upon them.

"Oh," cried Elsie, shuddering, "do not look so! Speak to me! for the dear Christ-child's sake, do not look so!"

The schoolmaster bent over him soothingly.

"My friend, God is good; there is some balm for this trouble, if you will wait his time."

The old man bowed his head upon Elsie's shoulder, sobbing like a little child.

"Poor Old Pop!" she murmured, patting his arm softly. "There now, you

will come; I know you will. Mother will be so good, so kind to you—she is to everybody—though she has never seen you. Say you'll come: it's too lonely for you here."

"Elsie," exclaimed the schoolmaster, who had walked to the door for an instant, "here is your mother coming up the hill!"

Elsie gave a joyous cry. "Oh, I am so glad! Now you will see mother," she whispered to the old man, in a tone that implied that "seeing mother" was a balm for every earthly ill.

"Your long absence has alarmed her," said the schoolmaster. "Come in," he added, holding wide the door. "Elsie is here, safe with her friends; forgive me for not taking her to you long ago. But how did you find us?"

"The village boys showed me the way," panted the mother as, flushed with her rapid walk over the hills, she walked up to Elsie, throwing a quick look of curiosity upon the old man as she spoke.

He raised his head suddenly at the voice.

"Elsie," screamed the mother, "who is this?"

"Who, mother? Why Old Pop that used to chase us children, you know; but he's real good now. I love him ever so m—"

Even while she was speaking, the hermit, after staring fixedly at the comely woman, like one in a puzzled dream, staggered toward her with outstretched hands.

"Elsie!"

"Father!"

Locked in each other's arms, laughing and crying by turns, they could not see the look of wonderment in the child's eyes, or even hear the schoolmaster, who, with lifted head, exclaimed fervently,

"God is good!"

That night father, daughter and grandchild sat together by a cheerful hearth in the village—Elsie's home, where for the past four months she had lived alone with her mother.

And so father and daughter, who had been separated for years, because the daughter had married against her father's will, were restored to each other through the loving kindness of little Elsie. Neither of them knew, until that meeting on the hill, that the other was alive.

HOW TO GET GOOD FEELINGS.

By Aunt Carrie.

"I CAN'T be good," said a little girl. "It isn't in me."

"I think you are right," answered her mother. "It isn't in you, for none of us are born good."

"Then what's the use of trying to be good?" said the child.

"There is more use in trying not to be bad," the mother replied. "We can't become good of ourselves, no matter how hard we try; but we can keep from doing wrong if we will, for God has made us free to do good or evil just as we choose. Now, if we keep our tongues from saying

evil things and our hands from doing evil things, God will so change us that after a while we will love to do good rather than evil."

"And is that the way to become good?"

"I know of no other way," replied the mother. "We must cease to do evil before we can learn to do well."

"Then if I try not to be bad, God will make me good?"

"Yes, dear."

"How easy that seems!" said the child, a soft light coming into her eyes; "so much easier than trying to be good when you feel naughty and can't make the naughty feeling go away."

"Only God can take our naughty feelings away; but he cannot take them away unless we help him."

"How can we help him?" asked the child.

"I have just told you," said her mother. "We must refuse to act badly, no matter how wicked our feelings may be, and then God can take away the wicked feelings and give us good ones in their stead."

"Oh yes; it seems so much easier now, mamma dear! I'm glad you told me. I'll not trouble myself about being good, but do all I can to keep from being bad, and leave the rest to God."

"And he will make it all come right," answered the mother, tenderly kissing her child. "After a while, instead of the bad feelings that now so trouble you and put you in danger of going wrong, you will have good and kind feelings, and these will make doing good easy and

pleasant. It is this love of doing good that makes the happiness of angels, and we may have such love and joy in our hearts, even while on earth, if we will."

THE TWO FACES.

ONE was old and wrinkled, the other young and smooth, and soft as a rose leaf; and yet, looking at the two faces, you would call the old one the most beautiful. Why? A beautiful soul gave sweetness to that face, while a mean and selfish soul shadowed the other. Discontent, envy, anger, peevishness, love of self, will, if suffered to rule in the heart, gradually change the most lovely face until it becomes repulsive; while contentment, and that love of others which seeks to do them good, will, in time, give to plain and unlovely features a touch of beauty. It is no light saying, that "the good are beautiful." They have beautiful souls, and, sooner or later, the soul stamps its image on the face.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

THE sunny side, the sunny side,
 Let's always look upon it;
 'Tis better far to banish care
 Than sadly to muse on it.
 Do not sit down with folded hands
 And always be repining,
 But when beneath the darkest cloud,
 Think of its silver lining.



THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"THIS is a boy's school," said the kind old teacher, as he put the rod he held in his hand behind him. "We don't take dogs."

There was a smile in his pleasant eyes.

"Ponto would come along, you see; he's so fond of Josie."

"Yes, ma'am. I've no doubt of it; and the lambs and the kittens too. But we only take dogs."

Josie had seen the rod which the teacher was trying to keep out of view, and it frightened him. So he drew back and caught hold of his mother's dress, while Ponto, a little scared like his master, but on the alert, smelled suspiciously at the teacher's trowsers.

"He's a good boy," said Josie's mother, lifting the cap from his pure white brow, "and won't, I am sure, give you any trouble."

But the rod was too much for Josie. He kept his eyes upon the arm that held it, and bent round to get sight of the terrible instrument.

"It isn't for good little boys like you"—the teacher smiled and looked kindly at the lad—"but for bad boys and dogs."

And he looked at Ponto, lifting his hand and making believe he was going to strike. The dog started back in alarm, and ran out of doors, Josie following; and in the next instant both were seen scampering down the road and on their way home. It was all in vain that Josie's mother called him; he neither stopped nor turned, but kept on as fast as his legs

would carry him, and didn't stop until he and Ponto were safe at home.

"So much," said the teacher, a little severely, to Josie's mother, "for letting him bring his dog along. You ought to have known better."

"And so much," answered Josie's mother, a flash of anger in her eyes, "for keeping an instrument of torture in your hand to frighten little children. You ought to know better."

The mother and teacher stood looking at each other with severe faces for some moments. Then a change came over that of the kind old man. It grew mild and gentle.

"You are right," he said, with a tender regret in his tones. "I ought to have known better, and I thank you for telling me the truth. Bring your little boy to-morrow, and I promise you there will be no rod visible to frighten him. But be sure," he added, a smile lighting up his face, "to leave Ponto at home."

MORE ABOUT "EASTER EGGS."

By Mary Latham Clark.

CARRIE had been sitting for some time upon her red-tasseled "divan," turning the dainty leaves of her "Children's Hour" with an air of great satisfaction. At length she said, "Mother, here is a picture that I do not understand. It is called 'Easter Eggs.'"

"Perhaps the story will explain it," said her mother.

"I have read it," said Carrie, "and it is a very pretty story. The woman who looks so smiling and pleasant in the picture is German. She has been coloring some eggs for her children, and they seem very happy over their treasures. But I do not understand why they are called 'Easter eggs.'"

"I will tell you, my dear," said the mother.

"You know that Easter is the day upon which the resurrection of our Lord has, from the earliest times, been celebrated. I have told you this before, but I do not think that the day is observed with us as much as it is in the old countries. In some parts of Ireland the people think that the sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday morning. It was the custom among the early Christians, when they first met upon the morning of Easter, to say to each other with very joyful voices, 'Christ is risen!' to which the answer would be made, 'Christ is risen indeed!'

"A long time ago the year began in the spring, about Easter-time, and people were in the habit of making each other New-Year's presents of eggs, often gayly colored and variously ornamented.

"It was a pleasant way of reminding one another that, as the egg would some time open and a living thing would come from it, so from the earth, so hard and cold through the winter, would, in due time, burst forth the living plants and flowers, 'good for food and pleasant to the eyes.'

"Although the year was afterward

reckoned from the first of January, the custom of giving presents of eggs at Easter was still kept up."

"I understand it now," said Carrie, "and I thank you very much for the explanation. I shall enjoy this beautiful picture all the better for it."

"This talk concerning Easter eggs," said her mother, "reminds me of a story—a true one—which I read when a mere child, and which made a great impression upon me."

"Oh, do tell it!" exclaimed Carrie, her eyes brightening, as they always did, at the prospect of a story.

"It was of a little girl," resumed the mother, "whose name was Jane. She was an orphan, and she lived with her guardian, of whom she stood in great fear.

"One day, on her way to school she saw in a confectioner's window a great display of Easter eggs, of every brilliant color. She lingered long to admire their beauty, and tears filled her eyes as she thought of the happy days, now for ever gone, when in her old home her dear mother, ever ready to indulge her in every innocent wish, used to color Easter eggs so beautifully for her every year.

"How delightful it would be, and how like old times," thought she, 'to hold one of those beautiful eggs in my hand and have it for my own!'

"For several days she thought of nothing but the brightly-colored eggs, and every time she passed them the desire grew stronger to have one of them.

"She did not for one moment dream

of asking her guardian for a penny with which to buy one; she had not courage enough for that, for she was naturally a very timid child.

"One day, however, after lingering longer than usual before the tempting window, she felt that she must have one of the beautiful eggs, and yielding to a sudden impulse, she went into the store and asked the woman who stood behind the counter to let her have one, and she would bring her the penny the next day.

"Seeing how nicely dressed the child was, the woman thought she might safely trust her, so she said she might have the egg if she would bring her the penny the next time she came to school.

"Little Jane promised, and selecting a beautiful purple one, she left the store. For a few moments she thought herself perfectly happy. Then she began to wonder what she should do with her treasure, for she could not think of any place at home in which to hide it that would be free from the housekeeper's eyes.

"The longer she thought of it, the greater was her perplexity, and finally, in a fit of desperation, she broke the purple shell into many little bits and strewed them along the street, while she hastily eat the hard-boiled egg.

"Now began, in good earnest, the poor child's trouble. The egg was gone, but the burden of the debt lay sore upon her heart. She trembled when she passed the confectioner's lest the woman should see her and demand the penny. At school she grew listless and inattentive, for she could not put her mind upon her

lessons. When at home a sudden knock at the door made her tremble and turn pale, lest it should be an officer sent in search of her.

"Her appetite failed; she could not sleep, and at last she grew really ill and the doctor was sent for. He came, looked at her tongue, felt her pulse, and said, with a grave shake of the head, that she seemed to be going into a decline, and he was afraid that medicine could not help her.

"One day, after he had said this, her guardian, who really loved the child, although he had always seemed so cold and stern, was sitting by her little bed, holding one of her thin hands in his. 'Poor little Jane,' said he, tenderly, 'cannot I do something for you?'

"By a sudden movement the child threw her wasted arms around her guardian's neck, and bursting into tears, she cried, 'Give me a penny! a penny to pay for the Easter egg!'

"An explanation followed, the woman was sent for and the debt was paid. The roses soon bloomed again upon little Jane's white cheeks, and her eyes shone with new happiness.

"In after years, when she grew to be a woman, she used to tell the story, and to add that she suffered so much from her first debt that she never could be induced, under any circumstances, to incur another."

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your own diligence.

FRANK AND SAIDEE.

By Solomon Soberside.

"COME take a walk with us," said Frank, in a coaxing voice, to his aunt Hetty, as they sat together on the porch one summer afternoon.

"Yes, do, aunt!" cried Saidee, running in from the grass-plot, where she had been playing with Rover, the Newfoundland dog. Then both children began to beg so earnestly and tug so hard at her hands that their aunt rose to go with them. This was the fourth day of her visit to their father's pleasant country home, and the greater part of each afternoon she had spent with the children.

As they now walked toward the gate, Frank ran ahead a little way, but Saidee kept at her aunt's side. "I wish I had my whip with a long lash," she said; then raising her voice, she cried,

"Frank, where is my whip? you had it last."

"I hadn't any such thing," replied the boy, in no very pleasant voice.

"Oh, what a story!" cried Saidee. "You took it to go after the cows with Joe yesterday morning."

"It wasn't your whip at all," said Frank. "I have one of my own, that I made myself. I don't want your old whip. Mine is far better and cracks twice as loud."

"Children," said their aunt, soberly, "I would rather not go with you unless we can have peace and kind words."

"I will be quiet," said Saidee, adding in a low voice, "but he did take my whip."

Her aunt took no notice of this, but walked on till they came to the top of the hill. There stood an old cottage that was almost tumbling down. No one had lived in it for many years. As they passed the door, a rabbit ran over the grass; they could see its white tail at every bound till it hid in the bushes.

"Oh, how I would love to have it for my pet!" exclaimed Saidee.

"But I'd pity the rabbit," said Frank.

"Any how, I'd be kinder than you were," cried Saidee, "when you cut off the cat's claws and whiskers."

"How sad it is," said Aunt Hetty, "to hear a brother and sister quarrel! I feel like turning round and going home again."

"Oh, don't go home!" cried both children. "We will promise not to quarrel any more."

"I am sorry to see," replied their aunt, "that you have fallen into the habit of quarreling, and a very little thing will, I fear, make you forget your promise."

"Well," said Saidee, in a penitent voice, "I do try not to quarrel. Almost every morning I think that I will not, but it seems as if I couldn't help it."

"And I often think I won't either," said Frank, "but somehow I do. I wish I didn't."

"My dear children," replied their aunt, "you will never be truly kind and gentle to each other until you get something in your hearts which is not there now, or if

it is, only a little is there, and not nearly so much as ought to be."

"Do tell me what it is," said Saidee.

"My brother Howard," replied Aunt Hetty, without seeming to notice her question, "when he was a boy, had a little axe given to him. He was greatly delighted with his present, and at once fell to chopping whatever came in his way. There were some old white-pine boards thrown on the wood-pile, for we lived in the country. White pine, you know, is very soft and easily split. These boards were partly decayed, too, so that he had little trouble in cutting them into kindling wood. But when he had done with the boards, he next tried an oak log. This was a very different thing from the soft pine. After working a good while without getting nearly through it, he looked at his axe and was surprised to see its edge quite blunted; it would not cut at all. In his trouble he carried it to the hired man, Robert.

"We'll soon fix that," said Robert. "Run and get a tin cup full of water, and bring it out to me at the grind-stone."

"Howard gladly ran for the water, and in a few minutes was turning the grind-stone with all his might, while Robert held down the axe.

"It'll be as sharp as ever in a few minutes," said Robert, turning it up and feeling the edge with his thumb; "work away, my lad."

"And Howard did work until he was almost out of breath.

"That'll do," said Robert. "It's as good as new now. You may chop any-

thing you like with it, except your own toes."

"I'll see what Mr. Log will say by this time," cried Howard, confidently. "Thank you, Robert, for taking so much trouble."

"You're very welcome," replied Robert; "but before you go, just stop and tell me how much a cord you're going to ask for chopping hickory."

"Howard did not wait to answer Robert's question, but ran to the wood-pile, where he began with all his strength cutting at the oak log again. One or two pretty good-sized chips flew off at the first few blows he gave; after that he thumped and pounded away till he was tired, but all he could do was to make some fresh dents in the wood, not another chip would come. He turned up the axe to look at its edge once more, and found it was duller than before Robert sharpened it. This time he carried it into the house to his father. His voice choked and trembled a little as he said,

"Just look at my new axe."

"His father took it to the window, where he would have more light to examine it. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'this axe will never cut in the world. It is made of nothing but iron.'

"Robert ground it for me," said Howard, 'and got a nice edge on it, and I thought it would cut.'

"He might grind it every hour in the day," replied his father, 'and the first time you struck it against a piece of oak or hickory, it would be dull again. Don't you see how the edge is turned up and

bent round, almost like a bit of lead? The man who made that axe did it to deceive. But,' he continued, seeing that Howard could hardly keep down the tears, 'do you take it to the blacksmith and say I want him to put a new edge on it. Ask him to do it this afternoon, if possible, and when it is done bring it to me.'

"Off ran Howard, as full of hope now as he was of disappointment before. The blacksmith lived only a little way down the road. Howard was soon at his shop; he gave his father's message and handed over the axe. The man smiled as he took it.

"A pretty axe is that,' he said. Then he punched the handle out of it and laid it among the coals on the hearth. After blowing the bellows a while, he took it up with his long pincers and put it on the anvil. Here, with a hammer and chisel, he cut the dull edge entirely off. After that he laid it in the fire again. When it grew so hot as to be almost white, he took it out once more, and standing it on the anvil, split up the iron a little way, all along the side where the edge had been cut off. Into the cleft or opening thus made he put a thin piece of metal, which he said was steel.

"With his heavy hammer he pounded them till they were well joined or welded together. After this he heated the new steel edge till it was red hot (as red as a cherry), and plunged it into cold water to harden it. And once again he heated it, but not so hot this time, and dipped it in water to temper it, as he said, and made

it tough, so that it would not be brittle and break when he struck a hard blow with it. Last of all, he took it to the grind-stone and ground a keen edge on the steel.

"Now,' said he, as he handed it back to Howard, 'you have a good little axe.'

"I thank you very much,' replied Howard, "for doing it so quickly and so nicely for me.'

"Away to his father Howard ran, carrying the axe upon his shoulder.

"Here it is,' he said, 'mended and all right.'

"Ah, this is quite a different thing,' replied his father, looking at it; 'the blacksmith has made a good job of it. You need not be afraid to chop oak or hickory now, because you have a good steel edge to do it with.'

"And what is the reason that steel is so much better than iron?' asked Howard. 'Why would not the iron edge do?'

"Because the steel is so much tougher and harder," replied his father. 'You see how hard wood dulls and bends over the edge that is made of iron; but this steel edge will go right through that wood and not be much duller for doing it.'

"And have all the good axes steel in them?" asked Howard.

"Yes,' replied his father; 'and all the knives, and scythes, and mowing machines, and whatever is made to cut with. And not only these, but other things, which used to be always made of iron, are now being made of steel. Those long and heavy bars, or rails, with which railroads are laid, are now made of steel, be-

cause they wear so much longer, yes, twenty times longer, than iron rails. But be off, my boy, and try your axe, for I see you are thinking more of that than of my lecture on steel.'

"It did not take Howard long to reach the wood-pile this time, and then he found all that his father had said was true. He swung his little axe over his head and brought it down with quick blows to the right and left, and the chips flew at almost every stroke. Soon the ends of the log fell apart; he had chopped it in two.

"After that he might often be seen working at the wood-pile or roaming through the woods with his axe. He never found a log too hard for it; sometimes it would need grinding, but when ground would keep its edge for a long time and do its work well, if he was only careful not to strike it against the stones or old nails.

"And now, children," said Aunt Hetty, as they turned around to go home, "what do you think of my story?"

"It is very interesting," replied Saidee, "and I have learned a great deal from it."

"And so have I," said Frank; "and when I go to buy an axe, I mean to look well and see that it has a steel edge."

"It is an important thing," replied their aunt, "that you should know the difference between iron and steel. And it is very well, Frank, that you should be able to tell a good axe; but this is not all I wanted you to learn from my story. You remember when we started on our

walk and you promised not to quarrel any more, I said that you could not keep your promise unless you had something in your hearts which was not there yet, or if any of it was, not near enough was there. Now the thing I meant was love. I am afraid you do not love each other as you should."

At this both the children were silent, while a guilty look came on their faces, for they felt that what their aunt said was true.

"You have heard," she continued, "that although Howard's axe was sharpened, it did no good till the steel was in it, for it was the steel that made it go through the hard wood. And so, although you promise not to quarrel any more, it will do no good till you love each other, for it is love which helps us to bear the vexing things which try our patience every day. And besides this, it takes more to make us angry with those we love; we are not so easily provoked at them."

"And how can we get this love?" asked Saidee, in a gentle voice.

"Ask God to send it into your hearts," replied her aunt, "and while you ask for it, do only such things as will help to bring it there."

It was almost dark when they reached home. While they sat on the porch for an hour later, talking together and watching the fireflies down in the meadow, not an unkind word was spoken. And for a whole week after that, during which Aunt Hetty's visit lasted, she could see every day that the children were trying to follow

her good advice, and, she hoped, were learning truly to love each other.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

By Irene L——.

"POOR Sarah Lee is dead," said a child, coming in from school. There was a shade of sadness on her young face.

"Oh no! Sarah Lee isn't dead," answered the child's mother, "but alive and happy."

"Why, mother! You haven't heard. Teacher told us about it. She died last night; and we were all so sorry!"

"What we call death," said the mother, "is only rising into a new and higher life. The soul cannot die. It lives in this world for a little while in a body of flesh, such as you and I have. Then it puts off its poor body, as Sarah has done, and goes to live in a new and more beautiful world than this."

"Has Sarah gone to that world, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"But isn't it dreadful to die? Teacher said something about death being awful."

"There is nothing very awful in going to sleep, is there?"

"No. It's nice to go to sleep when you are tired."

"Death is only a sleep, from which we awake in another world. We sink away peacefully, everything fading from sight and thought, and so pass into the sleep of death. The terrors of which so many

speak are all imaginary. They have no existence. The sleep of death is calm, and sweet, and tranquil. Nature's tired child only lies down to rest for the last time; and then, after a quiet slumber, awakens to a new and happier life."

"And is that all?" said the child, wondering.

"That is all," the mother answered.

"And is there no dreadful darkness and awful pain?"

"No, dear. Only a sweet sleep and a peaceful awaking in the morning of our eternal life. It is not death of which we should be afraid, but sin that will make life, in the world to which we go by death, happy or miserable. Of that we should be much afraid."

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

DEAR little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
Wrapped for the night,
Come, let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast,
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

Mother at Home.



THE BUTTERFLY.

THE butterfly, an idle thing,
 Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
 As do the bee and bird;
 Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
 Lay up the grains for time of want—
 A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;
 Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
 A store of learning by;
 And though from flower to flower I rove,
 My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
 Nor be a butterfly.

If you tried and have not won,
 Never stop for crying;
 All that's great and good is done
 Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,
 Who the more will prize you?
 Gaining victory from defeat,
 That's the test that tries you!

VOL. VI.—5

LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

By Clio Stanley.

IN THREE PARTS. PART FIRST.

SUSIE ELLIS had been at play all the morning, out in the sweet June sunshine that shone so cheerily in the meadow. At length she was tired of play, as we all of us are at some time in our lives, and taking little May by the hand, sat down under the shade of the old willow tree that stood on the bank of the brook.

It was a bright, happy little brook that went singing on its way that summer morning, and a bright little face that was mirrored in its clear waves. The old tree, too, was just in its perfection of greenness, and drooped its long branches down to the moss underneath, until the little girls thought they had found the nicest place in the world in which to rest.

"Susie," said May, laying her head down softly in her sister's lap, "do you

see those tiny, beautiful birds up there in the branches?"

"Oh, those are not birds," said Susie, laughing; "those are bees."

"They've got wings though," said May; "and they sing, too; so I should think they must be baby birdies."

"No," said Susie, shaking her head until all the little golden curls were in a flutter of motion in the soft west wind. "No; papa said they were bees, and he told me all about them."

"Was it a story?"

May was not four years old yet, and to her mind a story was the best possible amusement.

"No; but it was better than a story, for it was all true."

"Tell me, Susie."

So Susie patted the round, rosy cheeks and put on a very wise air as she began:

"You see, May, the little bees fly about among the flowers all day, just as we do; and their wings do not get tired at all, as our feet do, because they don't do it for play, but are all the time at work."

"How do they work?" asked May, incredulously.

"Why, they gather honey from the flowers."

"Can honey grow in flowers, Susie? I thought it was made in those pretty little white cups in the closet."

"Oh, May, how funny! Honey couldn't grow in cups. It takes all out-doors to make it; the cool wind has to blow in the little blossoms, and the warm sun to shine in; the rain has to fall, too, when they get thirsty, and by and by the honey is

there. The bees gather it all and put it in their houses, and then we get it."

"Who makes the houses for the bees?"

"Why, they build their own cells. I think that is the most wonderful part of it all; but then God teaches them how to do it, May, and that is the reason it is so beautiful when it is done."

"Did I ever see them, Susie?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the honey on the table last night, and the white comb that held it? That was part of their house."

"I think it must be nice to live in such a house all full of honey," said May, earnestly. "But what is that, Susie?" she exclaimed in delight, pointing to a huge, grayish ball in the grass at their feet.

"That is a wasp's nest, but all the wasps have gone away and we can look at it."

So they sat down in the grass again, and took the queer-looking nest in their laps, turning it over and over with curious eyes and busy fingers.

The birds sung sweet snatches of song over them in the tree, and the bees and the flies buzzed merrily about them, but for the time all their thoughts were concentrated on the new discovery they had made.

"Oh, May," said Susie, suddenly, "this is what mamma told us about the other day, when she was talking to us about the flies, and it is made of the little flies wings. Just think of that, May! Some of those little flies that used to dance all last summer in the sun, and sit

on the lily-stems and nod to us, died, and their bits of wings are fastened together here."

"I didn't hear mamma tell about that."

"You are so little you don't remember; and I guess you and pussy were asleep that day; but I am six years old, and I don't forget what I hear."

"What sticks the wings together, Susie?"

"I guess it must be something I don't know about. But just think how long they must have worked before they had a house to live in! You see they are as busy as the bees."

"Only I don't love them as well, because they don't make anything for us. Do they?" she added, doubtfully.

"No, I guess not," said Susie, laughing; "and they sting sometimes. I don't think I like them much either."

Two or three years after that, Susie found out, in a book that told about a great many curious things, the real way in which wasps build their nests. How they pull off bits of old fences and shreds from decaying logs, and working them all over until they are soft and moist, make the paper-like substance of which their nests are made.

Just then they heard the distant tinkle of a bell, and Susie started to her feet, and taking May by the hand, went out from the shadow of the great tree, down through the sweet grass to the pleasant white house just in sight, with its wide porch and the cool, fresh-looking vines swinging over it, for that was their fa-

ther's house, and the bell they had heard was to summon them to dinner.

Some one stood waiting for them just outside the door, and the little girls both ran forward to greet dear mother with a kiss; but though Susie was the oldest and could run much the fastest, she did not let go of her little sister's hand, but guided her steps carefully until they reached the low steps, and then, with a shy smile at mamma, stood aside and let May get the first kiss. Mamma understood it all, though, and I think she gave Susie two kisses when her turn came.

Then they went in the house, sat down to the table with papa and mamma and had a nice dinner. A great bowl of milk with sweet bread and a baked apple, and afterward some of the nice rice-pudding mamma had made, quite satisfied the little girls, even after their long ramble; and when that was finished, May sat on her father's knee, looking at pictures, while Susie helped to clear off the table, for she was taught thus early to make herself useful, and not to let a day pass without doing some work.

The afternoon passed very quickly and happily away, for it was a holiday with Mr. Ellis, and the days when he could be at home with them were always welcome both to the little girls and to their mother.

When the shadows began to creep over the porch, Mrs. Ellis told the children they might come out on the lawn with them, and perhaps they would be able to find some new thing to talk about next day.

"We can't find anything unless we go out the gate," said May, earnestly.

"We shall see," said her father, and Mr. Ellis suddenly stopped under one of the apple-trees and holding May up, bade her pick two or three leaves.

She did as her father told her, but said, with a quaint little sigh of disappointment, "Leaves are not good to talk about, are they, papa?"

"Let us sit down on the seat here and see if we cannot discover something about leaves that you do not know. What grows first, Susie, the leaf or the tree?"

"The tree, of course, papa."

"No, my daughter, you are mistaken. If you take the seed of any plant, or tree, and examine it closely with the aid of a glass, you would find it made up of a leaf, so folded and compressed as to baffle the careless eye. Even stems are but leaves tightly rolled, as you may see in any bulbous plant. Do you remember the great cactus mamma kept in the parlor window last winter?"

"The one that has those great scarlet flowers that May loves so dearly?"

"Yes. Well, that whole plant is made of jointed leaves; and in a more common plant, which I think you have never seen, called butcher's broom, the stem itself changes into a leaf."

"Oh, papa, how curious! But does this tall tree start from a leaf?"

Then as her father did not reply, she remembered and said, "Oh yes, you told us a seed was only a leaf."

"That is right, Susie," said her mo-

ther, encouragingly; "always try to think for yourself."

"And now, Susie," he continued, "do you know how a gooseberry or a currant looks?"

"Yes, indeed; I can see them both when I shut my eyes."

"Well," said her father, smiling a little at Susie's pleasant conceit of recalling anything better with her eyes shut, "the skin of those fruits is a leaf grown together to hold the pulp."

"That is new to me," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Oh, mamma," said May, opening her rosy lips at last, "I thought you knew everything!"

Susie laughed and papa leaned down and kissed the soft red cheek, saying, "We only live to learn, my pet, and none of us know everything."

Then he stripped away the green covering from the veins of the leaves he held in his hand, and showed Susie how the leaf is only a picture of the larger tree; how the branches of the tree follow the outline given by the veins in the leaves.

"Is it so in other trees, too, papa?"

"Yes, and each tree has a different leaf. There is a wonderful variety in them, just as much as there is in the flowers in your little garden."

"When you are a little older, Susie," said mamma, with a very loving glance at her little girl, "you shall help me make a bouquet of skeleton leaves, like the one we saw at Aunt Bertha's the other day."

"That will be very nice," said papa,

"because then you can see illustrated what I have just said to you."

Little May's eyes were closing, like blue violets that shut at nightfall, and mamma said they must go in and finish their talk on some other holiday; and though Susie was wide awake, and her eager mind was reluctant to leave the pleasant topic her father had started, she did not say a word, but went quietly in, and after kissing papa good-night, went up stairs to her own little bed, for Susie had long ago learned the beautiful lesson of cheerful obedience. As Mrs. Ellis bent over May for a last look and kiss, she heard Susie add a few words, softly, to her usual evening prayer: "Thank you, our good Father in heaven, for sending us so many little missionaries: the bees and the wasps, the squirrels and the green leaves too." So Susie's prayer gave me a name for this simple story.

THE PET MOUSE.

By Annie Moore.

ONCE there was a pussy-cat, and she liked mice very much. She liked them for breakfast, and for dinner, and for supper. She would rather have a mouse, any time, than a nice cake, or even a big lump of sugar. But she hated to catch them; it was so tiresome to sit still at a mouse-hole, waiting for a little mouse to come out. So she thought it would be very nice to have a mouse-trap, and then she could go to sleep if she

wanted to, and while she was asleep the trap would catch them for her.

So she hunted about till she found a trap up in the attic, and she put it right before a mouse-hole, and then laid down and went to sleep, for she was very tired hunting for that trap.

In the morning the first thing she did, before she had even washed her face, was to look in the trap, and there she spied a nice, fat little mouse. His eyes were as bright and as black as they could be, and his fur was soft and shining, and his long tail came out between the wires. He was curled up in one corner of the trap, for he was frightened, and he had not eaten any of the bread pussy put in the trap. She was glad when she saw him, for she was very hungry, so she said,

"Come out as quick as you can, little mouse, for I am almost starved, and I want you for my breakfast. I know you'll taste as sweet as a nut, if not sweeter;" and she smacked her lips.

He didn't say a word. He had been trying very hard to get out for an hour or two, because he wanted to go home. He only stepped in a moment to nibble a bit of bread, but when he found he couldn't get out, it took away his appetite, and not a morsel could he eat. But when pussy said she wanted to eat him for breakfast, he was glad he couldn't get out just at that moment, and he truly hoped she couldn't get in. She tried her best, though, and rolled the trap about, first with one paw and then with the other, till the little mouse was quite giddy. At last, when she found she could not get him,

she spoke again, this time in a loud, sharp voice, and said,

"Come out, sir, this moment. Don't let me have to speak to you again. I dislike to wait for my breakfast."

Then the little mouse said, "If you please, madam, I'd rather not come out. I don't think I should like to be eaten for breakfast, and your teeth are terribly white and sharp, seems to me."

"Certainly they are," said she. "I sharpened them to chew your bones."

This made the little mouse tremble, he was so frightened.

"Will you come out or not? Yes or No," said pussy.

"To tell the truth," said the mouse, "I can't come out. I only came in for a moment, and I have been trying ever since to get out, and I can't do it. They'll expect me home, and be worried about me."

"Indeed!" said pussy; "we'll see about that by and by. I must have my breakfast, and I'll go and see what I can do with Bridget."

So she went to the kitchen and mewed around until she made Bridget almost crazy; so she left her work and gave her a saucer of milk and ever so much cold mutton, and she had a glorious breakfast. When she came back to the little mouse she was in the best possible humor. While she was gone he had been all over the trap as much as twenty times. He certainly came in through a nice, convenient little door, but where was that door now? Nothing but wires on every side, and in some places sharp wires, like pins, that

scratched his nose quite badly. It was very strange! While he was thinking about it, pussy came back in good spirits.

"Well, my little dear," said she, "you told me you would like to go home."

"Yes, madam," said the mouse.

"Very well," said pussy. "Never you mind about getting out. Just eat your breakfast while I wash my face, and then I'll help you get out, if you'll promise to play with me a little while before you go home."

The mouse said he would play with her if she would promise not to eat him, and he would try to eat his breakfast, though he had no appetite. Pussy didn't promise not to eat him, but while he sat down to a piece of bread and butter, she washed her face very carefully, and both of her ears, and both of her paws. Then she asked him if he had finished his breakfast and he said he had; so she sat a moment with her head on her paw to consider the best way of getting the trap open. In a few minutes she said, "A hair-pin!" So she ran down to her mistress' room, and soon came back with a long, sharp hair-pin.

"I feel sure," said she, "that something can be done with this, if we can only think what, for my mistress does almost anything with a hair-pin. She can bore holes with it, and button her boots with it, and snuff a candle with it, and I don't know what she can't do with it."

So she took the hair-pin in her teeth and picked at the wires with it in different places, but it didn't seem to do any good; and then she handed it to the little mouse,

and he tried and he couldn't seem to do anything. So by and by they gave it up, and she sat down again with her head on her paw to consider.

"Oh, I know!" said she. "Strange I didn't think of it before. The cork-screw, of course." So she went down again, and presently came back with the cork-screw. The little mouse was frightened when he saw that, for he was afraid she was going to draw him out of the trap with it, but she only worked at the wires without success. They tried many experiments, and at last pussy was so tired that she was obliged to stretch herself out in the sun and take a nap, and the little mouse took a nap at the same time. When pussy woke up she was very hungry, so she began to think of eating the little mouse again. But he said to her, "I'm not as fat as you think, madam. It's only that my fur is so thick. Suppose you keep me for a pet."

"I don't know about that," said pussy. "However, I'll think of it." So she went down to the dining-room, and luckily they were just finishing dinner, and her mistress gave her plenty to eat. While she was eating her dinner, she made up her mind that she would keep the mouse for a pet. Other people had pets, and why shouldn't she? There he was all ready to her hand—paw, I mean. In that case, the first thing was to feed him, of course; so she carried him a piece of sweet potato and some bread. He was glad to have his dinner, and particularly glad that she was willing to keep him, for he thought if he had a little more time, he might get away perhaps. She was

very kind to him, now she had made up her mind to it.

"My little pet," said she, "did you enjoy your dinner? Are you fond of sweet potato? Is there anything else you would like?" And she praised his looks. "What an eye you have!" said she; "as bright as a star. How beautifully your whiskers grow! How gracefully you wave your tail!"

This would have turned the little mouse's head but for one thing, and that was that every time pussy was hungry she talked about eating him again. That kept him from being too much elated by her praise. But she was very kind to him.

"Poor little creature!" said she, "you can't sleep on that hard floor;" and she rushed down to the nursery and came back in less than two minutes with one of little Joe's mittens. "There, take that," said she.

So the little mouse took it. It was soft and woolly, and he scratched it up a little and made himself a very nice bed in one corner of the trap. Indeed, it was a much nicer bed than the one he had at home, only "there's no place like home," of course.

Matters went on in this way for two or three days. Pussy loved her little pet dearly when she was not hungry, and when she was hungry she loved him still, but she wanted to eat him. Sometimes she rolled the trap over and over to try to get him out, and sometimes she brought him nice dinners of bread and cheese, and once even a piece of cake. Sometimes the little mouse was contented, and some-

times he was terribly homesick, and tried to get away. But at last, one day after dinner, pussy was sitting by the trap and Bridget came to the attic for something.

"Blissid Saint Pathrick," said she, "there's a mouse!" and she ran away.

But then she saw pussy by his side, and she came back.

"Poor pussy," said she, "do you want to ate him?"

So she carefully opened the trap and let

him out on the floor for pussy to catch; but he ran right straight into his hole, without turning to the left or to the right, and pussy didn't even try to catch him.

Then the little mouse looked out of his hole and said, "Good-bye, Madam Pussy. Thank you for your kindness to me, but I am glad you were not hungry when I came out, or you would have eaten me, I am afraid, after all." "Like enough," said Pussy. "Good-bye."



ANOTHER PORTRAIT.

IN the May number of *The Children's Hour* we gave you the portrait of a little girl who lives away over the sea. We told you that we knew it to be a portrait, because it was engraved from a photograph taken from life, which we

had bought among other photographs just received from Germany.

Well, here is the portrait of another little German girl. Just as you see her in the picture did she stand while the photographer set his instrument and took her likeness. Wouldn't she be surprised if this number of the *Children's Hour* should find its way over the sea and into her home!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

AUGUST, 1869.



THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

By M. O. F.

I MUST not forget those stockings; there's a basket full this week."

Jenny's mother said this in a wearied way. The little girl was playing in her room, and began to think about helping her.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In the sitting-room," the mother answered, and thought no more about it. An hour later she went down stairs. There sat Jenny in the large arm-chair by the open window, the basket on the table before her, and her little fingers very busy.

"Mother," she said, looking up with a bright smile, "you had twelve pairs

of stockings and I've done six of them."

Jenny had given up a whole hour's play to help and relieve her mother; but she was a very little girl, and she had made a mistake. She sewed the holes over and over. And as she meant to do her best, the stitches were close and tight. Her mother knew it would be at least half an hour's work to rip them out, but she would not disappoint the loving heart by letting her know she had not fully succeeded. She said only, "Well, you're a dear, good little girl, and now you may run out and play."

Away went Jenny, very happy in the thought that she had helped and pleased her mother. And she had; for the kindness and love she had shown were more precious to that mother's heart than gold, and lightened her care. Pleasant thoughts kept her company and made her needle move faster.

All of us, little folks and grown folks, are liable to make mistakes, even when we really try to do right. But the love of Christ is only shadowed forth faintly by that mother's love. He, too, takes the will for the deed; counts whatever is done out of love as done to him, and sees that no true effort is lost, but makes it to do good some time, some way, whether we see it or not.

A CHILD, in reply to the question, "Where is your home?" replied, looking at her mother, "My home is where mother is."

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER II.

IF I could only tell you all that happened in the weeks which followed that afternoon at the stage-driver's! But as people who walk through a picture gallery have to pass by a great many beautiful paintings and only stop to gaze here and there, so I must pass by a great many scenes where I cannot pause even to take breath. There was the morning, for instance, when Lewis went away. Oh, such a different one from the going away into the wide, strange, lonely world, which it would have been if Creighton Bell had never jumped off the cars at Salmon Head!

I walked up the lane and past the bridge where I had sat so long ago waiting for him in the low October sunset. A little way beyond the road forked, and on the right was the turnpike where the stage was to pass; and we had come out to meet it, because I wanted to be with Lewis as long as I could. Oh, what a morning that was! The June blossoms filling the air with their wonderful sweetness, the grasses and their dews, the singing of the birds among the leaves, and all the fresh brightness, and coolness, and beauty coming out of the night, were like the light and joy in my heart, which had come so lately out of a great dark.

"Oh, Lewis, here the time has really

come that I've dreaded so long, and you are going away from me and I cannot feel badly, although I suppose I ought to."

"No, you ought not, either." He looked at me a moment. "Ah, Polly Prim, this isn't the sort of face I remember last week—the face that it seemed would break my heart to go away and leave it," taking my chin in the hollow of his hand.

"Those were dreadfully dark times, Lewis," clinging to him with a sudden memory of all the old misery.

"You kept my heart up, Hope, when it would have broken down utterly. You were just like a dear little brown thrush singing through the darkness and the snow."

"Oh, that's a new name, Lewis! Brown thrush. But did I really do so much as that for you?"

"Just so much, Hope."

We caught the rumble of distant wheels at that moment. I knew them. "There, the stage is coming!" and the great, flapping leather curtains and the bright red vehicle came in sight.

"Oh, how much you'll have to see and to learn, and to tell me, Lewis! How I shall want to hear!"

"I shall write you a long letter; and now good-bye, my little sister," for John Brainerd's horses had turned into the turnpike, and his gruff, good-natured "Halloa, folks, there!" broke in amongst the singing of the birds.

"Good-bye, you darling Lewis!" It just hurt a little to say it, but the pain

was not deep. "I feel sure God will take care of you."

He sprang into the stage, the driver cracked some old joke and his whip together for a good-bye, my brother waved his hat as he rolled off through the morning air sweet with the breath of briar-rose and meadow-clover, and Lewis had at last gone out into the great world.

I went up home through the lane alone, skipping and dancing, and wishing I could fly away and do nothing but sing off in the wide blue sky and the tops of the tall trees, just as the birds did, I was so restless, and excited, and happy. All of a sudden I stopped still and said to myself: "Now, see here, Hope Darrow, this will never do. You've got some sense left, and you know you're not a bird, and it's no use wishing you could live like one. You've got something else to do in the world, and it's a shame to go idling and dreaming about, and wondering what is happening to Lewis, and thinking about the letter that's to come. You must set right about your studies every day, as though nothing had happened, for you know about the 'little busy bee,' and all that, and that youth is the time, and that it goes. Come now."

Mrs. Brainerd met me at the door with some curiosity in her face. Both she and her husband had shown a wonderful interest in our good fortunes.

"Well, Hope, you take your brother's going off pretty cool after all, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Brainerd; I'm going to buckle right down to my books, as though Lewis would hear my lessons every night.

I promised him that before he went away."

"Well, you're true grit, child. I reckon it's in the Darrow blood."

It was a couple of weeks before the long-promised letter came. I had scraps of notes and messages from Lewis when the stage went from Salmon Head to Terrace Tavern, and I knew matters were going on smoothly with my brother, and I tried not to be impatient, and I kept at my studies harder than ever, and at last, one morning, John Brainerd put the letter in my hands with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"I've had it over night," he said, "but you was a-bed when I got home, and I concluded it wasn't the sort of stuff that would spile afore morning."

Oh, that letter! I went off with it by myself, and—would you believe I was such a goose—my fingers shook so it was just as much as they could do to open it.

"MY DEAR LITTLE BROWN THRUSH: If my long letter has been late in coming, it is not because I have not been writing you one every day in my thoughts. It seems as though it was years ago since I saw you standing in the road that summer morning with your hat in your hand and the smile in your eyes."

"Ah, Polly Prim, I brought that picture all the way from Salmon Head, and I have it still, and I think I shall carry it with me as long as I live, even if I should be an old, old man and carry a staff, and the little, round, sweet face should be all puckered up with wrinkles, and the shining hair should all be white like frosts,

the face of my little sister as I saw it that last morning, smiling up at me on the turnpike."

Right here, I remember, the lines all ran together, and I had to stop and wipe my eyes before I could see clearly to go on.

"I have had a good time here, Hope: take it all in all, the best time I ever had in my life, although at first I felt shy and awkward among all the strange, grand city people; but that feeling has worn off now, at least a good deal."

"I've got to work, and I tell you it's better than the old saw-mill. I think I've found my place, Hope, and that I was cut out for an architect. Oh, the bridges, and the arches, and the arbors, and the porches, and the columns in which my soul takes chiefest delight! But I should grow hot to the tips of my ears, if I were to tell you half the fine things the gentleman who is planning Mr. Fairfax's grounds said about me the other day:

"'Young Darrow catches my ideas in an instant. Give him the men, and a few outlines, and he will carry out my plans. That boy's got the stuff in him.'

"I overheard all this, and I might a good deal more, only a fellow couldn't listen, you know."

"And now, Hope Darrow, open your blue eyes as wide as possible, for next week you are coming out here to see for yourself what I cannot tell you. Creighton Bell has settled the whole matter, and when he sets about a thing he generally puts it through."

"It will all seem like a new world to you, with the flocks of city folks and the gayety and excitement of one sort and another.

"But you will get used to city folks and city ways in a little while, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax will let you do just as you like; and there are two people that will do something more than that, and one is your brother, and I need not name the other.

"We have jolly times—Creighton Bell and I. We go off riding, boating, fishing; and he is a trump! He has nothing to do but enjoy himself, and it's 'Lewis, we'll be off here,' and 'Darrow, I've got a plan for to-morrow;' and I'm in for them all, only some folks' bread and butter won't come without earning it, but that makes it all the sweeter in the end.

"Mr. Fairfax paid me a quarter's salary in advance this morning. It was so thoughtful and kind that I actually made a regular bungle at thanking him. I like him and his wife, who is a very fine lady; and after all, I don't just want my little Hope to be that.

"Here is a part of the money for you, Polly Prim. You'll be wanting some new dresses for your visit.

"Mr. Brainerd will bring you over in the stage. I will be on hand to meet you.

"Ah, little sister, I want to see your face leaning out between the old stage-curtains with just the wistful, eager look it used to wear when I was coming home from the saw-mill. Ah, you don't know how often you have put heart and hope

into me in those days; and oh, Hope, though they seemed so tough, and long, and dark, yet I begin to think they've made some sound timber out of what might otherwise have proved pretty scrubby stuff when you came to try it, as everything has to be tried in this world; and that the old saw-mill wasn't so bad a school, after all.

"And now, my little singing-bird, not of sunny days and sweet spring blossoms, but of storms and snows, come to

"Your brother,

"LEWIS."

I don't know, I am sure, how this letter would read to a stranger, but it seemed to me that in all the world no little girl had ever such a letter before, so wise, so tender, so beautiful. I read it over until at last I could have said every word without so much as looking once on the page.

Then, too, this wonderful letter held something besides all its brave, loving words, and that proved to be three bank-notes—two tens and a five: all that to be spent on "fine feathers" when I should go to Terrace Ridge!

"Hope Darrow, you'll be dressed like a queen," I said, going down at last, with the money in my hand, to consult Mrs. Brainerd, who would be in her element, now there was some more money to be spent.

Six weeks had passed, and the summer and the autumn were about to meet and kiss each other with their own full, still, golden kiss of peace. Such a

thought came across me one morning when I stood on the verandah of the cottage-villa at Terrace Ridge, and I just said to myself, "Hope Darrow, are you the same little girl that used to go shivering down the road to the saw-mill every afternoon, in your plaid shawl, to meet your brother?"

Those six weeks had gone swiftly and smoothly, as days go in beautiful dreams. I had been for five of them at Terrace Ridge. Oh, such happy, funny, wonderful times! I cannot begin to tell you. Such happy, crowded, bustling days! Something going on all the while, and life one long, bright, merry holiday!

There were constant inroads of company, for it was now the height of the season, and Terrace Tavern was fairly choked with company, and so were all the little cottages which the city people had built on the banks of the lakes and up among the hills.

It used to seem to me that the garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve walked through its fresh beauty, could not have been fairer than this country about Terrace Ridge. The mountains in the distance, like vast green tents pitched by unseen hosts, the lakes like laughing dimples at the foot of the hills, the mists that shone every morning across the valleys like Jason's golden fleece, about which Lewis read me when I was sick, made one great enchanted picture of that whole country-side. Everybody went into rhapsodies over the scenery, and compared it with Switzerland and Wales, and little nooks of Alpine scenery; and I drank in

grand talk of that sort, while I had nothing to remember but just Salmon Head, thirty miles away.

All this time Lewis was as busy as he used to be at the old saw-mill. That boy put his soul into whatever he did, and there were half a dozen workmen to carry out his sketches and designs of one sort and another.

All these were Greek to me, of course, but Mr. Fairfax was full of the improvements also, and the two passed hours together every day, talking over their bridges and roads, and ponds and arbors; so I was left a good deal to myself, or to Creighton Bell, or Mrs. Fairfax, who used to declare, with a little frown, at least two-thirds in earnest, that Dick had been good for nothing as a husband since he'd got that crotchet of improving the grounds in his head. For her part, she wished he would leave the land just the wilderness that he found it.

But I had learned already that Mrs. Pauline Fairfax said a great many things at one time which she did not mean at another.

The lady's voice came out to me now, through the long open window, as I stood on the verandah.

"Oh, Creighton," as her brother entered the room, "you are just the individual I've been in search of. I have engaged to lunch at the Pines, and I want you should row me over this morning."

"Where's Dick, Pauline?"

"Dick! As though there could be but one answer. He is riding that new hobby

of building a winding staircase down the rocks to the glen, and he's off with young Darrow to inspect the land, and I'm just left to shift for myself. You must carry me over, Creighton."

"You must wait an hour or two first, Pauline; there's a darling! I'm going to give Hope Darrow a ride on horseback."

"I know what your horses are, Creighton, and I can't wait for them. We are to have a pic-nic under the trees, and I must start within half an hour."

"I say you're too bad, Pauline. Let somebody else row you over."

"There's nobody to do it. John is too stupid to handle an oar. You will have to go, Creighton."

"You talk as though I were a two-year old at your knee, Pauline. I tell you there will be lots of time after I've taken Hope out."

"And I tell you there won't, and I think you are most disobliging to your sister, Creighton Bell, to suggest such a thing."

"And I think you are most unreasonable, Pauline, to expect that everybody will sacrifice their plans and comforts to your wants and whims."

The voices had grown raised and angry now.

"Oh dear!" I thought to myself, standing on the verandah, "how I do wish he would take her in the boat without another word! Lewis and I never talk to each other in that way;" and I quite forgot I was listening, but I remembered it afterward, wondering how I could have forgotten to walk straight away, for

listening to other people's talk seems to me very much like stealing one's purse. In either case, you take what does not honestly belong to you; but it is solemnly true, I never thought what I was doing, for if it had flashed across me, I do not believe the round world held gold enough to keep me on the verandah that morning.

"Creighton, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk to me in that style," said Mrs. Fairfax, her quick temper—I think it was in the Bell blood—now thoroughly aroused. "That Darrow boy and girl seem to have driven everybody else out of your head since they came here. Of course you will do as you like, as you always have done; but, naturally, your taste a little surprises me."

The tones were soft and steady now, but there was a sharper sting in them for that very thing. To think anybody so sweet and lovable could be so hard and bitter!

"You needn't sneer about them. I'll match Lewis Darrow against a legion of your fine city chaps with their airs and affectations. He's one of Nature's noble-men to the core; and as for that little Hope, if Nature didn't make a lady of her from the beginning, I don't know the stuff when I see it."

"It may be so. I don't dispute it, Creighton." Could such a sneer lurk in such silvery tones? "Only one is not apt to find such choice qualities among saw-mills and stage-drivers."

"Pauline Bell Fairfax! I would not have believed you could descend to any-

thing so contemptible!" There was a noise at the window, and the next moment Creighton burst right out of the room and confronted me on the verandah. The angry flush in his cheeks went down in a look of dismay: "Oh, Hope!"

I made a swift sign to him not to betray my presence to Mrs. Fairfax, and darted off the piazza and down the walk with only one thought, and that was to get somewhere all alone.

Creighton Bell hurried after and overtook me. His hand caught my flying steps and held me fast. "Hope," his face full of grave anxiety, "did you hear what—what we said just now in the parlor?"

"Yes, Creighton. I did not mean to listen. I forgot everything. I don't know how I came to stand still there."

"It was outrageous! It was a burning shame of Pauline!" he cried, more angrily even than he had spoken in the house.

"Oh, don't say that; don't, Creighton. Do go right back and row her over to the Pines."

"Catch me doing that, Hope! You and I will go off on our ride and have a jolly time, and forget all about this miserable affair. Come."

"Oh, Creighton, thank you, but I cannot go: I should be unhappy all the time. If you will go back to your sister and carry her over to the Pines. Please now."

"She doesn't deserve it, Hope; and how can you, of all others, ask me, remembering what she said?"

I had to gulp down something in my throat before I answered: "But she is your only sister, Creighton, and it seems so dreadful. Lewis and I have our little quarrels sometimes, but not like that."

A change came across Creighton Bell's face: "Pauline and I are not like Lewis and you, Hope; and then she was so aggravating."

"Yes, I think she was; but she had set her heart on going, you know, and it was very provoking to have me stand in the way. We will have our ride this afternoon; but do go now and make up."

"It's a hard lump to swallow, but if you can stand what she said, I can."

"People say a good deal more than they mean when they are angry, you know."

"So they do: that's sensible. Pauline and I are of that sort. I'll go back, Hope."

He shook hands, and I went off to the little rustic arbor choked up among the vines. I tried to put all which I had heard out of my thoughts, and resolved never to tell Lewis; but, for all that, those words of Mrs. Fairfax hurt me; yes, they really hurt me a great deal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds or animals.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A HEROINE.

By ———.

LITTLE Katy was in a brown study. She stood leaning over the table, her face resting in her hand and her elbow on the closed book she had just been reading. Katy was quite a little student, though only eleven years old, and had read all about a great many women who had done wonderful things and were called heroines. And she was thinking that she would like to be a heroine too. She thought how nice it would be to be a general and have all the soldiers following and obeying her, while she led them right on to victory, like Joan of Arc; and have all the people saying there was never such a wonderful woman before. Or, if

VOL. VI.—7

there would only be a very wicked king, who made slaves of all the people, what a grand thing it would be to kill him and set the country free. But suppose she should be arrested and condemned to death. On the whole, she rather liked the idea, it would make her heroism so much the greater. She would ascend the scaffold with such dignity, dressed all in white, and her hair in long, flowing curls, and make such an affecting address to the people, that her death would be the crowning act of heroism, and they would have her photograph for sale in all the store windows; and there would be an "extra," telling how "the executioner with the fatal axe"—but stop! they don't cut off heads in this country; they hang people instead; and, come to think of it, she didn't think she would like to be hung. Besides, there were no kings here.

Why could she not live on the sea-shore and, like Grace Darling, save some one's life in a terrible storm? or rush into a burning dwelling and rescue some one from the flames? Oh, if she only had some chance of doing some wonderful thing, she was sure she would be so bold, and brave, and strong, and everybody would hear of her and praise her!

I do not know how long she might have thought the matter over, if her little sister Mary had not called her to go out and play with her. Katy was only a little girl, after all, and, in spite of her secret ambitions, was always quite ready to play.

It was a beautiful day in May. The air was soft and mild; the grass was sprinkled with dandelions; buttercups looked saucily up into your face on every hand, while in every sheltered nook violets opened their blue eyes. With the love which little children always have for flowers, they wandered on, gathering the brightest and fairest they met, until their hands were full. They came to the brook, and standing on the bridge, they leaned over the railing and watched the shoals of fishes flashing hither and thither in the water beneath, and followed with their eyes the water-spiders darting back and forth on the surface of the stream.

But the bridge was old and the railing rotten, and the end against which Mary was leaning gave way, and she fell, with a startled scream, into the water below. When Katy saw her sister in the stream she was beside herself with terror. She cried and wrung her hands, and finally

ran away at the top of her speed, calling for help. Luckily the water was not deep; a man chanced to be near at hand and Mary was soon rescued from her unpleasant situation. The fright and the chill, however, were almost too much for the little one, who was a delicate child, and she was carried shivering home, accompanied by her scarcely less agitated sister.

When Katy had time for thought, she was seized with dismay, when she remembered that the longed-for opportunity for the display of heroism had come and she had let it pass. That night, after Katy had gone to bed, her mother found written in the little journal which she kept, though she was only eleven years old, the following:

"Oh dear I shall never be a Heroine after all and I wanted to be one so bad and was wishing I had a Chance. but when I had a Chance I Forgot and I am afrade I allways shal. I guess the Best thing I can do is to try and be a Good little girl and may be that will do just as well even if people doant talk about me."

Now the spelling of this was not just as it should be, as you see; and the capitals were some of them in wrong places, and she sometimes forgot to punctuate; for, though Katy was quite a little scholar, she did not know everything yet.

However, mother was very well pleased with what she read.

Mary had a fever all night, and the next day, although better, she was cross and fretful, and required constant attention. But Katy was very patient, and

did everything she could think of to please and amuse her sister. She read her long stories until she was tired of listening, and then brought her flowers. She even loaned her her beautiful wax doll, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut—Katy's greatest treasure, that Mary was scarcely allowed to touch on other days.

Papa came home to dinner, and brought—what? If you had heard the cry of delight, and seen the caper of joy, you would have known it was something Katy prized very much; and she was only a little girl after all, and when anything pleased her she was very apt to show it. The treasure which papa brought was a number of *The Children's Hour*, which was eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed each month. Katy gladly seized it and sat herself down and began cutting the leaves, intending to have a quiet, happy hour reading the stories and looking at the pictures. But Mary, with outstretched hands, cried for the book. A cross word rose to Katy's lips and, we are sorry to say, escaped them; but then she remembered that her little sister was ill, and, with a lingering look, she gave the magazine to Mary, who, with the selfishness of sickness, would not let her sister look at the book with her. A tear shone in Katy's eye and her lip quivered, for she did so long to see and read. But she bravely pressed back both the tear and the sob, and sat down patiently to wait until Mary should be done. But she waited a long time, and her sister made no offer of giving it up. At last, Katy

took up the book she had been reading the day before and went out of the room, determined to put the thought of the new magazine entirely out of her mind. She soon became interested in a story of womanly heroism, and when it was finished she unconsciously fell into nearly the same attitude of the day before, her elbow resting on the table and her chin in her open palm. But her thoughts were different from yesterday's. There were no plans now for doing wonderful things, only a humble consciousness of how utterly she had failed.

She was startled by a hand being placed on her head, and the voice of her mother saying:

"My little heroine, Mary is asleep and you can have your new book now."

Katy looked up questioningly, half believing her mother was making fun of her. Her mother saw the look and understood it.

"Yes, my child," she added, "you have shown yourself quite a little heroine this afternoon. If you had jumped into the water yesterday to try to help your sister, it would have been very foolish, for then there would have been two to pick out and dry, and may be to nurse. But in denying yourself to gratify your sick sister you have shown yourself truly heroic."

"LOTTIE," said a little visitor, "what makes your kitty so cross?"

"Oh, 'cause she is cutting teeth, I 'spect."

MABEL'S STORY.

By May Leonard.

I'M a big girl, not five years old, an' I'm goin' to tell my own story. Auntie writes it down an' I tells it.

To go way back to the beginning. Six years ago Mabel—that's me—was a baby. I don't exactly merember how she looked or what she was mostly thinking of, though I've heard a great deal 'bout that time, for I was so little then, you see, an' babies are so ignorant.

First I'll tell you my name—Mabel Weston, though grumpacalls me "Dolly," an' Uncle Will calls me "Blossom," an' sometimes I'm "Queeny," "Mother Budget," "Birdie," an' lots of other names. Once they called me "Babel," 'cause I called myself so when I couldn't say "Baby Bell;" and they all thought my name was a good one.

I've lived a good while, an' done a good deal, an' seen a great many things. I know ever so much too. I've heard 'em say so when they thought I was playing with my dollies.

"It's really s'prisin'," says grumpac, "how much Mabel knows, sayin' off her little verses so pretty, an' readin' like a—like a magpie."

"She's an uncommon child," says grumma.

"No," says auntie; "only a grunchild."

"'Tisn't that," says grumpac, real quick. "Mabel can jump rope, read, recite, knit, sew or run better than any little girl ever I knew, child, grunchild

or stranger." An' of course grumpac knows best.

I'm good too. I say my prayers every night, an' I think what the words mean, an' I only open my eyes once till I get through 'em clear to amen. I just open my eyes once to see if auntie's are open, for she puts me to bed an' tells me to shut my eyes an' think what I'm sayin', an' I do.

I sit still in meetin' always, unless I want a drink, or to reach a fan, or Bible, or hymn-book, or my boots hurt, or I want to see something better than I can in my own seat in the pew. I don't never kick my heels 'gainst the pew nor swing the door now-a-days.

I love my darling uncle Will, an' he 'most always has some candy for me when he comes home from town. I like to go an' meet him.

I love auntie too, an' her an' me have the grandest times together in the pantry when she skims the milk.

I've got a dear little calf with a white nose as cold as can be, an' a blue ribbon round its neck.

We have eighteen chickens. I know it's eighteen, 'cause three times nine an' twice six are both eighteen; or is it twice nine and three times six? I've learned it once, any way, an' I merember that it was when auntie was eighteen she first took care of buying her own clothes.

Grumpac owns lots an' lots of land—corn-fields, meadow-pastures an' great fields of waving grass, higher than I am.

Rover an' I go out an' play hide-an'-seek in the corn, an' get beautiful green

silk. Rover is grumpa's dog, an' he an' me play together often. He never ate me up in his life, though he barks at beggars an' growls over a bone.

Grumpa has ducks an' geese too, but I don't like 'em. They hiss at me just as if they were making fun of me, an' when I sit on the door-step to eat a cake, they gobble it right out of my hands before I can stop 'em.

I can say "Hug me closer, closer mother," "Twinkle, twinkle," "Hush, my dear," an' ever so many more pieces.

I've made two bags an' seven squares of patchwork, an'—don't tell, it's a secret; only aunty knows—I am making a mat for mamma! It's blue, an' green, an' red, an' yellow, an' every other color; an' it's real pretty, only the ends of the worsted will stick out an' show, so that both sides look like the wrong side.

Once in a while I get so tired of being good that I am naughty, but I'm 'most always sorry an' never do so again. One day Bridget left a pail of water on the window-sill in mamma's room. I peeped out of the window just as aunty peeped out of the one below, an' I thought how funny 'twould be to let the water pour down on to her head, an' how nice an' cool 'twould feel, an' how s'prised she'd be. I could only just tip the pail an' down it went, an', oh dear! it didn't seem funny one bit. I couldn't see the water fall, an' aunty got cold an' I a whippin', an' that was the end.

Sometimes I find, after I've been having a nice time, that I've been drefful naughty, when I didn't know it.

Once I met a girl an' she asked me to go to her house to play. I never saw her before, but she was bigger than me, so I went.

Her house wasn't a nice house; her mother didn't look pretty nor very clean, but I had a good time. We took off our stockings and gaiters—or I did; she hadn't any on her feet—an' waded in the pond. I caught some nice little polly-wogs an' tied 'em up in a handkerchief of mamma's, an' a mud-turtle that I put to bed in my hat. Then she helped me into a tree an' I tore my gown. I was sorry, 'cause it happened to be my best; but we had a grand time eating peaches. They were green an' didn't taste a bit good, but we liked 'em 'cause they were peaches. Aunty had lent me her pretty gray veil an' we took it for a net to fish with. We caught ever so many frogs: it was such fun to see 'em jump! but at last, when I was laughing the most, one jumped right into my mouth, an' I didn't laugh any more.

When I was tired of playing I started to go home, but my clothes were all wet an' muddy, my stockings an' gaiters were drefful soiled, an' I couldn't find my polly-wogs, handkerchief or aunty's veil, an' I felt so I cried.

The girl's mother told me not to cry an' gave me a orange, an' I thought I'd give it to mamma an' tell her I didn't mean to spoil my things or lose 'em. Before I got home I was so thirsty an' the orange looked so nice I thought I'd take a little of the juice, an' then 'twould be just as big to give mamma. I s'posed a

orange was 'bout as good without the juice; but I'm afraid I took all there was, for mamma threw it away. An' oh, how she talked to me!

I'd only thought of having fun; but, dear me! mamma told me of so many naughty things I'd done I was afraid I should never be forgiven; but I was. I was so sorry, an' haven't never done so again, 'specially not having seen that girl since.

Aunty thinks it's 'most too bad to tell 'bout my being naughty my own self, but I tell you I'm 'most always real good.

Grumpa says I'm worth my weight in gold, an' more too. Grumma says I'm her little comfort, an' find her speckle-ticks quicker'n anybody else.

Aunty says I'd better tell you the great things that have happened to me. Well, once I went to Boston. I went everywhere; saw the dew on the Common, the public gardens, the museum an' ever, an' ever so many things; but I was little, an' all I can meremember now is 'bout being in a store. There was a clerk made big eyes at me an' frightened me so I ran to mamma an' clung to her skirts; but instead of taking my hand an' speaking, mamma only whirled an' whirled round till I was dizzy an' fell an' struck an iron rod. I looked up an' mamma had no head, only some shoulders; an' it wasn't mamma at all, but a block of wood dressed like a lady. How I cried till mamma comforted me! After that I used to touch ladies in stores, to make 'em whirl, an' feel shy of the blocks for fear they'd

speak to me. I couldn't never tell 'em apart.

Once I went out on the ocean in a ship an' sailed all day an' night. I liked sailing, an' I should have had a nice time if I hadn't been sick. I'm 'most always well, an' I wish I hadn't happened to be sick just then; but 'twas just the way with everybody there. Aunty says 'twas sailing made us sick, but I'm 'most sure she's mistaken.

Nothing else great ever happened to me, 'cept my little sister's dying. She went to heaven. Mamma says she's a little angel an' always will be. Won't it seem funny if I live to be an old lady before I go to heaven, an' my sister's a little girl angel, an' I—I s'pose there aren't any old angels, but I should be a grown-up angel. I think she would seem like my little girl, but she won't be; she'll always be my angel-sister.

I cried when she died, an' often I want to see her, but mamma says she is happier an' better off than I.

I haven't told you half I could, but aunty thinks I've said enough. I haven't told you how pretty mamma is, how good grumpa an' papa are, an' all the rest of 'em. 'Bout what a pretty chamber I have for my own, an' my playthings an' story-books, an' what nice times Susy Walker an' me have 'most every day; but if aunty thinks best, I'll say good-bye. Don't forget Mabel.

NEVER overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading.

THE KING'S MISTAKE.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

MANY of you know that the eagle is the largest and strongest of birds, having its nest on high rocks and coming down to the valleys in search of prey. He has a special liking for lambs, kids and fresh fish, and has even carried off children. His eyesight, too, is so strong that it is said he can gaze at the sun. You know he is often called the "king of birds," as the lion is called the "king of beasts."

Well, one day this monarch of the air went hunting, and pouncing on what he probably took for a fine, large hare, carried it in triumph to his nest.

"Here, my children," said he, in bird-dialect, "is a rich dinner for you. I have been highly successful to-day. Come, enjoy it, and I will soon be home again;" and away he flew to get something for himself.

Ah! the king had made a mistake and brought up a nice, large cat.

"Not so fast," said pussy, in cat-language; "your majesty has provided me with a good dinner."

She leisurely ate up the young eaglets, and when she had finished the last one and washed her face, she cautiously picked her way, by her sharp claws, down the steep rocks to her valley-home.

What his majesty said when he returned has never been written; but the story carries with it a meaning not hard to read.

In some time and way, sooner or later, injury done reacts on him who does it. Those who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of others, or deprive them of their rights and happiness, will surely find, whatever may be their worldly estate, that they have taken into their souls' dwelling-places enemies who will rob them of their richest treasures.

TOM-TIT.

By L. I. Hagner.

LITTLE Tom-tit

Had a very naughty fit;
He whisked his little tail about
And cried, "Tu whit! tu whit!"

His pretty little mother
Upon her nest did sit:
She said, "Oh fie, my Tommy!
Tu whit! tu whit! tu whit!"

"I don't want worm for dinner,"
Said naughty little Tit:
"If I can't have a cherry,
I will not eat a bit."

Then spake his angry mother,
"You'll eat what I see fit;
But see where comes your father—
Tu whit! tu whit! tu whit!"

"Oh, pray don't tell my father!
My fault I will admit;
I'll eat a worm with pleasure—
Tu whit! tu whit! tu whit!"



THE SISTERS.

MY SISTER.

WHO at my side was ever near?
 Who was my playmate many a year?
 Who loved me with a love sincere?
 My sister.

Who took me gently by the hand
 And led me through the summer land,
 By forest, field and sea-shore sand?
 My sister.

Who taught me how to name each flower
 That grows in lane and garden bower,
 Telling of God's almighty power?
 My sister.

Who showed me Robin with the vest
 Of crimson feathers on his breast,
 The blackbird in his dark coat drest?
 My sister.

Who pointed out the lark on high—
 A little speck unto the eye—
 Filling with melody the sky?
 My sister.

Who led me by the bright, clear stream,
 And in the sunshine's golden beam
 Showed me the fishes dart and gleam?
 My sister.

Who, as we wandered by the sea,
 And heard the wild waves in their glee,
 Gathered such pretty things for me?
 My sister.

Who held the shell unto my ear,
 Until, in fancy, I could hear
 The sound of waters rushing near?
 My sister.

Who, when the wind of winter blew,
 And round the fire our seats we drew,
 Read to me stories good and true?
 My sister.

Who joined with me each day in prayer,
 To thank God for his loving care;
 Who in my hymns of praise would share?
 My sister.

Who, when the sound of Sabbath-bell
 Upon the ear so sweetly fell,
 Walked with me churchward down the dell?
 My sister.

When sometimes sick I lay in bed,
 Who laid her head against my head,
 And of my loving Saviour read?
 My sister.

And while in sickness thus I lay,
 Who helped to nurse me day by day,
 And at my bedside oft would pray?
 My sister.

MARY JANE JONES.

By Rosella Rice.

IT was the first day of school in the new school-house at Maple Grove. All the children had gathered there dressed up clean and nice. Kitty, Farmer Norton's daughter, who lived near by, was to be the teacher.

The children knew and loved Kitty, and they were glad that school was to begin that first Monday in May.

Just after they had taken their seats, and the buzz was growing quiet, two little

girls came in softly—strangers, who were new scholars.

One of them the daughter of the rich new-comer, Mr. Stanbury, who had bought the large farm owned by the heirs of the late Colonel Waldron; the other little girl was the daughter of Mr. Stanbury's tenant, Mr. Jones.

I am sorry to say it—sorry that there are such naughty children in the world—but as soon as the little girls sat down, the scholars began staring at them and making comments.

One of them was pretty; her eyes were bright and black, and her hair curled all about her forehead, and ears, and neck in cunning little rings; and when she laughed, the sweetest dimples dotted all about her mouth and in her cheeks. When the teacher asked her name, she spoke out in a clear, pert way, "Effie May Stanbury."

"Oh, that sounds just like a name from a novel!" said Nelly Wood to one of the girls.

"Oh, what a sweet, summer-time name she's got!" said another girl, in a low whisper. "I know we'll love her dearly."

"If I don't name my new doll Effie May Stanbury!" said Ruth Carter to herself, as she leaned over and looked at the new scholar admiringly.

"What is your name, sis?" said Kitty to the other child, who sat demurely, with her little, freckled hands folded on her Second Reader. Poor child! at first view hers was a very homely face. Her hair was red and cut short, and stuck out stiffly; her eyes were very large, and

round, and dull; oh, they looked as though they were going to roll clear out of their places! her nose turned up at the end like a sled-runner; her mouth was all the pretty feature she had, but her face was so freckled and speckled that you hardly saw her pretty mouth at all. Her dress was clean, and she appeared very nice and genteel as she answered, "Mary Jane Jones."

Her voice was as sweet and clear as a bell, and the room was so quiet that every scholar heard distinctly.

Two or three of the ill-bred larger girls broke out into ill-natured sly laughter, as they pressed their open books closely to their faces. Some of the boys bowed their heads down on their desks, but one could see their shoulders shaking.

"I'll call my old used-up doll Mary Jane Jones," thought little Ruth, as she held her book up to her face just so her pug nose and blue eyes peeped over, as she leaned forward and took a look at the other new girl.

"Mary Jane Jones! Oh dear, what a name!" whispered one girl to another, as they turned their faces sideways on the desk and shook with suppressed laughter.

"She'll be the butt for the whole school, I'll bet," said one rude boy to another. "We'll have lots of fun now."

"Ask your ma, when you go home to-night, if we may call you Jenny instead of Mary Jane," said the teacher, kindly; "it's such a handy little name, and so short and sweet;" and she put her hand on the child's forehead and tried, in a loving caress, to smooth back the stubby

hair, but it was cut so short that it wouldn't be smoothed.

Kitty saw at a glance that there was need of her standing beside the little stranger in a very kind, patronizing way.

That day at noon the girls all went up on the hill above the school-house to swing among the grapevines. When they started they walked in couples and groups, with their arms linked together. Three or four met in collision trying to see who would get the arm of the pretty Effie May Stanbury. They couldn't all walk with her, and those who were not the favored ones were a little angry, and walked sullenly, and did not feel very happy; still they were not downright angry; if they had been, they would not have gone at all.

I am sorry to tell it, but no one took the arm of Mary Jane Jones; and there she stood, embarrassed, tying and untying her sun-bonnet, the truth forcing itself into her mind that no one wanted to walk with her.

"That's too bad," said one of the larger girls, softly; "some of you little girls walk with her."

"Do it yourself!" said another. "I saw you making fun of her, and I'm not going to walk with her!"

Ruth, little woman, looked back, stopped and said, "I must take along an extra cake, may be I'll meet with a poor emigrant, or a blind fiddler, or an old tramp, who will be hungry," and she ran back to the school-house, snatched up her dinner-basket, and as she came out, said,

"Mary Jane, is your tie in a hard knot?"

You little toady, let it go; don't stand there fixing it so long; come right off with me. Oh, we'll have rare fun! the air out in yon old woods is so good and pure up on the slope. You'll enjoy it immensely, I know;" and instead of putting her arm in Mary Jane's, she slipped it round her waist, and the two tripped off, chatting away like old friends.

It don't take very long to find where lies the gold; it cannot remain hidden.

The boys had made a large, strong swing out of grapevines, and the girls gathered round it in great glee.

"I'll have the first swing," said Effie, dropping her hat and getting into the unwieldy swing, tired and panting, hardly waiting to fix her clothes down neatly. The girls were delighted to show honor to the handsome little stranger, and two of them volunteered to push the vine backward and forward.

It was rather hard work, but they could easily do it to please her and to find favor in her sight. They pushed the swing a long time. Effie was delighted, but kept calling out, "Faster, faster! make me go farther. Oh, I'd push you farther than that!"

At last one of the girls said, "There, won't that do for this time?"

"Oh no! I am not a bit tired yet. Make it sail away up high, so that my feet will touch the top of that little dog-wood tree."

The girls pushed higher and harder. Their faces were as red as scarlet, and their hands almost blistered from handling the knotty vine, but still the little

beauty cried out, "Oh, can't you make me go any higher?"

"May be some of the other girls would like to swing, Effie," said Mary Jane.

"Well, they must wait till I get done then. Hip, hip, hurrah! girls, my feet almost touched the clouds then! This is royal sport. I sail like a lark; oh—oh! like an eagle," said Effie, in a transport of joy.

"Don't you want to stop and rest now, Effie?" said one of the girls, almost gasping for breath.

"Rest? No; this is better than resting in a nice feather bed;" and her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her loosened hair floated beautifully in the wind.

"Pretty as a picture," said Nell Wood; "but did you ever see such selfishness?"

"Fair without, but foul within," said the other girl, as she leaned her cheek angrily against the rough bark of the old oak, where they stood apart from the others.

"Come, Effie, the girls are tired, and you treat them unkindly," said Mary Jane.

"Well, girls, just give me fifty good swings and I'll get out, and not till then."

The girls began counting, one, two, three.

"Hold on there! I didn't mean your kind of a fifty," called out Effie. "You don't count fairly: you cheat! You call forward one and backward two; that's not fair. Once forward and once backward make one; that was the kind I meant."

"Well, we make no such one-sided

bargains as that, do we Kate? let's quit," and both overheated, tired, vexed girls dropped down full length on the ground, sweating and panting with weariness.

"Oh, you are both tired," said Mary Jane; "don't lie on the damp ground and take cold. You, Katy, get in and let Ruth and I swing you till you are rested."

Kate looked up into Mary Jane's face as though she felt real admiration for her, and thanking her, got into the swing, while the girls swayed her gently, in long, breezy sweeps, to and fro.

"If it hadn't been for you, little red-headed woodpecker, I'd got to swing longer," said Effie, pouting out her mouth and looking very ugly. "You little, hateful porcupine! I don't like you one bit."

Mary Jane pressed her lips together and turned her head sideways, as though she was making an effort to swallow something; then brightening up bravely, she said, as she smoothed one hand quickly over her hair, "My hair won't always stick out like a porcupine's quills; it had to be cut off very short when I had the brain fever. Oh, girls, but I did suffer pain in my poor head and eyes! Mother says my eyes will never look like they used to again; but then that's a little thing to fret about. I just know I shall love to come to this new school. The teacher is so kind, and I love all of you girls, and this woods will be so nice to play in. I hope we shall have good times together. I know mother will be pleased to have me called Jenny. I'll ask her

this very evening. She calls me Pee-wee at home."

When Kate got out of the swing another girl got in and swung, but they were all careful not to stay in long at a time, because that was selfish to take all the pleasure to one's self while the others had to wait, and some of them to work.

When it was time to return to the school-house, not one girl put her arm in Effie's, or sought to walk with her, though, for fear of making her unhappy, Ruth walked beside her and told her all about their red calf with white feet, and about her two purple, or tea-green, kittens, Lily and Pearl, that slept in a nail-keg in the smoke-house. She showed her, too, how funny the kitties did laugh when they were little wee things, more like balls of fur than kittens. Effie laughed till the woods rang, when Ruth showed her.

The next day at school little, homely, good Mary Jane Jones was called Jenny, and she was so good, and unselfish, and kind that it was not long until the whole school, rude boys and all, called her by the little love-name her mother gave her in the cradle, "Pee-wee."

She was loved wherever she went; every heart was open to her, everybody liked her, though at first sight her little face did seem very homely; but after a while her hair grew out wavy and bright, and didn't look very red after all. Children said it was a golden brown, and that freckled faces were really pretty, and turn-up noses handsomer than Roman or Grecian.

But I found out the secret of it all. Jenny Jones was good, and loving, and tender-hearted, and kind. That is what makes pretty children, after all. To-day every boy and girl in Maple Grove school will tell you that "Pee-wee Jones" is far handsomer than Effie Stanbury.

One morning, as Jenny was going to school, she saw two of the scholars fighting. Jenny was near them before they saw her. She put her basket and books right down and walked in among them with all the dignity of a noble, courageous woman, saying, "Oh, boys, how disgraceful! What would your poor mothers say if they knew this? Shame on you to fight and strike each other! it is low and unmanly, and just like ruffians. Don't ever do the like again; you will feel so 'shamed and sorry for all this when you come to be men."

"He begun it," said one boy.

"I ain't to blame," said the other.

"You are every one to blame," said she, looking round upon them; "every one cowards, if you fight or allow others to fight where you are. Now come, be like men; don't one of you ever strike another; try how good you can be, and how kind to each other, and I'll never tell the teacher or anybody one word of this."

The boys all sneaked off, sorry and ashamed.

One time one of the worst boys in school got hit on the forehead, accidentally, while they were playing ball.

It was a bad cut and bled freely, and the children all stood back, scared and not knowing what to do.

Little Pee-wee Jones was as brave as she was kind, and she flew round and washed off the blood, and closed and tied up the cut with her handkerchief.

The boy was so stunned that he didn't know who did this for him, until a few days after, when his mother was ironing, she came across the handkerchief and said, "Who tied up your head at school, Johnny? Here is the handkerchief that was over it;" and there in the corner was the pet name of "Pee-wee."

"I just know now, mother, whose little hands touched me so tenderly that day, just like you'd done it yourself," said Johnny; "they were Jenny Jones' blessed little hands. Why, that girl can do anything; she'd make a good preacher, or a good doctor, or a good teacher; she's just a little, sweet, freckled angel, doing everybody good. The first day she came to school she looked so homely, and wild, and speckled, and bristling that we all wanted to laugh out loud, just for very fun; and I am ashamed to say it, but I did lean down on the desk and whisper to Ned Freeman that she'd be the butt for the whole school, and that we'd have lots of fun now.

"And after all, that girl has saved me many a thrashing, and helped me in my long division, and whispered to me how to spell the hard words, and made the boys let Brave alone that day he followed me to school, and gave me a big piece of her good, clean mince-pie, full of fat plump raisins, the day that Crouse's colt ate my dinner; and then, at last, tied up my old gourd of a head with her hand-

kerchief. I just wish all girls were like Mary Jane Jones, so I do!" and Johnny stood up just as excited, his eyes and his chest sticking out, and his brown fists clenched together as though, if Jenny Jones needed a champion now, she could have one.

And so it is with all good children; people will love them, and they can do good deeds every day, even if they be lowly and humble, for there is good to be done at all times and under all circumstances.

Ruth didn't name her new prize doll Effie May Stanbury at all; that was what she called the old one-eyed one, with the broken neck and lost leg, when she laid it away in a cigar box in the dark closet; but to the new one, that she tucks in its crib every night, in a long, white, ruffled gown, and kisses in a hungry, motherly way, she sweetly says, "Good-night, Mary Jane Jones; good-night."

SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS.

By Uncle Herbert.

"**SWALLOWED** fifteen cows!" said Bertie, in astonishment, looking up from her play. Her ears had caught the words in a conversation that was going on in the room.

"Yes," answered her brother George. "He drank them all up."

"Drank fifteen cows! I don't believe it!" answered the little maiden, firmly.

"He sold them and bought whisky

and beer with the money," explained her aunt Katy.

"Oh, oh! that was it. I see now. Well, it is funny."

"No, not funny, dear, but sad," said Aunt Katy. "The man had a wife and two little children, and he sold the milk from the fifteen cows and bought them food and clothing. But now, having swallowed the cows, as we were saying, his wife and children go hungry and cold, and he, a poor, miserable drunkard, is in the almshouse. Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

The children looked very sober.

"You'll never catch me drinking up fifteen cows, nor one either," spoke out George, very positively.

"I don't know as to that," said Aunt Kate. "The man we were talking about was once a boy like you, with a healthy taste for food and clear cold water. As to ever swallowing a cow, much more fifteen cows, such a thing never entered his head. But you see what he came to at last. How was it? He began by taking a glass of ale or beer, or a little wine at parties, now and then. This corrupted his pure taste, and gave him an unnatural thirst, which only strong drink would satisfy. From ale and beer he went to whisky, rum and brandy; and the more and oftener he drank, the more his thirst increased, until he became a poor, miserable drunkard. So you see, George, that no boy can tell what he may come to. Maybe, instead of swallowing fifteen cows, you will get down, one of these days, after you become a man, forty or

fifty, and a house and lot into the bargain."

"Now, aunty, that is too bad!" exclaimed George. "You know I won't."

"So hundreds and thousands of little boys might once have said, who, now that they have grown to be men, are drunkards. There is only one way of safety."

"What is that, aunty?" asked the boy, looking up with serious eyes.

"It is the way of total abstinence, as we call it—the only way of safety for either boys or men. If you never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor, you will never be a drunkard. If you depart from this rule, no man can say to how low a depth of wretchedness and degradation you may fall. The worst drunkard in the land was once a pure and innocent boy."

"I'll never swallow even a calf!" exclaimed George, starting up and speaking with great earnestness.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," said Aunt Kate, "and all will be well with you. But indulge ever so little in drinking as you grow to manhood, and none can tell into what a great deep of hopeless ruin you may fall."

COLD water, we hail thee; thou gift free as
air;

No beverage of mortals can with thee com-
pare:

Who drinks of thee only will find with de-
light

Fresh vigor by day and contentment at night.



LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

By Clio Stanley.

IN THREE PARTS. PART SECOND.

SUSIE awoke, one morning, hearing a robin's song so tender and sweet that her little heart beat fast with a thrill of delight.

The window was open, for it was warm, summer weather, and the dainty curtains were looped back with fresh blue ribbons, which Susie had chosen herself, because, she said, they were the color of the sky; though her papa had told her, when she said it, that it only takes light in different

quantities—some subtle gases that flow through all nature and our own eyes—to make all the beautiful colors we call by different names; that we look up through so many, many waves of light that the region beyond the clouds looks blue to us.

Susie remembers what her father said every time she looks at her ribbons, and I do not believe she will ever forget all the lessons her father and mother make plain to her in such simple but comprehensive language.

She thought, when she first awoke, that the robin must be right on the window-ledge, but as she looked again, she

discovered him out on one of the branches of the maple tree, his wings fluttering above the bright red breast like tiny banners, and the green leaves blowing back and forth over his head, making little currents of cool air that seemed, no doubt, very refreshing.

"May, wake up and hear the robin sing," said Susie, in a joyous voice; and May was up in a minute, the soft brown hair rippling about her face in tiny waves.

"Isn't it sweet, Susie?"

"Yes," said Susie, almost holding her breath. "I wish mamma was here."

"She is here," said May, merrily. "Oh, Susie, she has been standing right by the bed all this time and you didn't know it!"

Susie looked up, while a quick flush of pleasure and content rose to her fair face.

"Isn't it a beautiful morning, mamma? Just hear the birds and see the leaves dance in the sun, just as if they were as happy as we are!"

"Everything looks glad and bright when we have happy hearts ourselves," said mamma, kissing each lifted face; "but it is time to dress now, and after breakfast you can go down to the garden with me for berries, and then you will hear music, for the grape arbor is full of birds."

Susie got up quickly, bathed her face and hands in the bowl of clear, cool water mamma had poured out, brushed her hair back ready for mamma to roll over her finger, for the golden hair would curl and Susie could not arrange it herself; then she dressed herself neatly, and taking the

white spread and snowy sheets from the little bed, put them carefully over the chair, and then ran down to meet her father, who was out on the stone walk in front of the house.

"Good-morning, dear papa;" and she put up her lips for the kiss she never failed to receive night or morning.

"Good-morning, Susie;" and the little hand slid softly into his as he continued his walk.

As they came to the corner of the house, Mr. Ellis stopped before a bush full of great clusters of roses, and said,

"What do you see there, Susie?"

"Roses, papa, and green leaves, and," looking carefully, "some black ants on that brown stem."

"Look a little lower now."

"Oh, now I see! It is a spider's web, and all full of drops that look like the diamonds in mamma's ring!"

"Those are dew-drops, darling; but they are scarcely more beautiful in my eyes than the web itself."

Susie began to examine it more closely.

"See how perfectly it is woven; not one thread out of place. It is much finer than the most delicate lace, and woven, too, without a loom."

"And there is the old spider in the middle of the web."

"Yes; her work is done now, and she is waiting for some poor fly on which to make her morning meal."

"I know verses about that," said Susie, "but mamma said it was only a fable of the im—"

"Imagination, Susie?"

"Yes, that is it; because, you know, we can't understand spider-talk and fly-talk."

"That is very true."

"I wish I could sometimes," said Susie, thoughtfully, "for I am sure the birds, and the bees, and the squirrels, and even the bits of flies, could tell us so many things we don't know."

"No doubt they could teach us something, pet, but we can learn a great deal by careful observation."

"I suppose I ought to thank God for my eyes, and my hands and feet then, instead of wishing for something else, papa?"

"We ought, certainly, to be very grateful for the senses which he has given us, and if we make good use of every opportunity, our minds cannot fail to grow rich by and by."

"Mamma says sunlight is the gold to make little children rich."

Papa smiled as he said, "I cannot tell you anything better than that."

"But you can tell me something about the spider, papa."

"It is almost breakfast-time, but I will tell you one curious thing about one of the uses a spider's web has been put to. Mr. Mitchell, the great and good astronomer, some years since invented a little wire instrument to use in his observations, which he wanted to connect, by some means, with the pendulum of the clock. Do you understand?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, he tried everything he could find that he thought would answer his

purpose, but everything failed; finally he tried a single human hair, as fine as could be obtained, but even this was too coarse and not elastic enough."

"Oh, papa, what could be finer than that?"

"I will tell you. Some one furnished him with a spider's web, and out of that he made a thread by which he hung the little wire cross to the pendulum, and it held it securely, allowing it to fall into a drop of mercury and then drawing it up again once every second for three years. What do you think of that, Susie?"

"It's wonderful," she returned, with a long breath. "I never even thought spiders were useful before; and, papa, I don't know but I shall have to put this queer old brown spider among my little missionaries."

"Your little missionaries!"

"Yes. You know mamma told us last winter about the missionaries, and she said we could be missionaries if we only tried every day to do good to others. I thought last summer the bees and the birds taught me so many good lessons that I would just call them my little missionaries."

"What did they teach you, Susie?"

"To be industrious, and careful, and neat," she said, pausing between each word; "and the birds taught us to be cheerful about our work, even if it is hard to do, because God made us to work, and never loves us so well when we are idle."

"I think mamma must have interpreted the song of the birds?"

"You mean because she is always so busy and so cheerful?"

"Yes, my dear child; if you only grow up to be as useful and as happy as your mother has always been in our home, you can help to make it the most beautiful place in the wide world."

"Come, papa; come, Susie," called May, in her pleasant little voice, and they hastened into the house, where Mrs. Ellis had a bountiful breakfast prepared for them, for which they offered thanks and then ate with the best of appetites.

When the dishes were washed and wiped, mamma allowing Susie to take a clean napkin and wipe all the forks and spoons, and put them away in the box of silver in the closet, and the room swept and put in order, mamma gave Susie her garden-hat and May her gingham sun-bonnet, and taking a tin pail in her hand, they went down into the garden, while Mr. Ellis went to the village to work in his office until dinner-time.

"Mamma," May began, "you have got real live roses on your cheeks this morning; have I got any on mine?" and she put her hand up to her face, pushing back the curls.

"Roses are not alive, May," said Susie, gently.

"Well, they look alive on the bush, and on mamma's cheeks too."

"That's because papa kissed her on both cheeks before he went away."

"And did the pretty red come off from his lips?"

"No," said mamma, laughing a little, while a very happy light shone in her

eyes; "I think my cheeks grew red while I baked those nice cakes you ate at breakfast; but here are the berries."

There they hung, the great bunches of ripe blackberries, so ripe that they fell off into the pail as soon as they touched them. The pail was soon full, and they went back to the house through the arbor, where the birds made good mamma's promise of music. They twittered, and chirped, and caroled until little May fairly danced in delight.

Ah, it was a happy morning for Susie and May, and the afternoon, when it came, only brought more happy hours, and bed-time came almost too soon.

There was some variation each day of the year; sometimes a long walk with papa and mamma through the pleasant fields, sometimes a long play-day at home, and sometimes a visit to their aunt Bertha, who lived only a little way from their house on the next street, and where they loved dearly to go. She told them so many pleasant stories of the days when she and their mother were little girls, playing just as they did, that May told her father, one day, that Aunt Bertha was better than a real story-book.

Then there was Uncle Fred, who sometimes came from the city to visit them, and who made so much fun for them while he stayed that they thought nobody else had such a splendid uncle.

Sometimes he brought a pretty toy for May, or a new book for Susie, who had already quite a nice library, which she had commenced with three volumes of Mr. Arthur's beautiful little magazine for

children, bound in green and gold. Though Susie had ten other books, she liked none so well as these; even the cover, she said, was so beautiful, like the green meadow sprinkled over with the golden buttercups.

But the year was gliding quickly away, and at length, one night when they went to bed, mamma told them when they opened their eyes in the morning it would be Christmas.

SOMETHING ABOUT EYES.

By Pearl Peveril.

MY little friend, did you ever think that you every day carry about with you something more precious than the costliest jewel or the most perfect gem?

It is scarcely bigger than the end of your thumb, and yet you would not part with it for all the gold in the world. Indeed, the world would be nothing to you without its possession. Without it you could not see the glad morning with its rosy light, nor the bright dewdrops glittering like myriad diamonds on bush, and blade, and flower; nor the silvery brooklets rippling their way through dale and meadow. You could not see the grand and noble mountains stretching far and wide, nor the beautiful scenery of sky, with its varying cloud-pictures by day and its twinkling worlds at night; neither could you delight in the various colors and forms of flowers and plants, and birds and insects that you now look upon with so

much pleasure: neither could you behold the faces of your dear friends, whose sweet smile so often brings joy to your heart. What is this curious thing that opens such a world of delight to you, and reveals to you the beauty of the earth and sky? "Ah," you say, "I know: it is the eye!" Yes, that is it. And is not this precious gift worthy of a little careful examination? Just think of it a moment, and see how curiously this tiny ball is made that is a source of so much joy to you.

Notice, in the first place, what care God has taken to have this beautiful gift well protected. In human beings he has placed the eye just beneath the forehead. It has a strong, bony shield above, and below is the hard bone of the cheek. Then the nose comes in as a defence on one side. Now, if you feel with your fingers all about the eye, you will find it is defended on all sides by a wall of solid bone that is not easily broken or injured. Just think, if the eye had been set in the middle of the forehead, how much exposed it would have been to every mishap. A ball, or a pebble-stone, might dash the eye to atoms, and it might get injured in many ways. But, you see, God knew just the best place to put the eye, and did not have to experiment upon a generation of people in order to get it in the right place. Notice how firmly the eye is set in its socket—that snug little nest where it can't tumble out—and see, too, what a nice roof it has above, thatched with hair, that we call the eye-brow.

Did you ever think of the use of the eyebrow? You may say, "To look pretty." Well, that is part, but not all. The eyebrow forms what may be called the eaves of the human habitation. Often, and particularly in summer-time, we get something like rain on our foreheads, which we call perspiration: it comes through the pores of the skin and has in it something like salt. Now, you know it isn't pleasant to get brine into one's eyes; and if you examine the hair of the eyebrow, you will find it does not grow straight down toward the eyelid, but slanting toward the corner of the eye. This arrangement takes the perspiration off, and keeps it from doing any injury to the sensitive eye. And now a word about that little nest called the socket. When birds make nests they give them a soft lining of feathers, or something else that will form a soft bed for their young. Now the eye is more tender and delicate than a little young bird, and God has protected it carefully in many ways, so that it may be a source of pleasure and enjoyment to us, rather than of pain. If we could look behind the eye-ball, we should see a nice, soft, fatty cushion that the eye can turn upon without causing pain; besides, this fatty substance furnishes a kind of oil that keeps the surface of the eye moist, and prevents it getting parched and dried up.

The eye is made to move about by means of muscles fastened to the back and sides of the eye. These muscles are the servants of the brain; and if we want to look in one direction, or at any particu-

lar object, these muscles instantly obey our wish and turn the eye whichever way we desire. It sometimes happens that one of these muscles is too short; then is produced what is called a "cross eye." There are other servants beside the muscles that help take care of the eye, and that defend it from harm. There is the lid or curtain of the eye that stands as guard and sentinel while we sleep. When sleep comes creeping on to rest our weary bodies, and our senses are wrapped in slumber, we are no longer aware of the approach of danger, and could not shield our eyes from harm—from insects that might injure or disturb, or from motes and particles of dust that float about in the air, that might cause us great annoyance. Let us look a moment at this protecting curtain that shields us from so much harm. See that delicate line of silken fringe that borders the edge; notice when the eye is closed, how it laps into another little line of fringe that lies beneath. Here is another set of eaves, or an arrangement to carry off the moisture from the eyelid, and also to protect the eye from any little particles of dust that might intrude if the eye were not closed perfectly tight in sleep. If we come to examine the structure of the eye itself, we will find it composed of different layers arranged like those of an onion; and these layers, or coats, are called by different names, which I will not now stop to explain. There is a very curious contrivance in that part called the iris, which regulates the quantity of light admitted to the eye. It is composed of

minute muscles, which contract and expand as we need more light or less; and it surrounds that round opening in the centre of the eye that is called the pupil. The pupil always looks black, because the retina behind it, which absorbs the rays of light, is black. If you take your little friend into a dark corner, or into a closet where there is only a little light, you will see how big the pupil of the eye grows, while the iris becomes smaller. Then if you come into a strong light again, you will observe how small the pupil becomes, while the iris grows larger. If you take a cat and try the same experiment, you will notice that the pupil in the eye of the cat is not round, as it is in the human eye, but like an almond in shape; and if you bring the cat to a very strong light, the iris will become larger until it nearly covers the pupil; but in the cellar, and in dark places where cats catch mice, the pupil grows larger to take in more light. There are many other curious things about eyes that I would like to mention, but I shall be content if I can induce my little friends to use the beautiful gift God has given them in the admiration and investigation of his works.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.—Who is Little Sunshine? The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but who goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, saying kind words and doing kind deeds—that child is Little Sunshine. Does anybody know Little Sunshine? Where does Little Sunshine live?

ANECDOTE OF A KING.

KING FREDERICK of Prussia was once traveling in his dominions, and passed through a pretty village, where he was to remain an hour or two.

The villagers were delighted to see their king, and had done their utmost in preparing to receive him. The school-children strewed flowers before him, and one little girl had a pretty verse of "welcome" to say to him. He listened most kindly, and told her she had performed her task well, which pleased her very much. He then turned to the school-master and said he would like to ask the classes a few questions, and examine them in what they knew. Now, there happened to be a large dish of oranges on the table close by. The king took up one of these, saying, "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom this?" continued he, as he took from his pocket a gold coin.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then, my child?" inquired he, expecting, of course, that she would answer in right order, "To the animal kingdom." But she paused and colored very deeply, not knowing what to say. She feared that it would not sound respectful to answer to a king that he belonged to the animal kingdom, and she puzzled her little brain for a reply.

Remembering the words in Genesis, where it says that God "created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him," she quickly looked up and said, "To God's kingdom, sir."

The king stooped down and placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye. He was moved by her simple words. Solemnly and devoutly did he answer, "God grant that I may be counted worthy of that kingdom!"

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she: "why does the boy throw the seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow out of such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seed every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father

smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, seeds and weeds to-day."

"Now, papa, you are joking, for I would not plant weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth; and when you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy."

CARRIE AND HER COUSINS.

HARRY went out in the meadows,

One beautiful summer day,
With Carrie, his cousin, and sisters,
And baby, to romp and play.

And oh, but he was so happy!

He shouted, and laughed, and sang,
Till the fields, and lanes, and meadows
Around with his music rang.

And his sisters were just as merry,

And baby began to crow,
And to leap when she saw them twisting
The beautiful cowslips so.

Oh! long will they all remember
That day and the cowslip-chain,
And oft will they wish for Carrie
To take them from town again.

You will find it a good rule to keep silence while angry, for words spoken in anger are sure to bring regret.



MY DOLLIES.

By Katy.

DEAR little Dolly!
Sweet little Polly!

Blue eyes and brown eyes, now for a ride!
On this white pillow,
Soft as a billow,
I will lay both of you down side by side.

Now, Dolly Dimple!
Now, Polly Simple!
Out on the lawn for an airing we go.
You shall have posies
Of pinks and of roses,
And sprigs of sweet jessamine, white as the
snow.

Into your true eyes,
Dear little blue eyes,
Now I am gazing, now kissing your cheek.
Brown eyes, I love you!
Can I not move you,
Blue eyes and brown eyes, just one word to
speak.

Dumb is my Dolly,
Silent my Polly;

Lips always smiling, but never a sound.
Could you but talk to me,
Or take a walk with me,
I'd be the happiest girl to be found.

If a live baby
Should come to us, maybe
Dolly and Polly forgotten would be.
Soft, little, pinky feet,
Dear hands—two rose leaves sweet—
Lips cooing softest of love-tones to me.

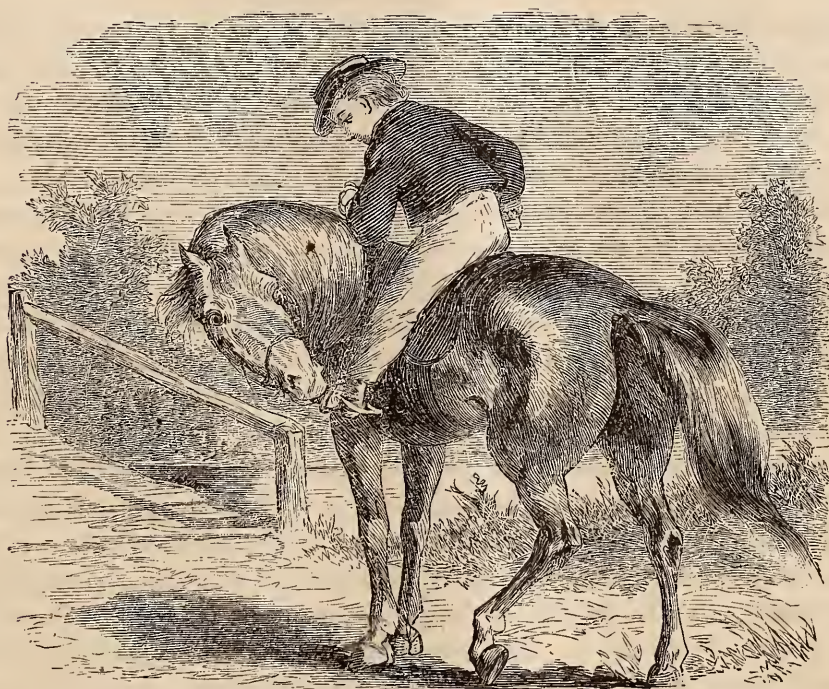
No; I won't think of it,
Talk of it, hint of it:
Dollies! Dear dollies, my love is for you.
Sweetest of sweet things!
Neatest of neat things!
Eyes brown as chestnuts, and eyes of true
blue.

WHAT does the sparrow chirp,
Gathering food,
All the day over,
To feed its young brood?—
“Dear little children,
Waste not the day;
Always remember
That work sweetens play.”

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.



THE CHILDREN'S COLT.

By Rosella Rice.

OH, I did hear one of the best colt-stories the other day, and it pleased me so much that I said right away, I mean to tell all my little boys and girls of the Children's Hour that fine story! It

VOL. VI.—10

is not one of the made-up sort; it is true, and you can learn from it what a good thing it is to be kind, and tender, and loving.

Just in sight of the window where I am sitting is the home of the little Castors, close to the foaming, splashing mill-dam—a pretty home with a background of fine old woodland extending up the

hill-sides. There are four little children in that home—Anson, Lu, Delle and Cora. Two years ago their father gave them a colt for their own. Oh, they felt very glad, and studied over all the good names for horses, and at last decided to call him Selim. If you little boys have read biography, you will know who the brave man was whose horse was named Selim.

The children soon learned to love the colt almost the same as if he was a boy. They would feel of him, and smooth him, and put their arms around his neck, and put their faces up against his, pretending to kiss him. Sometimes they would bend his ears inside out in such a funny way, and loop up his tail like a waterfall, and lift his feet and place them awkwardly, and put the baby on his back and coax him to walk round and round the house. At last he liked them so well that he would follow them like a pet lamb, and they would give him a bite of cake, or let him taste their bread and jam, or eat apples with them. He grew to be so loving that he would lay his head on their shoulders so that his mouth would touch the little girls' bare necks.

Cora used to say that Selim laughed, but I don't know whether horses do laugh or not.

Sometimes Anson would get on his back and sit well forward, so as to make room for Lu, and Delle, and Cora, and then they would, all four of them, ride the colt up the creek above the dam, and then turn and away they would go down

the creek toward the mill, as far as where the bridge crosses the mill-race.

They looked pretty, the four little, fair-haired, brown-eyed ones all on Selim's willing back, as jolly as four little fiddlers.

Selim soon grew big enough, so that Anson could ride him to the store and post-office, and wherever he had to go on errands. The colt liked the fun as well as the boy did.

One day last winter Mr. Caster was sick, and he told Anson to ride to the village and tell the doctor to send him some quinine—that he was afraid he was going to have the ague again.

Anson washed his face and combed his hair, and called Selim to come to him. The colt came and the boy stepped on a chair and got on his back, and started off on a trot, telling Delle to look at the clock and see how many minutes it would take him to go.

It was not three minutes until they heard a clatter of little hoofs, and there stood Selim at the back porch, shaking his head in a naughty, contradictory way, just as though he was saying, "I don't feel like trotting off to town this evening, and I'll show you that I'm not going to do it." He shook his head just like a sullen boy.

Anson said he couldn't get him to go a step farther than the bridge across the race. The children patted him, and smoothed him, and called him their good boy, and their little man, and said, "Poor pa is sick, and Selim must go and get him some medicine to make him well." He seemed to understand every word, for his

eyes would open wider, and he would bend his head as if listening, and he would wink slowly, as though debating with himself whether he had better go or not.

Mrs. Caster gave him a piece of an apple nicely pared, and said, "He is a good coltie! he'll go now," and Anson turned his head toward the road and away he trotted. But the cunning fellow took another notion when he reached the bridge, and shaking his head he whirled on his pinky little hoofs, and the first thing the children saw was Selim's soft brown face thrust in at an open window. He lolled out his tongue and tried to be funny and get them to laughing, but they were angry with him.

Anson said, "Mother, bring me one of pa's spurs, and strap it on, and I'll show this little good-for-nothing if he is going to rule all the family. He is just like a great old tyrant, living on the fat of the land—good corn, and oats, and candy, and cake, with plenty of sweet apples thrown in—and now won't go to the doctor's to get poor pa's medicine."

Mrs. Caster fastened the spur on the boy's boot, and patted the colt, and with a saucy toss of the head he started and went well enough until he came to the bridge. When he stopped the boy touched him with the spur.

The colt stood still, but looked around as much as to say, "I thought I felt something bite me!"

He did not offer to go on, but kept his head turned, looking to see if that ugly thing would bite him again.

Anson drew on the reins and urged him, but it did no good, so he touched him again with the spur.

Then Selim found out where the bite came from, and he twisted his head around and took one side of the boot-leg in his teeth, and lifted it clear away from his side and stood there. He held the foot away until he thought the boy would not hurt him again, then he let it go.

Anson felt so sorry for the poor little pet that seemed to have the wisdom of a man, and he turned about and rode home.

He told his father how Selim had acted, and he believed he would rather walk to the doctor's than ride.

Mr. Caster said, "Seeing is believing," and he would like to see the colt perform that trick himself.

So Anson jumped on his back and touched him lightly with the spur, and Selim turned his head and took the toe of the boot in his mouth and held it away from his side.

He took just a little nip of the boot in his teeth for fear of hurting the child's toe.

There seemed to be the spirit of the golden rule in the act of that poor dumb brute. You all know what the golden rule is: every child should know it, and should practice it every day. If you do not know what it is, have your mother teach it to you before you sleep to-night, and then think of it every day, and live it too. It is a good safe guide for men and women, as well as little children.

But don't you like my story about

Selim Caster? Why I just rubbed my hands, and sparkled my eyes like a little girl, and said, "Oh, oh!" when Mr. Caster told us about him.

I love to hear such stories.

This story made me really happy, because it teaches such a good lesson, and it is, that love makes or begets love—that if we love any person or any brute, they will love us in return; and if we are kind, they will be kind, unless it is some hard-hearted, unprincipled man or woman, and then if we love them and seek to do them good, we are the gainers.

If they don't want our kindness, it comes back to us, more and sweeter and better.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

By Mary Latham Clark.

ONCE, Little Blossom's cousin Willie, a year or two older than she was, came to make her a visit.

He was a very bright, active little fellow, accustomed to playing out of doors and making a great deal of noise, and at first Little Blossom was quite shy of him, hardly knowing what to make of his boisterous ways. But when she found what a dear, affectionate little boy he was, she learned to love him dearly, and they were very happy together.

True, he wanted to play "circus" with her dolls, and "caravans" with her Noah's ark animals, while he dressed up

her pet kitten for a monkey, and did all sorts of things that a little, quiet girl would never think of, but she soon learned to enjoy the fun almost as well as he did.

Sunday was a very happy day for our Little Blossom. She went to church and to Sabbath-school, and when she was at home she had a plenty of books with pictures in them that she called her "Sunday books," with which she busied herself for hours together.

Often, too, her dear grandmother would tell her some sweet Bible story in her simple and delightful manner.

Little Willie, however, found the Sabbath rather a hard day. It was a task for him to sit still in his Sunday clothes, and he had no great taste for books; but with his little cousin to explain the pictures, he managed to get along pretty well through the first Sunday of his visit.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Little Blossom, as the two children sat, at sunset, on the broad step of the "end door," with a pile of picture-books, through which they had looked, on the little cricket near them: "We'll put the books away, and go and ask dear grandma to tell us a story. Oh, such sweet, sweet stories as she tells about the dearest little Bible boys and girls! Perhaps she will tell us one now."

"I don't know as I should like to hear about them," said Willie, with a doubtful shake of his curly head; "but if she'd just tell us a story of a bear, or a lion, or a rousing great elephant, that would be fine!"

"Well," said Little Blossom, somewhat shocked at her cousin's taste, "we can ask her, but I don't believe she knows any such stories, or that she would tell them if she did; it's Sunday, you know."

So the children went to their grandmother and asked her to tell them a story.

"Willie wants to hear about a lion or a bear," said Little Blossom, "but I don't s'pose you would tell us anything but a Bible story on Sunday."

Grandma smiled in her pleasant way.

"But," said she, "what if I should tell you a Bible story about animals—some lions, for instance?"

"Could you?" asked Little Blossom, looking up with her blue eyes full of wonder and delight. "That would be splendid!"

Willie nodded his head approvingly. "Yes," said he, "that would suit me exactly."

The children clambered up upon the broad, comfortable lounge, and sat with their arms around each other, while their good grandmother told them the story of

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

In a far-away country there once lived a king named Darius.

He was a heathen; that is, he did not worship the true God, but he bowed down to idols instead.

He had placed a good man, named Daniel, as ruler over a large part of his kingdom, and this made some of the people very angry. They did not want the king to think so much more of Daniel

than he did of them, so they watched him very closely, to see if they could find him doing anything wrong, so that they might go and tell the king about it.

But Daniel was very faithful in all his business, and these wicked men could not find any fault in him.

At last they planned a way by which they thought they could make Daniel disobey the king.

They knew that he was in the habit of praying to God three times a day before the open window of his room, which looked toward the city of Jerusalem.

Daniel was a Jew, and all the Jews loved Jerusalem, because the temple was there, where they used to go once a year to offer up sacrifice and to pray to God.

"I know about the temple," interrupted Little Blossom, eagerly. "It is where the good Hannah carried her little boy Samuel, to be brought up by the priests. He wore a little linen coat, and the Lord spoke to him in the night."

"I am glad you remember about him," said the grandmother.

"But when are we coming to the lions?" asked Willie, a little impatient at the interruption.

"Very soon," said grandma, and she went on with her story:

These wicked men went to the king and asked him to make a law that for thirty days people should not pray to any one but him, or, if they did, that they should be cast into a den of lions.

Now this was a very foolish law to make, but I suppose King Darius wanted to please the men who asked him, never

for a moment thinking that any harm could come from it.

"Didn't he know," asked Willie, "that Daniel prayed every day to the true God?"

"I presume not," said grandma: "if he had known it, he would not have made such a law, because he loved Daniel very much.

"Now when Daniel heard of this new law that the king had made, what do you suppose he did?"

"I guess he stopped his praying pretty quick," said Willie, very decidedly.

"Or perhaps," said Little Blossom, hesitatingly, "he shut the blinds up, or went into the closet when he said his prayers."

"It is true," said grandma, "that God could have heard him just as well if he had whispered his prayers in the darkest and the most secret place, but he did not want all these wicked men to think that he was afraid to be seen doing right; so he knelt down by his window three times a day, with his face turned toward the holy city of Jerusalem, and said his prayers just the same as ever."

"But wasn't he afraid the king would know of it, and throw him to the lions?" asked Willie.

"He knew," said grandma, "that the heavenly King whom he worshiped was stronger than Darius, and that he could, if he wished, deliver him from the power of the lions, even if he was cast into their den.

"As soon as these wicked men heard Daniel praying, they went and told the king of it."

"They were just as pleased as they could be about it, too, I suppose," said Little Blossom.

"Of course they were," said grandma, "for now they could complain of Daniel, and get him punished."

"Why didn't the king take back what he had said, and let Daniel go?" asked Willie.

"Because in that country the king could not change a law after he had made it; and although Darius felt very bad, and tried all day long to think of some way to save Daniel, he was obliged when night came to order the good man to be thrown to the hungry lions."

Little Blossom shuddered, and drew more closely to her cousin's side.

"However," continued the grandmother, "before the stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, the king told Daniel that he felt sure that his God would save him from the lions; so it seems that Darius believed in the true God, although he did not worship him yet.

"The king went back to his palace, and he felt so bad that he could not eat, nor hear any music, and he could not sleep at all that night.

"Very early in the morning he went to the mouth of the lion's den, and called in a very sad voice to Daniel, having, I dare say, but little hope of receiving any answer.

"What was his joy then when he heard Daniel's voice in reply, telling him that God had sent an angel in the night to shut the mouths of the hungry lions, so that they could not hurt him!"

"Good!" shouted Willie, and the two children hugged each other for joy.

"When Daniel was taken up out of the lion's den, it was found that he was not hurt at all, and every one knew then, that the God whom he worshiped, and who had saved him, was the true God.

"What do you think ought to have been done with the wicked men who had treated good Daniel so cruelly?"

"I'll tell you what I think," answered Willie: "it would have served them just right, if they had been thrown right in among the lions themselves."

"And I guess," added Little Blossom, "that if they had been, God wouldn't have sent his angel down to shut the mouth of the lions."

"Well," said the grandmother, "that is just what was done with the wicked men. The king now saw through their cruel plans, and so he gave them the same punishment that they had wished Daniel to have. They were thrown to the lions, and the hungry animals broke all their bones before they had reached the bottom of the den.

"No one, after that, dared to find fault with Daniel, and what was better than all, King Darius made a law that every one throughout his kingdom should obey the true God, who had done so many wonderful things, and who had been able to save Daniel from the power of the fierce and cruel lions."

and sent all the good things she enjoyed, said, in her gratitude, "Then I'll send a kiss to God."

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

BUZZ z-z-z-z-z, buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow;

A jolly good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,

He's getting his honey;

In days that are cloudy,

He's making his wax;

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax!

Buzz z-z-z-z-z, buzz!

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over;

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings:

He never gets lazy—

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,

Some treasure he brings.

Buzz z-z-z-z-z, buzz!

From morning's first gray light

Till fading of daylight,

He's singing and toiling

The summer day through.

Oh! we may get weary,

And think work is dreary;

'Tis harder by far

To have nothing to do!

From the Nursery.

A DEAR little girl on being told that God made the fruit and the flowers grow,



THE QUICK TEMPER.

By Uncle Herbert.

CLARA LORING came into the library where her mother was reading, and said, with quivering lips:

"I get angry so quickly, mamma, and when I'm angry I always say something I'm sorry for. Oh dear! I wouldn't

grow up and be like Aunt Jane for the world. She's always firing up, as Harry says, and keeping herself and everybody else in hot water most of the time. And he said this morning that if I didn't take care I'd be just as bad as Aunt Jane. Oh, mamma! I do wish I knew how to keep cool, as Harry calls it."

And dear little, generous, kind-hearted, but quick-tempered Clara looked really sorrowful as she crowded into the great easy-chair beside her mother and leaned against her.

"Harry says I'm fire and tow," added the child. "And he calls words matches, and says he can touch me off into a blaze at any time. And so he can. Oh, mamma! isn't it dreadful! And I'm so sorry and ashamed afterward. What can I do to help it, mamma?"

"And you really want to overcome this hasty temper?" said Clara's mother.

"Oh, yes, mamma! I'd give the world if I could do it."

"Self-control cannot be bought with a thousand worlds."

"Oh, mamma!" And Clara's face had a sorrowful look.

"And yet even a child may gain it."

"How, mamma?"

"God has given to every one of us the power of self-control, if we will use it. It is because people will not use this

power, that they are hasty and passionate. It is harder for some to use it than it is for others, because they have quicker temper, like you and me, and Aunt Jane. But then they must try the harder; that is all—and to get power over a hasty temper is worth a great deal of trying."

"Like *you*, mamma!" exclaimed Clara, in astonishment. "Why, you haven't a hot temper! You are not fire and tow like me and Aunt Jane."

"I don't let it rule me quite so much as you do; but my feelings are quick and strong; and when I was your age they often blazed out suddenly. I've been called fire and tow many a time."

"Why, mamma! it can't be!" said Clara.

"It is all so, darling. But I was able to subdue this hot temper, and keep it under control; and so may you if you will."

"Tell me how, mamma. Oh do, please! If I could be just like you, I'd be as happy as the day is long."

"Everything depends on beginning right," said Clara's mother.

"How shall I begin right, mamma?"

"Yesterday I heard you say, in excuse for hasty words that ought not to have been spoken, and for saying which you were ashamed, 'Oh! I didn't think.' Now, just here lies the trouble. In the old saying, Think twice before you speak once, will be found the cure for a hot temper. Passionate people are too apt to speak without thinking. If they would only stop to think before speaking, they would, in most cases, keep silence or

choose their words more carefully. In another old saying, Habit is second nature, we are taught one of the most important of lessons. If one has a hasty temper, the habit of thinking before speaking—of resolutely keeping silence when passion prompts to angry words—will gradually grow stronger and stronger, until the old fiery temper will give place to habitual self-control."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Clara, almost catching her breath with eagerness, "I see it just as plain as day; and it is so easy."

"Not so easy as it may at first seem, my dear. And yet not so very hard. Make the beginning; and do not be discouraged if the hot word sometimes leaps by the opposing thought. Try always, when you are angry, to think before you speak, and to keep silence until your feelings grow calmer; and it will not be long before my Clara's hasty temper will be a thing of the past."

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER III.

IT was evident enough that Lewis had found his place at last, and wise people say that is the first and best thing to do in the world; but his place was not mine, you see, and that kept us wide apart most of the time.

There were the evenings of course, but

then something was always going on, and Mr. Fairfax and his young brother-in-law usually insisted that we should be in the company or frolic, or whatever it might be. I did not learn much out of books this summer, but I learned a great deal of human life, and how fashionable people lived, and felt, and acted, until I came quite to smile at my own notions, and at the small, unfledged girl who, a little while ago, was looking off wistfully to the great, strange world at the old stage-driver's.

Sometimes, when Lewis' plans did not take him too far from home, I used to accompany him, and it filled me with wonder and pride to see how he went heart and soul into his work, and gave his orders to the men, and how they always deferred to his judgment, and how his word settled every matter, whether it was a bridge across a brook, or the roof of a grape-arbor, or the arch of a gate.

Sometimes Creighton Bell went with me, and we three had many a ride and sail and ramble together off among the woods and hills, or out on the little silver thread of a lake; for the boy would just go in search of Lewis, and say in his bright, positive way: "Come now, Dar-row, I'm going to lay violent hands on you. Let this stuff go to the dogs. I just want you for a tramp or a sail, or whatever it might be, and as for a 'No,' you can't put me off with it, sir, any more than you can a fellow when he's determined to have a woman."

And Lewis would laugh and say, "Well, then, I suppose, Bell, there's

nothing left for me to do but what the woman would under such circumstances, submit gracefully;" and off we would go together, among green silences of hills and woods, and oh, such careless, merry happy times as we would have all by ourselves—a great deal happier than amid the gay, elegantly-dressed people, who made a perpetual bustle and holiday at Terrace Ridge.

One morning—how well I remember it!—I was coming up to the house after a long ramble all by myself over the grounds. I stood still a moment and looked at the little brown Gothic cottage villa, with its balconies and verandahs, and it seemed to me just like a toy castle, with its soft wood brown, and the slope of green park in front, and the thick clump of shrubbery, among which ran the hard gravel walks.

As I stood still there, gazing at the pleasant view which always seemed fresh to me, a boy came up the walk—I can see him this moment as plainly as I saw him that summer morning, although I know he is leagues and leagues away, on the wide blue ocean, with no pleasant green, distant coasts to gladden his eyes, or his heart tried with the old perpetual roar and rush of the sea—a small, barefoot, unkempt-looking boy, with a bit of old cap and a ragged coat—a soiled, forlorn-looking little object as ever you saw.

The boy had a rake in his hand, and as he passed he looked up full in my face. His was tanned and homely and dirty, with a heap of loose, tangled, dull, reddish hair about him; but there was some-

thing worse than that. That boy's face was not a good face. There was something sullen and hopeless about it. You felt at once that the boy had had a hard time in life, and that, young as he was, he was coarse and hardened too; and the mouth looked as though fierce and wicked words might roll out of it, and the dull, dark eyes as though they could kindle any moment with heats of passion.

All this I thought over, looking at the boy as he trudged by me, and I thought, too, what a hard, lonely, miserable time he must have had in the world—no love, no home, no care, knocked about by heartless, cruel people, just as I might have been without Lewis. My heart warmed toward the lonely, outcast boy, as it never would if he had been one of the handsome city lads, sporting around Terrace Ridge, with their whips and dogs and ponies. The boy stopped at last at the end of the walk, and began to rake out the stones on one side.

Then on the spur of the moment I made up my mind to go straight up and speak to him, just because I felt so sorry for him, and longed to do him some good.

"What are you doing here, little boy?" I asked, as pleasantly as I could.

He looked up, and a little surprise came into the sullenness of his face.

"I'm rakin' out the path," he said. "The bos' set me at it."

I concluded that meant Mr. Fairfax. "It's easy, pleasant work," I said; "sometimes I get a broom and sweep off the leaves round the walk, just for fun, you know."

He stared at me again curiously, as he would at some strange animal who came up and brisked socially about him. The mouth dropped apart. Then he set to work again without saying a word, and it seemed to me that I had not made a very good beginning.

I tried again: "Do you live about here?"

"No."

"'Cause I thought I'd never seen you. Did you come alone?"

"I came with Hatchel. He's cartin' the stones up to build the well round the back side of the garden."

"I don't think I've seen him yet. Is he any relation of yours?"

"No. I ain't got no relations. But I've lived with Hatchel since he came from sea, and do jobs for him. Some cronies of his'n live about here, and so he took a notion to come up this summer and see if a job turned up."

"If you'd just as lief tell me, I should like to ask your name, little boy?"

"Criss Dorrence."

"Criss Dorrence! Why, what a funny name Criss is! I never heard it before in all my life."

"The other name is Christopher, but they call me Criss for short."

The thin, wiry hands, with their big, dirty knuckles, still kept at work raking the stones and dried leaves from the sides of the walk, but every little while the boy would stop a moment, and look at me, with a great wonder struggling in his dark eyes, and it seemed to me his face did not look quite so hard and sullen as at first.

"Well, Criss, what has become of all your relations?"

"They died afore I knew anything about 'em."

"Oh dear, that was dreadful! Who has taken care of you all this time?"

"I've took care of myself, a heap o' the time," with a little chuckle which was not just pleasant to hear.

But a few more questions drew out of the boy the story of his life. It was like looking straight down into dreadful gulfs of poverty and misery, such as I had never thought could be in the world.

Such an awful time as Criss had had, though he hardly seemed to realize it! No home, no friends, no care, he had just been knocked around from one place to another. He had been on several voyages as cabin-boy, and in a whaler, and it was in the last he met Hatchel, who was third mate. Criss had grown tired of the land, and meant to go to sea again as soon as he got a chance.

Hatchel let him alone when the man was sober, but he was drunk and brutal a good deal of the time, however. Criss knew well enough when he was dangerous and kept out of his way; there was al'ays a shed to slink under stormy nights, and doorsteps did as well as anything else on pleasant ones.

When the boy said that, it just cut me to the quick. "Oh, Criss," I cried out, "you don't mean it ever came to that—sheds and doorsteps for a bed?"

He stopped raking, and laughed his low, hoarse, chuckling laugh again. "Why, that's how I growed up," he

said. "When the nights ain't cold it's jist as good as a corner in a garret or a cellar."

I could have cried right then, I felt so sorry and shocked, but it seemed too dreadful to talk about; and so he kept on at his raking, only once in a while stopping to look at me with those sly, curious eyes of his; and at last, because there seemed nothing to get hold of to talk about, I turned to go away.

The boy's voice came after me a little doubtfully: "There's one thing I want to ask you, little girl?"

"Well, Criss, what is it?"

"What's made you ask me all them questions about what I'd been doin' and where I'd been livin'?"

"Because, Criss, I felt sorry for you as soon as I saw you. You looked as though you'd had a hard time, and there was nobody to care for you, and though I'm only a little girl I've had troubles, and they've made me feel sorry for others."

Criss had been working eagerly at the weeds and stones while I said this, but it seemed to me some softer feeling came into the sullen, old-young face.

"Nobody never did so much as that for me before," he said.

Just then, Mrs. Fairfax's voice called to me from the window. She was going out to try the grand new swing they had just put up among the oaks, and Creighton had promised to meet her there, and perhaps I would like to go too.

Despite her little flurries and tempers, Mrs. Fairfax very often showed me kind attentions of this sort.

But through all the romping and gaiety of the morning—for company came up from the Tavern, and we had a merry time of it—I could not get the dark, wiry figure of the boy who was raking the walks out of my head or heart. His miserable childhood, his hard, lonely, wretched life clung to me, and filled me with a great pity; and when the boys and girls in their gay dresses danced and frolicked about me, I felt half angry with them, as though they had no right to be so happy and have such good times when there was so much misery in the world.

I wanted to do something for Criss Dorrence, and so that day at lunch I saved my slice of frosted cake, and heaped the plate with a bunch of grapes and two large ripe pears, and started off for the boy who was raking the borders. I found him after a little search :

"Oh, here you are, Criss: I've just saved these for you. They're nice;" and I held out the plate.

The boy's eyes actually brightened and glowed out of their sullen hopelessness with astonishment and greediness.

"You don't mean them's all for me?"

"Yes, every bit. You just leave your work and go and sit down under the tree, and take your time eating them. I'll come back for the plate after a while;" and I left him and sauntered among the grounds for a while.

I went back at last. The plate was bare: "Well, Chriss, did they taste good?"

"First-rate," a smile coming out on the dark wiry face which made another

thing of it. "I never eat anything like 'em."

"It wasn't much, Criss, still I was glad for you, because I'd been thinkin' about you, and—and, I wanted to be your friend."

"That's somethin' I never had in my life;" sticking the small dirty toes in the warm sand.

I looked at him and I forgot that the boy was dirty and coarse and ragged: I only remembered that he was poor and lonely and friendless in the world; and I just put my hand on his arm and said to him out of my heart, and because I couldn't help it,

"Never mind, Criss; it's been real tough, I know, but that wasn't your fault, and I think there's somethin' in you, and that you can make a good, brave, honest man. Lewis—that's my brother—says with a little common sense and a little pluck one can do almost anything in the world; and I want you to take heart and to feel that you can turn out somebody yet, if you have been poor and forsaken and kicked about all your life."

The boy looked at me; something worked in the soiled face, in the dull, sullen eyes: "If I'd only had a chance!" sticking his toes deeper into the sand.

"No matter—it isn't too late. You are only a little boy yet, and you've got all your life and all the world before you, and if you will only try, you'll come out all right; I feel sure you will."

Again the boy looked at me. It seemed to me that the soul, cowed and miserable behind the pinched, old-boy face, took

courage for the first time—began to lift itself up with a half doubt and a half hope that there was some good and happiness in store for him also.

I said a good deal more to Criss Dorrence of the same sort; so much that when we shook hands at last, he putting his little brown, hard paw in mine, in a shy, clumsy way that would have amused me if I had not been in such dead earnest, and I came to think it all over, I wondered at myself where the words came to me, and how I ever had courage to say them.

I meant to tell Lewis all about this talk, but we had, as I said, so little time to ourselves, and there never seemed a good chance to commence.

So I put the matter off, but I saw Criss for several mornings cleaning the walks, and I always managed to stop and have a little chat with him; and his face would always brighten out of its dullness and sullenness when I came along; and he would laugh in a pleased way when I said, playfully, "Well, Mr. Criss, how is the work getting on this morning?"

Indeed, we grew very well acquainted, and I was certain that Criss Dorrence felt that he had one friend in the world, and that was a great deal better than having none at all, even though she was only one little girl, no older than, and almost as poor as, himself, and with so few friends that she could count them all upon the fingers of one hand, and put in among them, too, as he deserved, the old stage-driver at Salmon Head.

One day Mrs. Fairfax took it into her

head that she would have tableaux in the parlor at night, and a busy, merry time of it everybody had, getting ready for the evening.

When it came, the parlor was crowded; even the servants wedged in to get a glimpse of the pictures, and they were beautiful. They had scenes from Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, and some of the characters I knew and some I did not. Mrs. Fairfax was Queen Elizabeth, and oh! how grand and beautiful she was, with the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand! and her husband made a splendid Earl of Essex.

Creighton was Sir Philip Sydney, the noblest knight and gentleman of all England; and Lewis and I had our parts, and what do you think they were? I was Pocahontas, and he was Captain John Smith. I said I never could go through before all those people, never; but Mrs. Fairfax had a wonderful way, half coaxing, half despotic, of making one do just what she wanted, and she said,

"Now, you little chicken, don't you flutter your scared wings. You can do it to perfection, and you must," and there was no help for it.

I should like to tell you about those tableaux, but something dreadful happened that evening, which drove them for a while quite out of my head.

It was before my part came on, and I had run into the breakfast-room, where supper had been spread to conclude the grand entertainment.

Everybody had crowded into the front rooms, so there was not a soul in that

part of the house, and I hunted about for whatever I had come in search of—I think it was some branches of green fern, for they were decorating my Indian robe, when a little noise just as I was leaving the room made me turn hastily.

The lights were burning dimly, and the noise seemed to come from one of the windows at the end of the room. There was, at that moment, a breathless silence in the front rooms, or I should not have heard the sound, which was more like a sudden, half-smothered cough than anything else.

"Who is there?" I cried out, quickly, as I turned around.

There was no answer, no sound. The heavy drapery hung still before the windows. I felt a good deal frightened, but I would not give up the matter in that way; so, though I found, of a sudden, my heart was going very fast, I just walked back to the place whence the noise seemed to come, and drew aside the curtains.

There he stood, the small, wiry frame, the pinched, dogged face—there he stood, Criss Dorrence!

One hand held a huge slice of fruit cake, the other was thrust behind him.

I knew in a moment he was there for no good purpose. "Oh, Criss, what are you doing here?" I cried.

He looked up under his eyelids a shamed, guilty, sullen look. He muttered something about "not doin' much any way."

"Stop, Criss, don't tell a lie. I know what it is—you came here *to steal!*"

The boy dropped his head; he looked at the cake in his hand; I think that

word coming from me hurt something in his soul, as it would not if any other human being had spoken it.

"That cake isn't all. You've got something in your other hand. Let me see."

He kept it behind him still. I was a little girl, smaller and weaker than he. He could easily have pushed me aside and run away.

Perhaps he thought of it once, for he looked up in my face with a sudden, hard defiance, but when he met my eyes, the shame came up into his again, and he stood still.

"Let me see it, Criss. It's all you can do now."

He brought out his hand at last, slowly enough, as though it hurt him to do it, and in his fingers was a little silver drinking cup of Creighton Bell's—a birth-day present from his sister.

I was so shocked when I saw that, that I burst out crying. Then I heard the cup fall to the floor.

"Oh, Criss," I said, "to think you would do that! To think, after all, you are a thief!"

He spoke then, and there was really some trouble alive in his voice: "I wouldn't 'a done it if I'd thought you'd known it."

"Oh, Criss, as though God didn't know it! and to think how I'd been your friend, and was so sorry for you, and thought you would grow up to be an honest, noble man; and that I should some day hear how the little boy who cleaned the walks at Terrace Ridge had turned out; and now to find, after all,

you'd come here to steal; and you're a bad, wicked boy, and I can't do you any good!" and I sobbed harder than ever.

The sobs found their way, when no words could have done, to the one tender place in the boy's heart or conscience.

"I knew you was my friend, little girl," he said, "I didn't care for the rest, but I wouldn't 'a teched anything that was yourn for all the world."

He meant what he said; even then, with his crime before my eyes, I did not doubt that.

"But it's just as bad: it's stealing, all the same; and it breaks my heart to think you're only a thief, Criss, and after all, I can't do you any good;" and again I cried, and I heard the bursts of laughter, and the loud voices, and the clapping of hands in the parlor. It was time for me to be gone. Criss twisted his fingers in and out, then he looked up, with a sudden eagerness in his face and voice. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'm real sorry 'cause it's troubled you, and I knew you was the only friend I'd got;" his mouth twisted there, and the sudden tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, Criss, I was your friend truly, and now I'm cut to the heart. I don't know what to do. I ought to go straight and tell the folks, but I can't bear to."

The boy made no promises, and not an attempt to run away, but standing still there he looked sorrowful enough—not for what he had done, but because I had found him out.

"Didn't you once think God saw you?" with a great gulp of sobs and tears.

"I don't think he cares what I do: nobody ever did but you."

"Yes he does, too. He's a great deal sorrier than I am, because he's a great deal more your Friend; but he can't save you, nor I can't, nor anybody else, if you won't help yourself."

"If I could really know for certain that he cared." He said the words slowly, some doubt coming up and working in his face.

Then I heard them calling for me. What could I do? Go before all those people, and denounce that boy for a thief? They would have no pity for him, and I was his only friend!

I broke out: "I can't tell them, Criss, I can't. Maybe I'm in the wrong, but I'll give you another chance, and I'll pray God, every morning and every night, to forgive you and put it in your heart to be an honest boy."

I saw him drag his ragged coat-sleeve across his eyes; then there was a louder shout of my name, and I turned and rushed back to the parlor, and Criss Dorrance rushed out of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE ITALIAN BOY.

"UGH!" And Uncle George suddenly put his hands to his ears, while a look of disgust came into his face. "Jane," he called to the servant, "drive that little wretch away from the door!"

What was the matter? Oh, nothing very serious. Uncle George had sensitive



ears and an impatient spirit. He was easily put out. Little things annoyed him. It was only an Italian boy with his hurdygurdy.

"No, no, no!" cried little Lu, jumping down from her chair at the table. "Don't drive him away, poor fellow! 'Taint nice in you to say so, Uncle George!" And she knit her brows, and looked all the reproof she could get into her sweet face. "Guess if you had to go round with a hurdygurdy, you wouldn't like people to drive you off."

"Maybe not," answered Uncle George, in a milder voice. For he felt little Lu's rebuke, and was already taking a penny from his pocket for her to give the boy.

Lu flashed off to the door, and throwing it open, thrust the penny she had taken from Uncle George into the hand of a bright-eyed Italian boy, who with his hurdygurdy, box of white mice, and dog in soldier clothes, was trying in a strange land to earn his daily bread. She stood for a little while, pleased with the music and laughing at the dog, which stood on his hind legs and marched about like a soldier. Then her tender heart began to feel a deeper pity for the barefoot boy.

"I wonder if he's had any dinner?" she said to herself. To think with Lu was to act. "Are you hungry?" she asked, as the boy stopped playing. He said yes.

Before Uncle George, who had been listening to his little pet, could interfere, Lu had ushered boy and dog into the house, and was leading them through the hall to the back yard.

"There, now!" she cried, all flushed and eager. "Sit down just here, and you shall have just as much dinner as you can eat."

Boy and dog sat down together more like equals and friends than master and servant, and when Lu brought a plate of food, the boy shared his dinner with the dog, feeding him first, and afterward satisfying his own hunger.

Uncle George looked on quite softened at the sight; and when, after the meal was over, the boy, at his request, played on his poor instrument of music for Lu, and the dog in his red soldier cap and gay jacket marched soberly about, his ears were not hurt by the sounds, which a little while before almost "set his teeth on edge," as he was pleased to say.

LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

By Clio Stanley.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE.

VERY brightly the sun shone on the twenty-fifth of December, and very bright and eager and happy were the two dear little faces which looked at each other from opposite beds, when they awoke.

"I don't believe I'm quite awake yet," said May, with smiles dimpling her rosy cheeks, "but I guess I know what day it is!"

"Christmas day!" exclaimed Susie, clapping her hands; "oh, May, I wish you Merry Christmas!"

"And I wish *everybody* one," said May, earnestly.

It was not very long until they were dressed and ready to go down stairs, where papa and mamma greeted them with more than the usual number of kisses, and mamma said something, as she bent down to caress each restless little head that, May told Susie privately, sounded just like a "pray."

Susie made no reply, but *looked thoughtful*, and resolved in her heart to give her mother no occasion for sorrow in the coming months.

Just as they left the breakfast-table, Uncle Fred came in, and was greeted with a shout of delight from little May, who saw in his arrival a great addition to the day's merriment and consequent enjoyment.

Fred made himself thoroughly at home, as was his fashion, and throwing himself down on the wide lounge under the window, he managed to let one thing after another slip from his deep pockets and roll upon the floor, while May hastily scrambled after them, laughing with delight as she discovered first a good-natured, fat little dolly, which Fred declared looked just like May; but Susie said softly that he didn't have to *squeeze* May to make *her* laugh! Then there were two little dancing men, with their jackets painted red, blue and yellow, and who could take a good many steps very nicely when set up on the piano; a great round ball next claimed May's attention; and finally a gray pussy cat, who when you rolled her over on her back

would open her mouth and show you a tiny mouse, and when you turned her right side up again would close her mouth with a sudden motion and gulp poor mousie down. May did not know which of all she liked the best, and they were all made of India rubber, so that it would be impossible to break them.

When May was busy with the toys, Fred drew Susie close to his side and put a new book, full of pictures, into one hand, and a box of exquisite little jack-straws in the other.

"Oh, Uncle Fred, that was just what I wanted, because now I can play with papa. You know grown-up folks play with jack-straws."

"No, I didn't know that!"

"Well they do, and so I had rather have this than anything else."

"You haven't looked at your book yet, Susie," said mamma, coming over and sitting down by them.

Susie laid her box down carefully on the table and began to turn over the leaves, her eyes growing brighter and brighter every moment.

"Here's my spider-missionary, Uncle Fred," exclaimed Susie, holding her book toward him.

"A spider-missionary!"

Uncle Fred laughed as he said it. "Why, Susie, do missionaries feed on flies?"

Susie looked at him reproachingly, and Mrs. Ellis explained the matter to Fred, so that he too began to look grave, and wondered in his heart if Susie was not a good deal wiser than he.

"That is a water-spider," he began when Mrs. Ellis went away, "and it is a wonderful little creature."

"What is that ball there in the water?"

"That is the spider's house. It is open at the bottom and filled with air, and she sits inside and watches for her prey. In the winter she closes it all up, and so has a warm, secure home."

"Oh, how much I thank you, dear uncle! I can learn ever so many things I don't know from this book."

"I thank you, too," said May, leaving her toys and coming over to kiss Fred; "I love you with my whole heart!"

"Then you love me as much as mamma, do you, May?"

May looked a little bewildered, but finally her face brightened with a wonderful smile, as she said, "I love my papa and mamma as much as if I had *two* hearts in my body!"

Fred laughed heartily at May's solution of the difficulty, but May did not laugh at all.

"I wish I was big," said May, after a minute; "when will I be as long as *you* are, Uncle Fred?"

"Not while you get up so early in the morning."

Susie looked her astonishment.

Fred could scarcely control his mirth at sight of her face, but he managed to tell May that some great man had discovered that there is a power in the sun's rays which acts destructively upon granite, stones and metal, and that they would some time perish, only that they had the

power of restoring themselves and growing in the night.

"So you see, May, *sleep* is a great thing, and if you want to grow fast you must sleep a great deal."

May nodded her head and ran away, letting Uncle Fred's wonderful statement slip out of her thoughts as she went, but Susie treasured up the idea, so that she might ask her father about it; for she couldn't help distrusting Uncle Fred a little.

The morning was gone before they knew it, and the afternoon followed happily; and when night came they thought no other day had ever passed so quickly away.

Evening brought her treasures, though, and Susie and May were allowed to sit up long beyond their usual bed-time, because it was Christmas, and Christmas only came once a year.

Aunt Bertha came with her husband, and then Susie thought their little circle was complete, for she loved auntie dearly. Aunt Bertha had once had a dear little Susie of her own, with blue eyes and golden curls, and she had been very lonely when the angels took her to sing her Christmas hymn in heaven; but Susie Ellis partly filled her place, and Aunt Bertha returned Susie's affection tenfold.

It was a very loving household, and Uncle Fred thought how delightful it would be if he could always be in such a warm, cheery atmosphere, away from the temptations that thronged his path daily in the bustling city.

He said as much to Susie's mother as he went away that night, and Susie, who heard it, stood on tip-toe and put her arms around his neck as she whispered, "I'll pray God to make the big city warm and pleasant for you, Uncle Fred, and you must pray, too, because it always *gets warm* when God is in your heart."

"Dear little Susie!" said Fred, with a tear in his eye; "she is a veritable missionary herself, only she don't know it!"

I have only told you a little about Susie Ellis, but I am sure if *you* all fill your days with such kind thoughts and unselfish deeds as filled Susie's days while she was only a little child, this great world will grow very bright for you too; heaven will seem nearer and dearer to you, and *duty* will soon come to be synonymous with *pleasure*. And that, you know, will be the best of all!

SIX LITTLE PINS.

By Louise V. Boyd.

AUNT ROSA'S work-basket, which was always in the best order, had in one corner of it a little pocket, and the pocket was tied close shut with a cunning little bow of ribbon. Now, though Annie had tried on Rosa's thimble, which was scarcely any too large for her, and snipped with the bright little scissors and handled every spool in the basket, she was still not satisfied without untying the pretty ribbon and exploring the silken pocket. She found in it some gay-colored silks

wound upon cards, some papers of needles, and in a pale green paper a row of the sweetest little pins. "Oh, Aunt Rosa," she said, "these pins are rolled so that their heads are all in a little ring together, I wish they were mine; I would keep them ever so long, just to look at."

Aunt Rosa smiled, and taking the scissors she separated six of the pins from their companions. "We will try these," she said, "and to-morrow morning come again to my room, and I will tell you a little story;" then Rosa began to arrange her basket again, and Annie, after rolling the scrap of green paper through and through her little warm hands till it was completely rumpled, stuffed it into her apron pocket and ran away.

Careless as Annie was, she never forgot any appointment with Aunt Rosa when she was to hear a story; so the next morning found her on a stool at Rosa's feet, with her dimpled hands folded and her bright eyes fixed upon the good aunt's gentle face.

Aunt Rosa began: "I have often wondered to myself what became of the pins, but last night I found out what became of some of them." Here Annie blushed and cast down her eyes. "I had a dream." "I think your dreams are just as good as stories that are not dreams, for don't you dream with your eyes open?" "No matter," said Rosa. "I dream; and last night I dreamed of being, oh, in such a very queer place, away down in the heart of the earth perhaps, and there a great Pin—it seemed like the grandmother of all the rest—called upon some little ones

to come and give an account of themselves.

"At the call a little scratching sound was heard, and then I saw right before me six little pins, but ah! how different in appearance from the six bright, sharp, straight little fellows my Annie carried from this room yesterday morning!

"Give an account of yourself," the great Pin began, and Number One answered; fear made the voice tremulous, and this is what the little thing said: 'Indeed I couldn't help it—I didn't want to do it; I can't think how it came about. We were all fond of each other, and never laid our heads together to plot any sort of mischief at all, but all at once the ribbon of the little pocket was untied, we were taken out, and the light dazzled us, and six of us were severed from the rest, and after being rolled about we were put into another little pocket; and then the next thing I knew a little girl on her way to school stopped and took me out, and saying she had forgotten her garter, she made a great fold in her stocking and stuck me there. I tried to serve her the best I could, but I was screwed, and twisted, and wriggled till I didn't know what to do with myself, and I fell down and was trodden into the dust, and couldn't be found again till I came here. Just once I peeped back through the dust after I had fallen; the little girl was looking like a fright with her stocking rolled down nearly to her shoe, but she found an old string and tied it up a sort of a way.' 'Pretty company to be in!' said the great Pin; 'untidiness in a little girl is

too bad, and our family have always set their heads against it, and that pointedly. Now, Number Two.'

"If you please," began Number Two, 'I think I've had as much trouble as anybody. The little girl took me too, when I was lying low and saying nothing in the bottom of her pocket—took me, I say, and bent me up in this horrid manner, and tied me to the end of a boy's fishing-line; and the boy, I think, was a very cruel, bad boy, for, dreadful to tell, he put me right through a worm that had never done him any harm, and threw us together into the water. As I floated down to the root of a tree, I caught by it to try and save myself; he gave the line a jerk, and down I went, and up it went, the little dead worm slipped away from me and here I am.' 'We excuse you,' said the great Pin; 'one cannot expect anything better of boys; we were not invented for boys' use, and we always suffer at their hands. Now, Number Three.'

"Number Three, a sharp, straight, bright little thing, began: 'The little girl took me to pin her hat-string on with; it was very trying to me, because there was a needle and thread right before her as she did it. I shook my head to try and dissuade her, and the needle's eye flashed to try and tempt her, but it was no use; however, I paid her back. I waited till she had climbed up the stairs into the high church spire, among some of the neat and trim little girls of the village; then I took a great leap downward, and here I am, safe and sound. The hat-string sailed off in the wind, and the little girl laid all the blame

on me.' Great Pin patted this one on the head and grimly smiled.

"Number Four now began: 'The little girl took me—and don't you see how miserably bent I am?—took me and pinned up her petticoat in a great ugly wad behind, to imitate what she called a Grecian Bend; and because I was too weak in my spine to bear the weight of it all, she jerked me, and when I scratched her in self-defence, she cried and threw me away with such violence that I came here.'

"'Oh, that little girl!' cried the great Pin, in a wiry voice; 'it was not enough that she should disfigure herself, but truly she has given you an outrageous bend, Grecian or not. We are always sacrificed when fashions become extremely foolish.'

"Number Five, whimpering sadly, said: 'I've been lost and picked up, and lost again, and trodden on, bent, bruised and battered, all because of that careless little girl; and at last she stuck me into the baby's pillow instead of a cushion, and the nurse found me there and scolded me dreadfully. I didn't want to hurt the baby, and I didn't do it, but she threw me away angrily; and oh my head aches, and I'd have lost it if it wasn't fastened to my shoulders; and everything is out of fix; and I don't know how I got here; oh, oh, oh!'

"'Don't fret,' said the great Pin; 'such a good-for-nothing girl is not worth a sigh or tear, and she is making more trouble for herself than any one else. It will be useless for any number of our family to try and hide her defects: she

will expose herself anyhow, and bring reproach upon us at last. Oh, it sickens me! Go on, Number Six.'

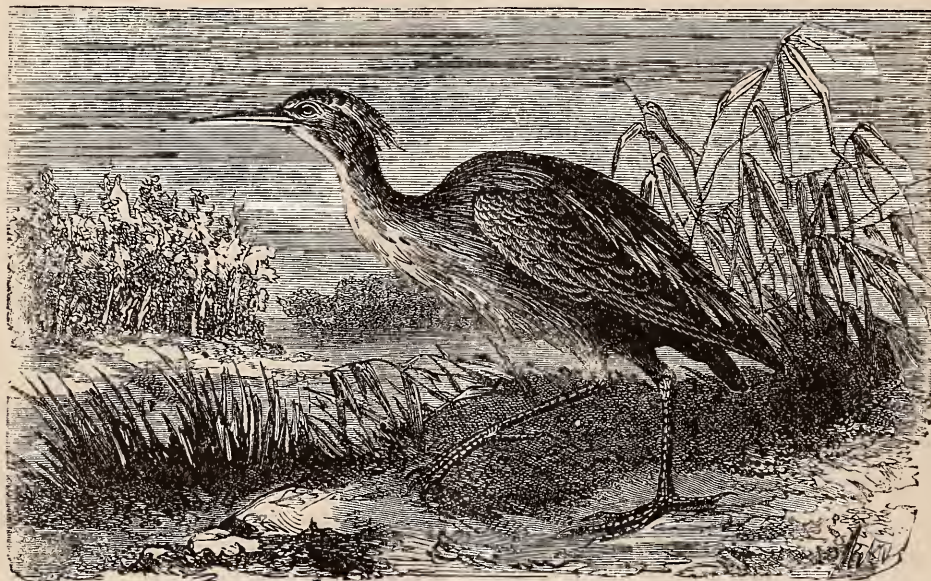
"'I am ashamed,' said Number Six, 'to complain of anybody; and I rather pity the little girl that you all report against, for she seems to have more trouble than all of us put together, for her strings and buttons are always off, everything she wears is in a little while torn and soiled and frayed, and she does more pinning up and pinning down than any one else. I don't think she meant me any particular harm when she took me from where I was quietly serving her in the neck of her dress, and pinned the tail to Johnny's kite with me. Johnny told her I was too little, and asked her if she couldn't sew me; but no, I was a dear little thing, she said, and would do first-rate. I did the very best I could, and went up bravely for a while, and Johnny cheered, but all at once I grew dizzy (such a weak little head I must have!), and instead of sailing, sailing away toward the blue sky, I found myself falling, falling, falling. It was horrible; and here I am, just the poor little ghost of a pin, and oh so dull.'

"'Well, well,' said great Pin, 'I wish I could get at that little girl anyhow; she should have one piece of my mind. What pretty trim, bright little things you were when you went into her service, and to come out of it like this! I think if she could hear you all tell your experience, and could see you now, she would surely try to do better; but I don't know. My poor little pins—my poor, rusted, bruised, bent, broken six little pins!'

"So I wakened, but I thought I would tell you my dream," said Rosa.

"Aunt Rosa," said Annie, with tears in her eyes, "do trust me once more; I

think you need never tell me such another story." Rosa only kissed Annie for answer.



THE GREEN HERON.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

"UNCLE JOHN is coming! Uncle John is coming!" cried Georgy Edwards, as he chanced to glance up from the book he was reading.

Mary darted to the window to look out, forgetful for a moment that she had left the door of her canary's cage open and that puss was in the room. But Bob was neglected only for a moment, and as he did not happen to fly down from his perch, there was no harm done.

Little Lucy was sitting quietly in a corner, undressing Miss Annie. Can any of my readers explain why little girls

always like so much better to undress their dolls than to dress them? But Miss Annie was suddenly dropped face down on the floor, with one shoe and stocking off and her dress all unfastened, and there I am afraid she had to remain some time before her little mother gave her any further attention.

"Uncle John" received a hearty welcome from the children. He was a wonderful uncle, I can assure you, for he had traveled half over the world; and he was always ready with a story for his little nephew and nieces about the strange things he had seen. He had been to California, and South America, and Australia, and India; and I am not sure but he had been to China too. And I think

he must have visited Africa as well, for he could tell such interesting stories about elephants, and gorillas, and lions, and ostriches, and all sorts of animals and birds.

Now these little children liked nothing so well as to hear the stories of their Uncle John; and, of course, there was nobody whom it gave them half so much pleasure to see.

"I am glad to see you take such good care of your bird, Mary," said he, to his elder niece; "it seems cruel to shut the poor thing up in a cage; but if it must be deprived of its liberty, it should be made just as happy as possible."

"Did you ever see any canaries living wild in their own country?"

"No, I don't know that I ever did; but I have seen birds of all kinds, of the brightest colors and very sweet singers. I have told you about the parrots—red, blue, green and yellow—that are so plenty in South America; but I could never describe to you one-half the varieties I have seen in different countries."

"Are there any wonderful birds in North America, uncle?" asked George, who found his book not half so entertaining as Uncle John's conversation.

"There are many beautiful birds here, and some of them, though to be found in all parts of the country, live so retired in swamps and uninhabited forests as to be rarely seen. I came across many interesting species when I was traveling in Florida a few years ago."

"Do tell us about them!" chimed three voices.

"Not all of them to-day, but I will tell

you about one, that comes to mind just now. I had gone up the St. John River, and had struck off into the country, with only my negro guide and my dog. We used to fish and hunt in the day, and at night pitch our tent wherever we were, build a fire and camp out."

"Oh how nice! When I am a man, I am going to do the same thing!" interrupted George.

Mary and Lucy looked much interested, but said nothing.

"Well, one morning I awoke early, and came to the door of my tent. It was very early, for though it was daylight the sun was not up. Not far off, resting on a stone, was one of the prettiest birds I ever saw. It was a little heron about the size of blackbird. It is sometimes called a crab-eater, though I do not know whether it really eats crabs. He had a tuft of glossy green feathers on his head, and his back and wings were also a brilliant green. His neck and throat were deep red and the under part of his body was cream color. He stood there apparently watching for frogs and lizards. Presently he began to move cautiously and noiselessly, advancing one long bent leg carefully after the other, until he stood on the bank of the stream, and within reach of his intended breakfast. Then he remained motionless, with his head and neck bent backward, and with eyes fixed upon a frog, whose nose was very temptingly showing above the water. The frog, in ignorance of its danger, swam nearer the bird, and in an instant the neck unbent like a spring, and the poor

thing was gobbled up and swallowed whole in less time than it takes me to tell it. The frog seemed a pretty big mouthful for the bird, though, for he had to wriggle to get it down."

"Didn't the heron see you?"

"Not at first; but when he did, he wasn't the least bit afraid. He only hopped off a few feet, and flew up on a dead limb, where he sat and eyed me with his yellow eyes in a very curious manner, as if he wanted to ask me what business I had there on his premises. He turned his head, and twisted his body most funnily, but seemed to find the matter beyond his power to understand, though he was a wise-looking bird."

"You didn't shoot him, did you?" asked George, in a tone of concern.

"Oh no; I couldn't make up my mind to do that when he had so much confidence in me. He watched us get our breakfast ready, when, his curiosity being satisfied, or finding the subject altogether too much for him, he quietly sailed away. My negro was very glad to see him go, for he had kept one eye on him all the time in evident alarm, and told me that he was a witch. I laughed, of course; but it only made the poor fellow the more serious, and he assured me that nobody doubted it in that region. I do not much wonder at his reputation, for he was certainly an oddly-acting bird."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, "how I should like to see him. Won't you tell us about another bird now?"

"Not this morning. Some other time I will."

And if my little readers care to hear any more of Uncle John's stories, perhaps "some other time" I will write them out.

OUR TEMPLE.

By C. L.—.

OUR Temple is not made of "gold and precious stones," but of precious "little ones" ranging from six years of age upward to ten, twelve, and even fourteen years.

We are a COLD WATER TEMPLE, and have two hundred members, and we expect two hundred more very soon. We meet every Saturday afternoon in a very large hall—one that would hold about one thousand such as me. It is very nicely carpeted and furnished, and as pleasant as any parlor.

On the walls of our hall are many, many pictures; some are oil-paintings, some engravings, some chromos—perhaps one hundred in all.

Then there are brackets on the walls also, and on these are vases of flowers or trailing vines, making it a beautiful place in which to meet.

We have singing, and it is *so sweet*. We have declamations, and they are *so good*. Last Saturday a little colored girl spoke a piece, and she was applauded by all. Several little girls and boys spoke pieces.

We take a little pledge not to drink alcohol, whether in wine, beer, cider, rum

or anything else that will intoxicate; and some of our Sunday-school teachers and others come in to help us, and we feel very nappy when we go home from our meetings.

The village we live in is a very wicked place, because there are so many who sell and drink intoxicating liquors; and there is many a child here whose "father is a drunkard, and whose mother is dead."

Next Saturday we expect sixty new members; we all pay ten cents apiece once in three months. We are to have a public meeting soon.

We get a nice little Temperance tract of four pages to take home to our parents: on one page is a nice picture—the other three pages are full of reading for little folks.

We hope to have some "Temperance Stories," such as have been published in the "Children's Hour," in a week or two; so that every member of the Temple can have one of each kind to keep for themselves and to do good with at home.

Our members have each a nice little badge, and we begin to be proud that we belong to the Cold Water Army. We have fourteen officers, and some of the ministers of the churches come and talk to us.

We expect to become a real live missionary society in this village, and by and by a tract society also. There are a great many parents who want their children to come and learn to sing, and bring home some little stories for them to read.

Next Thursday afternoon we meet to practice our odes, and the choristers and

others have promised to come and help us. We meet at four o'clock and sing for an hour. One of our odes commences, "The Templars are gathering from near and from far;" Others, "Marching on," "Dare to do right," "I'm trying to climb the Temperance Hill," "We are coming, blessed Saviour," "Sparkling and bright," and other pieces equally good.

I wish I could tell my readers of our beautiful pictures on the wall, "Rock of Ages," and others; but not this time. Our object is to cultivate a purer taste for all that is good; to make others happy; to become educated in wisdom's ways, and thus avoid the paths of temptation when we become men and women. What do you think of OUR TEMPLE?

LEOPARD.

By M. O. J.

"WELL, Leopard, what now?"
Leopard is our little kitten, so called from her singular color, which is a mixed black and yellow, resembling the spots of a leopard. Her nose is sprinkled with tiny black dots, as if a pepper-box had been shaken over it. She had sprung upon the window-sill, and sat watching Joanna while she washed breakfast-dishes.

The washwoman was coming, and a tub, ready filled with clear cold water for rinsing, stood just under the window. The sun shone on the water, and the foliage of a large tree close to the house was reflected in the tub, to Leopard's

great pleasure. She watched the moving shadows, and every few moments she would put her paw down slyly to catch the seeming leaf, and just touch the water. Then she would draw back her paw, shaking from it a tiny shower. But by and by kitty leaned a little too far, and there was a splash and a mew and a scramble. She did not quite have a plunge-bath, however; but she went in enough to get one side of her fur coat and one sleeve pretty well wet. Poor little Leopard! She looked rather forlorn in her drabbed raiment. But what did she do? She did not go around the house mewing; she did not rub against us to ask for pity. No, not she! But she went to the kitchen door, where the July sun shone in, and lay down in its warmth and brightness; and very soon her fur was as good as new. It would be well for us all, when our plans or purposes or hopes get "a dash of cold water," as we say, if we would adopt little kit's philosophy, and remember that *there is somewhere sunshine enough to dry it off*, and get into the sunshine as soon as possible.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

SOME one in *The Little Folks* tells the following pleasant story:

"Oh dear! it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in-doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but

you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the Park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there ain't goin' to be any sunshine at all; and I'll just have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the ducks' backs all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you *do* talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine-factory, have you?"

"Well, I am going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now, let me give you these rules for making sunshine: First, Don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, See how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, Do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first;" and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and—"

"Hold!" said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack and said,

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door which read—SUNSHINE FACTORY.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember—A CHEERFUL HEART MAKES ITS OWN SUNSHINE.

THE CHANGED SPRING.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

A LONG, long time ago, in a country a great way from ours, a company of travelers were passing through a desert. From the expression on many faces of gratitude and relief, one would infer that they had just passed safely through some great danger. There were old white-

haired men, leaning on their staves and cheerfully keeping up the wearisome march. There were family groups—a father carrying a child of two or three years, a mother with her babe on her bosom, and older children following; there were young men and maidens, with uplifted brows and firm, elastic step. Their leader was a man in the prime of life, of resolute bearing, eyes wherein shone the light of a great hope, and brow and mouth betokening courage and endurance.

There was a great hope set before this people. They had just escaped from bitter enemies, who had long held them in bondage and fear; and they were journeying toward a new land that should be to them a home—a home of freedom and peace.

For a while the glorious thought made them forgetful of the wearisome way; but as the day advanced, the burning rays of the sun coming down on their unsheltered heads, the scorching sand beneath their feet became almost intolerable. Tired, hungry, thirsty, they still pressed on, mothers soothing their little ones as best they could; all looking eagerly for some spring where they might drink.

The sun went down, and no water had been found. All else could be better borne than this terrible thirst. Wearily they pitched their tents and lay down, hoping that the morrow would bring relief. But when the toilsome march had been resumed at break of day, and many a mile of the hot desert traversed, still no spring was in sight, and night again drew her curtain around them. Another and

harder day, and they were nearly fainting, when, as evening drew nigh, they saw in the distance what they hoped (oh how intensely!) might be a stream. Forgetting their aching limbs, they pressed on with new courage and reached it. Oh joy beyond expression!—it was indeed a spring! Eagerly the half-fainting pilgrims pressed around to drink—but what! The waters were bitter, intensely bitter, for it was a salt or mineral spring. Many threw themselves on the sand in utter despair. Old men sat silently down, faint and exhausted. And mothers' tears fell like rain over their pleading little ones, while they tried vainly to hush them to sleep.

Where, meantime, was the leader? Withdrawn a little from the rest, calm and undismayed, he lifted up his heart in earnest prayer. Then, with confidence that it would be answered, with brow and eyes hope-lighted still, he compelled his tired feet to farther effort.

"Where is he going?" asked one and another.

"There's no knowing—he is such a strange man."

"Perhaps he thinks to find water—here, in this desolation!"

"Only think of his bringing us all to such a pass! I do not believe we shall ever see the country he tells about, and we cannot go back."

"I wish we *were* back again," chimes in another.

"You do? I do not, I am sure. Forced to labor beyond our strength, hardly fed or clothed, and subject always to the will

of our cruel masters! I would rather, a thousand-fold, risk life in attempting to gain freedom than remain in bondage!"

"But how can we go on? And what do we *know* of any such country? I wish we had never listened to his deceitful promises."

"Hold! He is not a deceiver. He really believes in a Land of Promise, somewhere in the direction we are going, and that God has called him to lead this people."

"Well, perhaps he does; but we might have known better than to give heed to his vagaries."

"Ah! there he is."

"Coming so soon? What is that in his hand?"

Calmly, quietly, the man approached the little spring and threw into it a piece of wood. The young bark showed that it was just cut from a tree. A tree of peculiar properties it was, for it proved a perfect antidote to the bitterness of the waters: they were no longer bitter, but clear, sweet and refreshing!

What an eager band pressed around, drinking till their thirst was quenched, and they felt new life in every limb and nerve! Mothers, their worn faces dripping with glad, grateful tears, held their children to the stream's brink. And after a night's refreshing sleep, with renewed hope and courage the travelers went on their way. Ere long they reached an oasis, where they found twelve gushing springs, and a multitude of palm trees threw their cool shadows on the soft grass. There they encamped, beside the

waters, enjoying the rest and refreshing tenfold, for the wearying journey thither.

The name of this place was Elim; and the Promised Land proved not a dream, but a rich, blessed certainty, answering fully to the faith of him who led the people. You know this was Moses, and the people were the Israelites.

"Then this story is true?" you ask.

Yes, dear children; there are many stories in the Bible as wonderful, and more beautiful, than the fairy-tales you love so well. They are mostly written very briefly, and the more you think about them, the more you find out their beauty.

Let me say, our duties, and the experiences of life are sometimes like the waters of Marah (which means bitter), and we think we cannot accept them cheerfully. But let *love* come into them, a real desire *to be good and do good*, and they gradually become changed to us, till we can own them fraught with truest blessing.

SOLOMON'S WARNING TO THE SLUGGARD—Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travel-eth, and thy want as an armed man.

BY-AND-BY.

THERE'S a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is *By-and-by*.
What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it:
Put it off," says *By-and-by*.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue;
What we always put off doing
Clearly, we shall never do;
We shall reach what we endeavor
If on *Now* we more rely;
But unto the realms of *Never*
Leads the pilot *By-and-by*.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, "I gave a beggar-child a drink of water, and she said 'Thank you!' so beautifully that it made me glad. I shall never forget it."

Now if any one feels fretful, or discontented, or unhappy in any way, here is the medicine. Let him do a "thank you's" worth of kindness every hour, and he will be cured.

CHASING A BUTTERFLY.

"HENRY!" But my voice reached his ears too late. He had struck the beautiful insect with his hat, and was



trying to disengage from its silken lining the yellow and purple wings of a living pansy. His fingers moved too eagerly, and crushed and soiled the gauzy wings and tender body. A shadow of disappointment was on his face as he held up the now lifeless insect.

"I am so sorry you killed the beautiful thing," I said.

"But I didn't mean to hurt the butterfly, mother," answered my boy, almost crying over the wreck of life and beauty in his hand. "I only tried to catch it."

"I know it dear. But these lovely creatures are too frail to bear the touch of our rough fingers. See! Here comes another, with large ruby and golden wings. Don't run after it. Don't try to catch it. Keep very still, and maybe it will light on this rose bush. There! it is settling down on that large flower. Isn't it lovely! How gracefully it moves its wings like two painted fans.

Henry almost held his breath as he leaned forward to watch the beautiful in-

sect. Then, as it rose up and flew slowly away, he said:

"They are only to look at, mother—not to hold in our hands."

"Yes, dear," I answered; "and I hope you will always remember it, and never again try to catch a butterfly."

Dear boy! He was too young then for the life-lesson I would have taught him from this incident. But it was laid away in his memory, and in after years I turned the leaf on which it was recorded, and showed him how mere worldly honors and fashion and fame were but as painted butterflies, that would give no substance from which happiness would flow.

"If you chase them," I said, "they will die or grow unbeautiful the moment they are grasped. But if you fix your eyes on things virtuous, noble and useful, and pursue them with an unselfish ardor, your life will be crowned with blessings. Every achievement will give you, instead of a painted butterfly, soiled or dead in your hand, an abiding substance."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

OCTOBER, 1869.



MOUSIE AND HER BABIES.

By Rosella Rice.

ONE day last summer my father was working out in the fields, moving stumps and stones, so there would be

nothing in the way of the plough, and in turning over a bit of a dry stump that lay on the surface of the ground, he uncovered the warm, dry nest of an old mother mouse.

She had six pinky baby mice, nestling around her soft furry body, and just tak-

ing their little wee dinner of warm milk. What were they to do? The whole roof was torn off their house when the stump was lifted and turned over, and there they were, with the summer sun beaming right down upon them. Their little bodies were exposed to all kinds of weather, and they were so helpless and young that not one of them knew how to walk two steps without rolling right over upon his back, with his four dainty little tooties up in the air.

My father said he stepped forward to put the stump back again, and to leave them as cozy and as happy as he had found them. But the mother mouse, not knowing whether he was a friend or a foe, said in a little, fine, squeaking voice, that could hardly be heard by gross big ears, "Oh, my beautiful little darlings! I will never leave you nor forsake you: take hold of your mother and she will save you."

Then the six little baby mice understood every word she spoke, and they knew what she meant, and they opened their mouths and took hold just as if they were going to suck, and then the wise little mother started off running in the direction of a pile of rails that lay near the fence.

Papa stood and watched her, and he said it touched his heart in the tenderest place to see in the lowest of God's creation the devotion and the strength of a mother's love.

While she was running as fast as she could with her beloved burden dangling about her feet and legs, and hindering her speed, one of the little ones loosened its hold and fell off.

For an instant the mother paused and looked at it, just as though she was saying, "Why how unfortunate! I don't see how one poor mother can manage so many dear little pink babies; but you, poor Plushy, must not be left behind! you are the weakest and dearest and sweetest baby of all;" and saying this she took it up carefully in her mouth, and with her head up a good deal higher, she trotted on her way and safely reached the pile of rails. We do hope the brave little mother found a good home and a sure retreat, because she deserved it.

Well, mice are troublesome things, but it would be a very hard-hearted man or boy who could kill one under such circumstances as these were.

In connection with such stories those fine old lines from the "Ancient Mariner" come sweeping up to me with such force and tenderness that I look through a mist of tears upon the page before me:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER IV.

I WENT through with my part in the tableaux that night, as though I were in a dream; I remember the eager faces, the shouting and the clapping of hands

when it was all through, but the poor, miserable, wicked little boy I had left lay too heavy on my heart for me to feel much interest in the gayety of the others.

When we went out to supper, Creighton Bell came over to me: "You did splendidly, Hope," his face sparkling all over. "You looked like a born Indian princess. You ought to be proud of her, Darrow," as Lewis came up.

"I always was, Bell. But, Hope, what is the matter with you to-night?"

"Why, Lewis?"

"You looked tired or troubled. Has anything gone wrong?"

"I do feel tired, Lewis, but nothing has gone wrong with me—at least, in the way you mean."

Creighton Bell came up with some ices.

"Which shall it be—lemon, or strawberry, or chocolate, or all three?" holding the waiter toward me.

"I know," said Lewis; "it will be strawberry, and after that it must be bedtime, Hope. She isn't used to these late hours, Bell, and she's nothing but a child, and not a strong one at that. You must budge off to bed, Pussy."

I was very glad to slip away while they were all intent on their supper. I wondered whether I had done right about Criss Dorrence; I was not certain, but God knew I had tried.

The next day I did not see Criss Dorrence, but I managed to learn that he was off with Hatchel and some of the men, helping them cart stone. I felt so uneasy, thinking what Lewis would say about my conduct the night before, that

several times I half made up my mind to go and tell him just what had happened; but Lewis would be dreadfully severe on a thief, and have no faith in any possible good out of Criss Dorrence; he would only shake his head and say, "You have a soft little heart, Hope, but you don't know anything about the world."

Maybe Lewis was right, but I could not bear to give up that boy, after all.

In a day or two Criss was at his work on the walks again. I went out to him, slipping a great red apple in my pocket, as though nothing had happened.

"Good-morning, Criss;" and I reached out my hand kindly as ever, perhaps a little more so, but seriously; I could not have used any of the old jests this time.

He gave me his hand very gravely too, and looked at me curiously, a little color coming into his face.

"I haven't told, you see, Criss."

"No, I wasn't afraid of it," his toes working as usual in the sand.

"But you can't think how troubled and unhappy I've been about you. Have you thought about it—have you made up your mind to try and be an honest boy?"

"I've thought about it," fingering his rake in an absent way, and it struck me that there might be more hope in such an answer than there would be in a great many loud, fair promises.

"And, Criss, I've tried to do my part, as I said. I've asked God night and morning to forgive you and help you."

He faced me then with a sudden glance out of the sullen eyes that I shall never forget—something touched, awed, grate-

ful. "If I could believe He really cared, it would seem worth tryin'," he said. "But when I get back with Hatchel and that set, I don't care."

"Are they so bad, Criss?"

"Oh yes; worse than you've any idea, little girl. Hatchel drinks and swears and fights, and as for stealin', he says a man's a fool not to do it on the sly, when he can get a chance."

"Oh, how awful! You ought not to stay with such wretches, Criss."

"I've been thinkin' I shall go to sea ag'in. There's a better chance for me there." I knew he meant a chance for the "trying," about which he was doubtful.

Just then somebody called me. At the best I could only have little snatches of talk with Criss Dorrence.

"Oh stop! here's a big apple," tumbling it out of my pocket. He looked pleased enough at the sight. "And now I want you to keep up hope. That's my name, you see?"

"Is it? It jest suits you," a bright look in his eyes as I left him.

For a week after that I saw little of Criss Dorrence; some of the days were rainy and I could not go out, and others he was off at work with the men.

But that boy was always in my thoughts, and I felt that he had spoken the truth, and that he would never have a chance, as he said, "with Hatchel and that bad set."

I was not certain either that the going to sea would be a change for the better; but how was I, a solitary, ignorant little girl, to help him? Then I thought about

Creighton Bell, and wondered and wondered. What that boy set about he could bring to pass; but if I said anything, must I not tell what happened one night in the breakfast-room, and would not that spoil the case for Criss Dorrence?

I cannot tell how I should have settled it at last. Something happened again. Late that afternoon I began to feel lonely for the first time since I came to Terrace Ridge, and I went out-doors just for a little run among the grounds before night. It was almost that now, for the days had begun to grow short in the first half of September.

We had now what everybody called "delicious weather"—such ripe, still, golden days, it seemed to me they came and went with something of the very shining and joy of heaven upon their faces. Everybody was off now on sails and rides and pic-nic dinners and excursions; and through the mid-days, Terrace Ridge, with its summer villas nestled in sunny nooks or perched upon breezy banks and hillsides, was as quiet as though it had fallen into a dream. That day our house had been quite empty, for everybody was away. Mrs. Fairfax was planning a pic-nic for the morrow at the Pines, and she and her brother had rowed out in the early afternoon, inviting me also, but I concluded to wait and go over with Lewis after tea.

Mr. Fairfax had gone to town, and would not return until late that evening, and my brother was off in the woods, planning some new avenues which they had been talking about for the last week;

so I was left mistress of the house at Terrace Ridge for the rest of the day.

I sauntered around the grounds until I came to the stone wall which they were building on one side. The sun had slipped behind the mountains, but there were heaps of low red lights in the west; and I was thinking what a pleasant day they would have for the pic-nic to-morrow, and choosing my way carefully through the trampled grass and broken stones, when I heard voices behind the wall, which, just in front of me, had been completed.

"You say the boat's fast there in the cove?"

"I've fixed it as you said, Hatchel."

"All right, Criss. If we get a big loaf this time, you shall have a fat slice of it. We've set the trap well."

In a moment the speakers came around the wall, and both stared on seeing me. They were Criss Dorrence and the man Hatchel. This last was a heavy, squat figure, with a big face and a mass of red bristling beard, but his eyes were the worst thing in the dark, hard face. They were not sneaking eyes, that dropped guiltily away from you, such as I fancied all villians' must be, but bad, bold, fierce eyes, that looked you straight in the face and made you shudder; at least, they did me when they met and held mine in that half-surprised, half-angry scowl, as though I had no right to be there and hear what he had been saying.

But the man passed on without a word, and so did Criss by his side, only giving me a chance to nod to the boy.

Going to the house, I thought over those words of Hatchel's. What could they mean? There is some mystery or wrong behind them. "He is a bad, bad man," I kept saying to myself. Just as I reached the gate, I heard footsteps behind me, and turning—of all things! there stood Criss, breathless with running, some trouble and eagerness in his face.

He stopped short, drew his breath hard, and hitched his trousers uneasily.

"Well, Criss, were you after me?"

"Yes, I was."

"You've got something to say to me?"

He seemed troubled, doubtful, half scared. There was some struggle going on within him.

"'Taint much."

"But what is it? You needn't be afraid to ask me," drawing close to him.

"Is it anything I can do for you, Criss?"

"No, 'taint that," quickly.

"Well, what is it, Criss? Come now, out with it."

It seemed hard to come yet. The boy's lips worked. He glanced wildly around all as though he feared somebody might be listening, and then he drew close up to me, and said in a low, swift voice, "It's for you."

"For me, Criss! What do you mean?" his manner startling me more than his words.

"It's true, though," standing still and dogged now, like one who had made a great effort, and was half-minded to stop there. If there was anything more to learn, I must drag it out of the boy.

"Criss," my hand on the ragged coat-sleeve, "you've got something behind that to tell me, I see it. If it's anything I ought to know, don't hold it back. You must believe I am your friend, Criss, and that I've proved it."

He looked me straight in the face now, his eyes bright and touched. "Yes, I believe you're that," he said, earnestly.

"And I really believe you're my friend too, Criss. If I was in any trouble, I think you'd try to help me. Now, wouldn't you, Criss?"

The naked toes and heels worked swiftly in the sand, but the boy's face worked, too. He looked up suddenly: "That's why I came here, little girl, 'cos I was your friend." I had touched the right chord.

"Well, then, Criss, prove it as I did the other night. Don't stop to think, but come right out with it."

Again that bright, swift glance going all around, as though in search of something or somebody that he feared. Then he came closer, and whispered in my ear,

"Don't you go near the Pines to-night. Did you hear, little girl?"

"Yes, I did, but what do you mean—why can't I go, Criss, when Lewis comes home to take me?"

"Don't you go, though," his voice low, swift and shaking. "I can't tell you another word. 'Twould be as much as my life was worth, if he knew I said this."

"Hatchel! Has he anything to do with it?" my thoughts going back to the strange words I had overheard behind the stone wall. "He is a dreadful bad man, Criss."

"I told you that afore," the dogged look on his face.

"But does he want to do me any harm?" a strange sickness going all over me as I remembered the bold, wicked eyes.

"Don't you be scared. You'll be all safe enough if you mind what I say, and keep away from the Pines to-night; that's all."

"But what does Hatchel want to do? If I stay away, there are the others—Mrs. Fairfax and Creighton Bell, and the servant-girl; and Lewis is going over too."

"You can find some way to keep him at home without tellin' on me. You'll never do that, little girl?"

"I don't know, Criss, what I ought to promise. Is there any harm going to be done to anybody? What did Hatchel mean about that boat at the cove? I overheard him by the stone wall."

A startled look shot out of the boy's eyes. "You did?" he said, and then he snapped his jaws closely together, as though he feared to let another word out.

I saw now that there was some dreadful wrong brooding, and that Hatchel was at the bottom of it, and had taken Criss into his confidence.

I was terribly shocked and scared, and yet my thoughts seemed wonderfully clear and to the point. I've wondered at it since, but sometimes a great crisis makes a man for the time out of a boy, a woman out of a little girl.

I saw my only chance for the truth lay in this one poor, hardened, outcast boy—this boy who was both liar and thief, and

that my only hold on him was the care and pity I had shown him, and which at great risks to himself had brought him back to-night to save me from some mysterious evil.

But my heart sank when I looked at the boy's dogged, sullen face. There seemed no hope of moving it. But I would try :

"What is to happen to the people over there at the Pines? They are my friends, Criss, and if any harm came to them it would kill me."

"You can keep your brother away; you needn't care about the rest of 'em."

"Oh, don't say that, Criss. They are my best friends. You don't know how kind they've been nor what they've done for me. You'd never have known me yourself if it hadn't been for them."

The boy looked a little surprised at that, but his face did not move out of its hardness. "'Taint no use," he said; "I've done all I can;" and he turned to go.

But I caught him and held him: "Criss, just tell me this one thing: Is it Hatchel? And does he know they are down there alone at the Pines?"

"Well, what if he does? That's nothin' to you. It wouldn't be healthy for me to be seen round here talkin' with you," wrenching himself away, and again that swift, stealthy glance about him, much like a frightened wild animal's.

"Wait a minute—just one, Criss. You've done a good thing to-night, a brave, generous one. You've proved you are what you called yourself—my friend."

The words touched and pleased him, I saw. "I tried to be, 'cos you was mine first, little girl;" the fingers working together in their clumsy, restless fashion.

"And what's more, you've done something to please God. I think he put it into your heart to come and tell me this to-night."

"Do you think that?" some doubt and awe in his face.

"I do, as true as I stand here, Criss Dorrence. But God has something more for you to do now."

"You mean to tell you. No, I can't do that. It's none o' my business," his face darkening and hardening again.

"Yes, it is your business, Criss. What did Hatchel mean by that fat slice you were to have out of the loaf?"

It was growing dark now, and the round, large moon was coming over the mountain like a great, slowly-blossoming flower; I could see the boy's face grow white and feel him wince suddenly.

"Did you hear all that?" he whispered.

"Yes, I did. Oh, Criss, would you help that Hatchel to do anything dreadful?"

"I don't do it on my own hook," a good deal excited. "It's his business, and I'm jest a dog, and have to carry and fetch as he orders me."

"No, you are not a dog, Criss Dorrence. You are a boy with a heart and a soul, and you know what's wrong and what's right, and you'd better die this minute than help that wicked wretch to do any harm."

Criss mumbled something down in his throat about "not really helping Hatchel."

"Yes, you have too. You've left a boat down to the cove, and you know just what's to be done; and now if anything happens, or if any harm is done to anybody, God will certainly lay the blame on you, for you could have prevented it."

"I can't do it," Criss cried out, sharply now, more as though he was talking to something in his own soul than to me. "I say I can't do it; Hatchel will find it out, and he'd just as lief kill me as not."

"Criss," holding his arm, for I saw the boy was ready any moment to dart away from me, "I'm your friend—the only one you have in the world—you believe that?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, then, God is your Friend, too, and he is greater and stronger than a thousand Hatchels. He can save you from all that man's power and wickedness, and you are to trust him now. He calls to you through me, a poor, little, weak, helpless girl, and it is just the same as though he was saying to you, 'Be brave, be a man, Criss. Speak out and do what is right, and never fear a bad man; I can take care of that.'"

I could see the boy's face was moved now—the dogged sullenness was gone.

It struck me then, even through all my dread and terror, that the boy's conscience was awake for the first time. His lips and his red fingers and his bare toes worked. A great struggle was going on

within him, and that boy would come out of it a great deal better or a great deal worse for his whole future.

He muttered to himself in broken phrases, "If I thought it was as you say, but I don't know. If I could steer clear of Hatchel. He's so keen he'd screw it out of me. I'd never see him again—I'd run away from him this night, and go off to sea."

"You better do that, Criss," seizing hold of this new idea—"you'd better go to the ends of the earth, than stay in the power of that bad man. Oh, don't stop to think—you know it's right; tell me."

What more I said I cannot remember, but I think I talked a long while beyond all I have written, for I know in my eagerness I got both hands hold of Criss, and at last, out there in the moonlight under the stars, and with both of us trembling so we could hardly stand, the whole came out in breathless whispers and broken words; and it is so dreadful I shall try to write it as quickly as I can.

It appeared that during the day, while he was at work on the stone wall, Hatchel had learned that Mrs. Fairfax and her brother and servant were going over to the Pines, and that they would probably remain until early evening, for the sake of the pleasant moonlight sail back to Terrace Ridge.

Hatchel had an old crony up from the city who was "out of a job," and who had been in State's prison more than once. This man, always watching his chance, managed to learn that young Bell

usually carried more or less money about him; and both he and his sister wore valuable watches; but that was not all: Mrs. Fairfax had taken a notion to carry over to the Pines what few pieces of plate she had brought to the country, in order to show the servant how to arrange the table for the pic-nic after some pattern of her own.

When Mrs. Fairfax had given her orders that morning, her husband had said, half in jest, half in earnest, "I should hardly regard it safe to carry much silver about in that loose fashion, Pauline. What a bait it would be if any burglars happened to be loafing around here just at this time!"

"Oh, nonsense, Dick!" laughed the lady; "you are always croaking. Burglars about here? What an absurd idea!"

She little supposed there was one at the pump outside at that moment, and that the wind carried the talk from the verandah where she stood to his ear. The man was Hatchel's crony.

So the two villains had laid their plans, and they had taken Criss into them, because they needed his services in getting ready a small row-boat which the boy had left among the bushes in a little bend of the lake. That was all. Criss left the rest for me to fill up.

I did it, only too well. "Oh, Criss," shivering with fear, "what will those dreadful men do? Do they mean to kill anybody?"

"They won't harm nobody if they can help it. I heard 'em say that. But they're desperate, and they're set on the

plunder; and if fight's showed, it'll likely go hard."

"Oh, Criss," wringing my hands, "Lewis is gone, and I'm here all alone. What can one little girl do? Can't you help me? Oh do, do, Criss!"

"I can't do nothin', little girl. The boat's there, and the men will set off in about half an hour."

"If I could get there first, I'd go all alone. I'd do anything, Criss. If you could only hide that boat."

He shook his head: "It's too late now." But suddenly a new idea caught up the boy's whole face. He drew near to me, his eyes bright and wide. "I'll tell you—I might hide them oars," whispered Criss Dorrence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VOICE FROM THE WATER.

By Ray Ridgway.

LITTLE Fred was the son of a strict temperance man, and often heard his father speak of the evils of tasting strong drinks of any kind. He had, as might be expected, a great abhorrence of drunkards and of everything that could make them.

One day his good mamma dressed him up very nicely, and permitted him to visit two other little boys, whose parents lived just in the edge of the town. After giving his sunny curls a farewell brush, she led him down the walk to the gate, telling him to be a "nice little boy, and to be

careful and not get hurt;" and then she kissed him, children, just as your own mamma does you when you go out to play.

Fred walked off very proudly, admiring his pretty clothes trimmed with such shining buttons, and his shoes so nice and new, and all the time thinking what fun he would have with Johnnie and Willie. Visions of running, swinging, jumping, gathering apples, chasing turkeys, making water-wheels, and riding old Betty (the children's favorite) floated through his mind, and before he knew it he found himself at the pleasant shady cottage of his young friends.

The little boys were glad to see Fred, and invited him to go down cellar, where they had been sucking cider through a straw from the great iron-hooped barrel. Of course, Fred must have some too. At first he refused, telling them that his parents would not wish him to drink any, and would be displeased if he did; but, after being coaxed a while, he gave up to them. Another nice long straw was found, and soon three pairs of rosy lips were sipping the sweet cider from the old barrel.

They drank as much as they liked, and then ran off to the barn to see the chickens and turkeys, and to jump from the hay-mow.

Fred played for some time, but whenever he thought how naughty he had been to drink the cider, he could not half enjoy his sport, and one time, when his playmates were out of sight, he ran off toward home, wondering how he could

ever meet his dear papa and mamma, and what they would say to him.

At first he thought he would never tell them of it, but this resolution did not give him courage to go home; so, to amuse himself, he commenced picking up little stones and putting them in his pockets, till his pockets threatened to break beneath such a weight. He then walked slowly toward the bridge just ahead of him, and began to drop the stones he had gathered down through a hole in it to the water. No sooner had the first stone touched the water, when with a splash, the words "You're drunk" came to his ear. He jumped up and looked all around to see who was telling him he was drunk; but, upon seeing no one, he dropped another stone and heard the same words. He was getting frightened; and wishing to know what made the water talk, he selected a smooth, round stone, and let it fall carefully from his hand, watching it all the time; but clearer and louder still, came the dreadful "You're drunk," making him throw all of his stones down upon the bridge, and run toward home as fast as his feet could carry him.

His mother, seeing him running in such haste, was alarmed and ran to the gate to meet him and to learn what was the matter. Between his sobs, he managed to say, "I thucked thum thider from a straw, and the water thays I'm drunk;" and here the little fellow broke down entirely, and threw himself into his mother's arms. She tried to soothe him, but all in vain. The "water would tell somebody

else that he was drunk, and everybody would shun him, and he would be dirty and ragged like old Rhodes, and have to sleep in the barn."

His mamma said it was very naughty in him to drink the cider, but that she guessed the water would never tell of it, if he did not drink any again.

Now, my little readers what made Fred think that the voice he heard came from the water? Can you not tell? Have you never disobeyed your dear papa or mamma, or done something that was naughty, and afterward imagined that everything was telling you about it? How badly you felt!—nothing looked pretty, and oh how you wished you had been good!

If you always want to be happy, and live beautiful lives, and hear sweet and pleasant voices from everything that our loving Father has made, be good. Never when you are away do anything that you know will sadden the hearts of the kind parents at home.

OUR "BABY GREY."

By G. H. M.

OUR Baby Grey is a wonderful child,
So brown and fat, so wise and wild.
Oh how shall I tell you half that he is—
Of the beauty and grace of his dear little
phiz?

He is grave as a judge and a naughty sprite,
Not a doubtful blessing, but one outright.
He can twist us all with a look of his eye,
Can make us do everything but sigh,

Propound a query, which to know
Straight to the angels one must go.
Ah, Baby Grey! in the future years—
In times of calm or times of tears—
Keep pure thy heart's unstained snow,
Hold fast thy childhood's trust, and know
That talents two, or five, or ten
Must soon be rendered up again
Into the Lord's deep treasury,
Receiving his own with usury.

THE LITTLE SEEDS.

ONE fine spring day, when the sun was low,
A man, with a rake and a spade,
Went out, some nice little seeds to sow
In the holes which for them he made.
But the poor little seeds didn't like to fall
And lie in the dismal ground;
For the light never peeped in there at all,
And shut out was the softest sound.

"Oh, what shall we do?" was the mournful
cry,
We never can live down there;
We shall die, we shall die, we are sure to
die,
For there is not a breath of air!"
But the kind old gardener soothed their
dread,
And their murmuring tones he hushed;
"It is all for your good," he tenderly said,
"So don't be afraid, and trust."

THE proud and the insolent are neither
Christians nor scholars. Both religion
and learning disclaim them, as being a
disgrace to both.



A TRAP FOR A HUMMING-BIRD.

YOU have heard of rat-traps and mouse-traps, but did you ever hear of a humming-bird-trap? Perhaps you will think it cruel to try to catch such pretty little things, but wait till I tell you how we do it. There is a hanging-basket in our window, and in that we put trumpet-creeper flowers, and Chinese larkspurs, and tiger-lilies every morning. Then we sit down quietly with our sewing or reading near the window, and it is not

long before a loud humming attracts our attention. There, our first humming-bird has come. Round he flies to one flower and then another, with his white-edged tail outspread, and his long bill finding its way even into the deep trumpet-flowers. When his little eyes catch sight of us, off he darts, but sometimes he comes back to try one flower more.

This is the pleasantest way to catch birds. We have all the pleasure of watching their pretty ways, and it does not hurt them.

Little children! there are generally two ways to do anything—one a pleasant and kindly way, the other a cross and cruel way. When you wish your little brother or sister to do anything, try with the flowers of kind words and smiles, not with the steel-traps of scolding and striking.

I will tell you a true story about a girl who knew how to make flower-traps for her little brother. She was only six years old, and her brother was three. One day he was a little sick, and his mother wanted him to put on a shawl before he went out of the nursery. This he did not like to do, and he would have cried and given his mother trouble, if Carrie had not thought of a little plan.

"Charlie," said she, "don't you want to play school?"

"Yes," he answered, gladly, for he liked that very much.

"Well," said Carrie, "let me put on your shawl, and we will go to school together in the other room."

So she pinned it warmly round his neck, and led him off as happy as a little boy could be.

Which of you will try to help your mothers as little Carrie did, and so make flower-traps to catch smiles and thanks from her, as we catch humming-birds?

'Tis but little I can do;
Let this be my effort still,
Ever to be kind and true,
Ever watchful against ill—
Doing, Lord, thy holy will.

LOST IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

"OH how beautiful they are!" said Grace Dana, as she turned the leaves of her birth-day present—an album of Scottish views. "See, mother, those mountains in sunset light, and that lovely lake! Won't you tell me a story of Scotland, please?"

"Let me think," replied Mrs. Dana, as she continued her sewing. Presently, she added, "I remember one of a young girl's being lost on a mountain and staying out all night. Will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, mother, just the thing!" said Grace; and Mrs. Dana began her story.

Alice Raymond, a girl of fourteen, was traveling with her father and mother among the Scottish Highlands. They took board for a few weeks near Ben Lomond, and one pleasant afternoon ascended the mountain. The sky was clear, the air pure and bracing, the glad sunshine lay on all around; and though the ascent was wearisome, they enjoyed it, and still more the glorious view from the summit—green valleys dotted with the cottages of Scottish peasantry, the costly dwellings of the wealthy, here and there the remains of some old castle, woods and mist-wrapped hills, and blue lakes shimmering in the sunshine.

They stayed a long time enjoying the beautiful prospect, till their guide advised them to return, as it was near sunset, and the mountain mist would soon obscure

the difficult path. When part way down, Alice exclaimed,

"See, mother, there is the wild cistus growing! I *must* get some roots."

"But will there be time, dear?"

"Oh yes! it is but little way from the path; I can run fast and will soon overtake you; don't wait for me," and she bounded away. She went farther than she intended, for new beauties kept springing up before her, and she would say, "I must have that." She was not very long filling her basket, but as she turned to retrace her steps she missed her way. She soon noticed that the path was not the same by which she had come; she tried another and another, but without success, and every attempt seemed to draw her farther from the right course. She called as loud as she could to her father, but could hear no reply. The thought that she was lost—lost in these mountain solitudes—came over her with a keen pain; but she quickly roused herself, with native courage and energy, to think what she had best do. Night was fast coming on, and it grew cold; she knew that walking in any direction after dark might expose her to greater danger. She began to feel drowsy after a while, and would gladly have lain down on the grass to sleep, but she had read of travelers who, having done this, never awoke. She wrapped her shawl closely about her, and tried to keep awake and wait patiently till morning.

"Protect me, O Father!" she said, fervently, "let no evil thing come near. Send comforting thoughts to those I love;

help them to trust me with thee! Lead me home to them in thine own way and time." And confidence in Almighty love and care filled her heart with a great peace.

She could not tell how long she sat there, but after a while she heard the tread of animals coming toward her. She was startled at first, but the musical tinkle of sheep-bells told her there was no reason for alarm. The flock passed so near as sometimes to brush her dress. She arose and wearily followed them, for she said to herself there must be room to walk safely where they went, and they might lead her in sight of some shepherd's dwelling. It seemed to her a long way, but after a while they stopped on a sort of grassy plain. The moon rose, and by its light Alice saw that she had escaped imminent peril. The path by which she came lay along the edge of a precipice; one careless or ill-judged step would have been destruction! Her heart thrilled with gratitude.

She saw before her a path leading in a downward direction, and followed it through a green valley till a bright light, still at some distance, met her eyes. With a hopeful heart she pressed on, sometimes losing sight of it in the windings of the path, but soon seeing it again. But instead of the home-light shining from the windows, as she had supposed, she found it was a cottage on fire! Tired as she was, she ran till she reached it; she knocked and shouted with all her strength, and succeeded in rousing its inmates. A woman rushed out holding a baby in her

arms, and followed by two children grasping her clothes and crying with terror. She looked anxiously around, put down her baby and tried to go into the cottage, but the flames forced her back. She ran around the corner, seized a stone and dashed in a window, calling "Robert! Donald!"

Alice understood instantly that there were two children yet in the burning house. The mother tried to force herself through the opening, but it was too small. Alice threw off her shawl, and, little and slender as she was, succeeded in entering the room, where she found two boys fast asleep. It was impossible to rouse them, for they were nearly suffocated; and the young girl drew by main strength one and then the other to the window, and their mother pulled them out. In the fresh air they speedily recovered from the effects of the smoke. Alice could not understand the woman's Highland dialect, but her manner and her tears told her gratitude.

A blanket had been secured, and the burning cottage threw out an intense heat. Alice, nearly exhausted and feeling safe and comparatively comfortable, was soon asleep. A dog's quick bark awakened her, and she found that the shepherd had returned.

The story of the night was soon told, and he came toward her, thanking her in nearly her own language. He took out a large piece of oaten cake, which he gave her. She was faint from hunger, but she would have taken only a part of it.

"Eat it a'," he said, heartily; "I hae

mair, and the bairns had a good supper afore they went to sleep. Ye need it a';" and he brought her water from a neighboring spring. Simple as was her meal, it greatly refreshed the wearied girl.

The Scotchman told his dog to lie down beside the family, and said to Alice that he would go with her and show her the way home. Much as she needed this aid, she felt troubled at his leaving them, but he said cheerily,

"And d'ye think I wadna gang a thousand miles for ye, my leddy? And this is but twa. I wad hae been a lone man, without wife or bairns, but for ye. Donald 'll see ye safe in your mither's arms afore the sun rises, so please Him that sent ye to save the bairns this night."

Carefully, tenderly, as if she had been a little child, did he guide her and lift her over rough or slippery places, till he begged her to let him carry her, saying he should scarcely feel her weight. He kept his word; at sunrise Alice was in her mother's arms, and she did not forget in the joy of meeting to tell the story of Donald's misfortune. While warm beds and breakfasts were preparing at the boarding-house, he was sent with a couple of stout Highland ponies, well supplied with shawls, to bring his family. They were comfortably clothed by the people in the neighborhood; and Mr. Raymond and other boarders contributed a sum sufficient to build and furnish another cottage.

When Alice spoke to her mother sadly of the anxiety she and her father must have endured that night, Mrs. Raymond answered,

"Do not regret that, daughter, since you were thus able to rescue the poor family from their awful peril. God's hand was in it all."

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

IT was a pleasant evening in June when Uncle John came next to see his little nephew and nieces. He found them all out on the front porch enjoying the fresh air. George brought his uncle a great arm-chair, and he sat down in it, and drew little Lucy upon his knee and stroked back her soft brown locks. It is strange—isn't it?—how these great, rough-bearded men sometimes like such little soft, tender bits of girls, and how gentle and loving they can be! Lucy gave Uncle John's whiskers a little pull now and then, but he didn't seem to mind it in the least.

There was a belated or over-industrious bee humming around the honeysuckles. A little mite of a bird, that certainly had his nest somewhere in the same honeysuckles, and who ought to have been in bed half an hour at least, hopped out on a twig with a twitter, and a bob of his head and a flirt of his tail, as much as to say, "Who's to send me to bed if I'm not ready to go?" and sung a few lively notes, and then, with a chirp or two, hopped out of sight again. A whip-poor-will fluttered clumsily down a few yards off, and set up his nightly cry, seemingly

in the greatest hurry to have poor Will punished immediately; while his companion in the next field was equally impatient, answering cry for cry, each going faster and faster until they were quite out of breath.

Uncle John had a quiet talk with Mary and George about these birds, while little Lucy sat still and listened.

"I must tell you about the strange birds one sees on the ocean," said Uncle John.

"On the ocean, Uncle John? How can there be birds there where there are no places for them to build their nests?" asked Mary.

"Why, don't you know?" replied George, somewhat importantly, because of his superior knowledge. "Haven't you seen gulls? I'm sure they are ocean birds, but they build their nests on the land. Then we've read about stormy petrels—how sometimes they fly so far out at sea that they are glad to light on a ship to rest."

"You do not find either gulls or stormy petrels very far from the land—from an island at least," Uncle John remarked. "But I can tell you about a bird that flies hundreds of miles over the ocean, and seems never to need rest. Indeed, some people say that it sleeps upon the wing.

"This is the frigate-pelican or man-of-war bird. It is a native of the Tropics, black in color, and is quite large, measuring about three feet from head to tail. Its tail is long and forked, and it has long, narrow wings, which when spread out measure ten or twelve feet from tip to



tip. With these wings it can fly very fast and very far. It will sometimes rise far above the clouds, or, if there are no clouds, so high that, large as it is, it can scarcely be seen.

"It lives on fish, and will dart down and seize them from the surface of the water, or will pursue clouds of flying fish; but it can neither dive nor swim. It is a great robber, and does not in the least mind attacking a gull or a pelican to make it drop its prey, which it will seize before it reaches the water."

"But, uncle, what do these birds do when they get far out to sea and a storm comes up?" asked Mary.

"Oh, they do not mind storms in the least. There is no frightening them with big waves and strong winds. If the wind is in their favor, it only helps them to fly the faster; and in the worst of weather they sail as coolly as possible down in the hollows of the sea and up over the crests of the waves, on an eager lookout for the frightened fish, which seem then to be more easily caught."

"Do they never land?"

"Oh yes, they find some barren coast or uninhabited island, where they make their nests, either on trees or high rocks, but never lay more than one or two eggs.

"If they alight on the ground, it is very difficult for them to rise, for their legs are short and clumsy, and their wings are so long that they are in the way. Once, on the coast of Florida, I found one standing on the beach. He tried hard to fly away, but his wings only brushed the ground

without lifting him up in the least, and his feet didn't seem to be of any use in walking. I easily knocked him over with a stick and caught him."

"What did you do with him?" said George and Mary in chorus.

"Little children shouldn't ask questions. But if I must tell the truth, I made him subserve the interests of science."

The two children looked blankly at one another on hearing these long words.

"Subserve the interests of science!" repeated Mary to herself. "I wonder what that means? I'll ask mother to-night."

It did not occur to George to "ask mother," so he took the shorter and blunter way of finding out:

"Now you are poking fun at us, uncle, and that ain't fair. Why can't you tell a fellow what you did with him, without any long words?"

"Well, I killed and stuffed him, and sent him to a friend of mine to put in his museum. Halloo, Lucy, what's the matter? You've got very heavy."

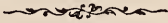
Lucy had been apparently listening attentively to all that had been said. But as her uncle looked down at her, he found her head was lying against his breast and her eyes were shut. Lucy was fast asleep, and didn't wake when her uncle spoke to her. Mary came to him to take her, but Uncle John pushed her gently away with a "never mind," and, gathering the little bundle tenderly up in his arms, carried her softly and gently into the house and handed her over to mamma's care.

"Come, children," called mamma's voice from within; "it is bed-time."

"Good-night, uncle."

"Good-night. Come and see us again soon, won't you?"

"Oh yes, if you promise to be good children," called back Uncle John, as he swung the garden gate; and a moment afterward they heard him going down the road with his quick, firm step, whistling softly to himself.



LITTLE VIALS; OR, CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

By M. O. F.

DID you ever think, children, of the beautiful image in Revelation, "Golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints"? It shows us that the Lord truly welcomes, accepts, values real prayer—that which is sincere, earnest and trustful.

"Does this verse mean children's prayers?" some little girl may ask. Why not? What are saints but those who love the Lord with all their hearts and their neighbor as themselves? And cannot children do this? You know, in this world, the tiniest vial often contains the rarest and costliest perfume. And you may be assured that our Father in heaven counts the prayers of his little ones among the sweetest and most precious offered to him. Not more to his heart of love is the song of angels than the hosanna of the children.

Maurice was a little boy three years old, and he had a baby sister that he loved very dearly. One night, when his mother was putting him to bed, he saw that she seemed very sad and her eyes often filled with tears. The baby, he knew was sick, and he asked if that was what troubled her so much.

"Yes," she replied; "we are afraid she is not going to stay with us."

Maurice felt very badly on hearing this, but brightened up in a moment, as a thought came into his mind:

"I'll ask our Father to make her better—may I, mamma?"

His mother told him he might. He had said his evening prayer as usual and lain down in his crib, but he knelt again and said, "Please, our Father, make baby better and don't take her away."

"There, mamma," he said, as he lay down, "I'm sure he will," and kissed her good-night. In the morning his first question was about the baby, and his mother, glad and grateful, told him she was very much better.

"I *knew* God would hear me," he said, in a satisfied tone.

Let me tell you of two little girls who thought God did not hear them.

In the Sunday-school where Annie went it was a custom to give every little girl who was attentive and diligent a blue ticket; when she had four of these, a large pink one; and when four pink ones were owned, a book with stories and pictures to keep. One Sunday the words, "Ask and ye shall receive," were in the lesson, and the teacher talked with the

children about it. She told them it would do no good to ask for anything in words, if they did not in their hearts desire it, and trust their Father's love and willingness to bless them. When school was closed, after saying the Lord's Prayer together as usual, Annie pressed to her teacher's side and asked earnestly,

"Miss A., will God really give me what I ask for?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

The next Sunday Annie came, but not with her usual cheerful face. The teacher saw that something was wrong, and she detained her a moment after the others left, and putting her arm around her, said,

"Now, darling, tell me all about it."

Tears filled the little girl's eyes and her lip quivered as she answered,

"Oh, Miss A., you did not tell me right last Sunday. You know next Sunday the books are to be given, and I want one—oh so much! But I have been sick and had to be absent, and I have only three pink tickets and three blue ones. I hurried home last Sunday and went up stairs and laid all my tickets in a chair, with the white sides up. Then I prayed that the Lord would make one of the blue ones pink. But when I looked at them, they were just the same. I turned them down and prayed again; but it did no good: see, there they are, three pink and three blue ones, and I cannot get a book."

The teacher quietly took one of the blue tickets, and put in its place a pink one, on which were these words—

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."

"Annie," she said, "this ticket is yours. Has not God answered your prayer, dear, though not in the way you expected?"

The sunshine came quickly back to the little girl's face as she thanked her kind friend; and the next Sunday she received the much-desired book. The Lord did not turn the blue ticket pink, but he put it into Annie's thoughts to tell her teacher her trouble, and moved Miss A's heart to do this kindness; so the little girl's desire was granted in a better way than her own.

Another little girl, named Kitty, made a similar mistake. She was promised she should go out with her mother if she would get ready in season. In her hurry she knotted her boot-lacing. She tried to get out the knot, but only drew it tighter.

She remembered what her mother had told her of the Lord's answering prayer, and she asked him to help her and tried again. But she could do nothing with the knot, and after several efforts she gave it up and began to cry. Just then her mother came up stairs.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" she asked.

"Oh dear! this ugly knot," said Kitty; "I've tried and tried, and it won't come out; and I asked God to help me, and he wouldn't."

Her mother made no reply at first, but carefully picked out the lacings; and then asked the little girl if there was any one

she would rather have had *sent to help her* than her own mother.

Rest assured, dear children, a sincere and earnest prayer is never lost. The answer may be delayed for some wise reason; but wait patiently and hopefully—it is sure to come in good time. You may ask for something which would do you harm; as a little child might ask for a shining pen-knife, which would quickly cost him tears if his father were not too wise and kind to give it to him. If you do, the thing you seek will not come, but something better in its place. And very often, as with Annie and Kitty, the answer may be so different from what you expect that unless you watch for it you will not know it when it is given. But God's promise *never* fails: "ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

SAINT BARBARA.

BARBARA had never known what it is to have a pleasant home and a kind, loving mother. She had lived about, in one place and another, faring no better than children usually do who are left homeless and friendless. Nor was this her only misfortune. Poor Barbara was very odd-looking. She was quite short, while her head was so large as to look out of all proportion. Not a feature of her face seemed just as it ought to be. One eye was lower than the other; her mouth was large, and her nose small and turned up most decidedly.

Yes, she was a very odd-looking crea-

ture, and very few people liked to have such a singular person about them. Those who did consent to keep her took great credit for doing so, and seemed to think it was only right that she should do all kinds of drudgery in return for the scant fare, poorer clothes and worse treatment she received.

And this was her life until she was twelve years old. Then a kind lady, Mrs. Grayson by name, saw her and by accident became interested in her. Her appearance was certainly repulsive, but the poor child was sick and suffering, and these facts appealed to the lady's heart. It was in the middle of winter, and Barby's miserable garments were far from sufficient to protect her from the cold. Then she bore marks of ill-treatment.

Mrs. Grayson took her in and cared for her. And by careful observation she found that this poor, ragged, deformed, suffering girl, surrounded from her earliest childhood by sin and evils of every sort, had kept herself innocent, and that her heart was as pure and unselfish, and her intellect as bright, as those of many who had known only the most watchful care.

So the good woman gave her a place in her own household to take care of her children. Barby dearly loved children, and the little ones soon came to look upon their young nurse as a second mother, so surely does love beget love.

Kind treatment, pleasant words and the comforts of a home were brought in such strong contrast to the miseries of her past life that Barby's gratitude

seemed to know no limits, and was constantly trying to show itself.

Mrs. Grayson watched her carefully, and found she could place perfect trust in her. The Bible was her constant study, and was made the rule of her life. She was strictly conscientious, and was ready to bear any reproof rather than either tell or act a lie.

Four years went by, and Barby had become as one of the household, fully relied upon by her mistress and dearly loved by the children.

Then followed a time of trial. Sickness came, and one after another the little ones were stricken down; and for weeks the anxious mother watched beside their beds, feeling the anguish which only a mother can know, lest one or all might be snatched from her. Barby was her constant and never-wearying assistant. The poor girl was quiet and made no show of grief, but went about her duties pale as death, seeming never to feel the need of sleep and utterly refusing to leave her charges. When Mrs. Grayson, worn out, would be compelled to seek a few hours' rest, it was Barby who took her place and performed double duty; and in the general anxiety no one remembered to have that consideration for her which she refused to have for herself.

At last the day came when Mrs. Grayson's fervent "Thank God!" proclaimed her children out of danger. And then she felt she could relax her anxious watchfulness, and take some of the rest she so much needed. But the sick ones still required care and attention, and these, in

their mother's absence, they would receive from no one but Barby. So the tax upon her strength seemed as hard as ever.

Still she bore up wonderfully, and it was not until the last little sufferer no longer needed her care that she became sensible of her own weakness. When no more was required of her, she gave way utterly, and sank down on the bed of sickness from which her own loving care had done so much to rescue her darlings.

There was no mistaking the fact. Barby was seriously ill. When the doctor saw the sick girl his looks betrayed concern.

"Then she is in danger?" said Mrs. Grayson, a pallor overspreading her face.

"In great danger, madam," was the emphatic reply.

"Don't neglect her, doctor;" Mrs. Grayson's voice choked. "Oh, if we lose Barby, what will we do?"

True, true, kind-hearted but not always considerate lady. What will you do without this humble, unattractive, unobtrusive little body, whose face, figure and movements excited mirthfulness in strangers? You became selfish in your own great trouble and anxiety, and forgot that your young assistant was frailer, less capable of endurance than you. You allowed her to overtax herself without a word on your part—without even a thought—and accepted a respite for your own exhausted strength at the expense of hers. And now she is about to become a martyr to her deep, ever-present sense of gratitude to you and to her strong affection for your children.

Day after day the fatal disease pro-

gressed with a steadiness and rapidity that set medical skill at defiance; and when at last it became apparent to all that the time of Barby's departure was at hand, a shadow of deep sorrow fell upon the household of Mrs. Grayson.

What would they all do without Barby? She had grown into the whole economy of things, was a pillar in the goodly framework of that domestic temple; and how was she to be taken away without a loss of strength and symmetry?

But death waits not on human affairs. The feet of Barby were already bared for descent into the river whose opposite shore touches the land of immortal beauty; and in spite of skill, care, regret and sorrow, the hour of her departure drew near until it was at hand.

True to the last, Barby's thoughts dwelt always on the children, and she felt the disabilities of sickness as an evil only in the degree that it robbed them of the care she felt to be so needful to their comfort and happiness. If she heard Willy cry or Georgy complain, she grew restless or troubled. Every day she had them brought to her bedside, that she might look at them, and utter, were it ever so feebly, a word of love.

"Dear, dear! Won't I be well soon, doctor? What will the children do?"

How many times was this said even after hope had failed in the physician's heart! At last the time came when concealment from Barbara of her real state was felt to be wrong, and the duty of communication devolved upon Mrs. Grayson.

"Barby!" she said, as she sat alone by her bedside, forcing herself to speak because she dared not any longer keep silence — "Barby!" She repeated the name with so much feeling that the sick girl lifted her dull eyes feebly to her face and looked at her earnestly — "Barby, the doctor thinks you very ill."

"Does he?" The tones were untroubled.

"Yes; and we all think you ill, Barby."

"I know I'm very weak and sick, ma'am." She sighed faintly.

"If you should never get well, Barby?"

"That is, if I should die." There was no tremor in her feeble voice.

"Yes, Barby. Are you willing to go?"

"If God pleases." She said this reverently, as her eyelids closed.

"And you are not afraid to die?"

The eyes of Barby opened quickly.

"No, ma'am," she answered, with the simplicity of a child.

"You have a hope of heaven, Barby?" Mrs. Grayson tried to speak calmly, but her voice did not wholly conceal the flutter in her heart.

"Children go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"I love children."

She said no more. That was her answer. After a pause Mrs. Grayson said:

"The doctor thinks you will not get well."

"As God wills it," was her calm response.

"You have done your duty, Barby."

"I have tried to, ma'am, and prayed God to forgive me when I failed."

"You have read your Bible often?"

"Every day." A light gleamed over her countenance.

"You loved to read that good book?" said Mrs. Grayson.

"Oh yes. I always felt as if God's angels were near me when I read the Bible. Won't you read me a chapter now? I haven't heard even a verse since I was sick."

Mrs. Grayson took from a table Barby's well-worn Bible, and read, with as firm a voice as she could command, one of the Psalms of David. She did not attempt to make a selection, but opened the book and read the first chapter on which her eyes rested. It was the twenty-third :

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Mrs. Grayson shut the book and looked at Barby. There was light all over her wasted countenance, and her dull eyes had found a new lustre.

"It is God's word," said the sick girl, smiling as she spoke; "and I always feel

when it is read as though he was near by and speaking to me."

She closed her eyes again, and for a little while lay very still. Then her lips moved, and Mrs. Grayson bent low to catch the murmur of sound that floated out upon the air :

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

All was still again. Mrs. Grayson felt as she had never felt before. It seemed to her as if she were not alone with Barby, and she turned, under the strong impression, to see who had entered the room. But not to mortal eyes were any forms visible. And yet the impression not only remained, but grew stronger, and with it came a sense of deep peace that lay upon her soul like a benediction from heaven. All things of natural life receded from her thought, taking with them their burden of care, anxiety and grief.

In this state of mind she sat for many minutes like one entranced, looking at the face of Barby, which actually seemed to grow beautiful. Then there came a gradual awakening. The consciousness of other presences grew feebler and feebler, until Mrs. Grayson felt that she was alone with Barby. No! Barby had gone with the angels who came to bear her upward. Only the wasted and useless body was left behind, never more to enshrine in its rough casket that spirit of celestial beauty.

"Is it over?" said the doctor, who called on the next day to see his patient.



"Yes, it is over," replied Mrs. Grayson, tears of true sorrow filling her eyes.

"How and when did she die?"

Mrs. Grayson told the simple but moving story of Barby's departure.

"And went right up to heaven!" said the doctor, turning his face partly away to hide the signs of feeling. Then he added: "I must take a last look at Barby."

And they moved to the room where her body, all ready for burial, was laid. On the wall of this room hung a likeness of the nurse, surrounded by the children to whom her life had been devoted with such

loving care. It was a most faithful likeness, giving all her living expression, for the sun had done the work of portraiture. After looking at the soulless face of the departed one for a few moments, the doctor turned to the almost speaking portrait and gazed at it for some time. Then taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote these two words in a bold hand on the white margin below the picture—

"SAINT BARBARA."

And turning away left the apartment without a word.

In Mrs. Grayson's nursery, richly

framed, hangs this picture of "SAINT BARBARA;" and the children stand and look at it every day, and talk of her in hushed tones, almost reverently. Of her it may with truth be written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Though absent in body, she is yet present in spirit by thought and love with the children she so tenderly cared for while in the flesh, and her influence is ever leading to good states and prompting to right actions.

THE WIND AND THE FROST.

By Annie Moore.

IT was a beautiful Indian summer day. The air was soft and balmy. The trees were in their brightest colors, and over all hung a purple haze.

"Come, come," said the Autumn Wind to himself. "What am I thinking of, to be idling away my time when I have so much to do. I must bestir myself. All these trees to be swept clean, and the leaves disposed of—"

"Oh don't!" interrupted a yellow Maple Leaf. "Please let us stay a little longer, now that we have our new suits."

"This is the last day, then," replied the Wind.

The next morning he came early.

"Come down," said he; "I am in haste and must make up for lost time."

"We are not ready," said the Maple Leaf. "Don't shake us so rudely."

"Come down then," said the Wind. "Jack Frost is going to have a grand display here this winter, and he wants the trees prepared in good time."

"Why can't we wait and see the grand display?" said the Leaf.

"No indeed," said the Wind; "you have had your day;" and with one more shake he brought down the reluctant Leaf and her companions.

Then he came to the oak tree.

"Be careful of my acorns," said the Oak. "Last year you mixed them up so that no one of them could find his own cup. If you give them time, they will come down of themselves."

"I would rather make sure of it myself," said the Wind.

"I am ready," said a crimson Leaf, "I have lived my life. I have danced and sung in the breeze. I have had my share of the sunshine and of the soft rain, and now I am willing to fall. Rest is good;" so she let go her hold and floated gently down.

In due time the Autumn Wind had completely stripped the trees, and had stowed the leaves neatly away in all the little hollows and around the roots of the trees.

Then came Jack Frost to see if all was ready.

"Well done!" said he, "and quickly done, too."

"You wanted the Pine Needles left on, I believe," said the Autumn Wind.

"Yes, leave the Pine Needles, by all means," said Jack Frost. "I will hang them with icicles. They add to the effect."

These Oaks and Maples will look finely.
First, a coating of soft snow, then a little
rain, then nipping cold, and lastly a
judicious amount of sunshine to give the
rainbow tints. That will be a gorgeous
display. I hope the children will come
out and see it. I have two or three new
ideas, and mean to make it finer than
ever."

"Good-bye to you," said the Autumn
Wind; "my work is done;" and he hur-
ried away.

"And my work is not begun," said
Jack Frost, as he too hurried away to
make his icicles.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

By Alice Cary.

A BOY named Peter
Found once in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
The two went on the run,
Saying, one to the other,
"Oh won't we have fun?"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd got nearly back
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad,
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad,
With his warm nose, a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Says Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye and
An action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on:"

"Let's help him;" so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

The summit once gained,
Back they went on the run,
Agreeing they never
Had had finer fun.

THE ROSE AND THE EARWIG.

MRS. EARWIG, seeing that her young family were quite strong enough to take care of themselves, thought she might safely leave them for a while, for the air smelt so sweetly of roses it gave her quite a longing to taste them.

"My dears," said she, "you will be quite safe if you run up into that empty poppy-head, while I go out to an evening party in the centre of yonder rose."

"Mother," said a Rose, next morning, "I can't think what is the matter—I feel so poorly; such a pain, just as if something were gnawing away at my vitals. See, my petals are getting quite limp and loose. Ah! what can be the cause?"

"Old age, of course," replied a pert young Bud; "you have been looking quite faded this some time; I only wonder you have held out so long."

"My dear," said the parent Stem, "you should not speak so—you hurt your sister's feelings."

"But it is the truth," said the Bud, as she gayly expanded her own beautiful leaves.

"So it may be," added the parent; "but such truths need not be so harshly expressed; you might, at least, have spoken them softly."

"Mother," said the fading Rose,

"when I die, what will become of me?"

"Ah!" sighed the parent Tree, "like all your fair sisters that have gone before, you will fall to the ground and turn to dust."

"What! and will all my beauty and sweetness be forgotten?"

"Your beauty will certainly fade and perish, but if your sweetness attracts our noble owner's attention, he may choose you for his own."

"And if he does, what then?"

"Then, my fair daughter, he will send some one to gather you, and take you to his mansion, where in another form you will retain your sweetness for ever."

"Oh then I wish he would send," sighed the Rose; "but here I see a friend coming to comfort me; I knew my sweet Vanessa would be true to the last."

Yes, it was Vanessa, on bright wing, drawing near and coming to the Rose tree. She hovered for a moment over the dying Rose, and rested upon her crumpled leaves. Alas! no nectar was there for her enjoyment, and the poor faded flower sighed as she saw her gay friend the Butterfly turn hastily away, and light with rapturous admiration upon her younger and fairer sister.

"Ah me!" said she, "mother was right after all; but though my beauty and freshness are gone, I may still please our master, for he cares more for sweetness than for beauty."

So the Rose, though withered and sad, banished all rebellious, bitter feelings, and filled the air round her with a fra-

grance so delicious that ere she could fall to the ground she was caught up by a friendly hand, and a gentle voice murmured, "Oh, how sweet!" as she was placed with other roses in a basket. Just then the Earwig appeared.

"Oh!" said the lady, "it is you that have caused my roses to fade so soon."

"What is it?" asked a small voice by her side.

"An earwig, Willie; see, it has fallen to the ground."

"Nasty thing!" said Willie, and he stamped on poor Mrs. Wig! "I hate earwigs! Don't you, mamma?"

"Indeed, Willie, I cannot say that I regard them with much favor, for they destroy all my favorite flowers."

"They are ugly things, too," said Willie, "and nurse says they like to get into people's ears."

"That is only a vulgar notion, dear; but as earwigs hate the light, and like to escape from it into any hole they can find, I dare say if your ear happened to be in their way, they might chance to run into it. But with all our prejudices, we must allow that an earwig is a curious little creature; the female sits on her eggs like a hen, and after the young ones are hatched they follow their mother, who takes the greatest care of them until they are old enough to take care of themselves."

"Which a lot of them are doing just now, mamma. See, I do believe they are going to eat their dead relative!"

It was, indeed, a fact. The young Earwigs, tired of seclusion, had wandered

down from the poppy-head, or perhaps Willie knocking against it had shaken them all out; and there they were surrounding their dead parent, with very evident intentions of holding a banquet upon her remains.

MAGGIE LEE.

By Mrs. Mary E. McKinne.

I KNOW a little Daisy,
With eyes of sunny blue—
Eyes that are bright with merry light—
And hair of golden hue.
Ah! she's a dainty little thing,
As sweet as she can be,
With pretty wiles and dimpling smiles;
Her name is Maggie Lee.

Her brow is white as any snow,
Her cheek of softest red,
With just the glint of the peach's tint,
Before its down is shed.
Her mouth is like a wee rose-bud
Unfolding on the tree;
Oh a rare, rare pearl is my baby-girl,
My little Maggie Lee.

She has such pretty, winsome ways,
And such a joyous laugh,
The gladsome trill of the sparkling rill
Is less musical by half.
And when she claps her chubby hands,
In merriment and glee,
Full well I ween that ne'er was seen
So sweet a Maggie Lee.

Oh may my darling Maggie
Be always pure as now;
The Pearl of Truth, all through her youth,
Shine on her sunny brow;

And like the poet's little flower,*
 Be innocent and free,
 All through her life, from storm and strife:
 God bless my Maggie Lee!

Burk's Weekly.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

WE don't know in what paper or magazine this story of "Willie and the Apple" was first published, and so we cannot give the right credit. Get it by heart, little readers.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old—
 The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,

Hanging temptingly low: how he longed
 for a bite,
 Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't
 be right.

Said he: "I don't see why my father should
 say,

'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day.'

I shouldn't have thought, now they're hang-
 ing so low,

When I asked for just one he would an-
 swer me 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just
 one,

And they do look so good, shining out in
 the sun;

There are hundreds and hundreds, and he
 wouldn't miss

So paltry a little red apple as this."

* The *daisy* or "*day's-eye*," so called by the poet Chaucer, from the habit of folding its petals at the setting and expanding them at the rising of the sun.

He stretched forth his hand, but a low,
 mourning strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
 In his bosom a beautiful harp had long
 laid,

That the angel of conscience quite fre-
 quently played;

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh
 beware!

Your father is gone, but your Maker is
 there;

How sad you would feel if you heard the
 Lord say,

'This dear little boy stole an apple to-
 day!'

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a
 mouse

Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
 In his own little chamber he knelt down
 to pray

That the Lord would forgive him, and
 please not to say,

"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-
 day."

"PAPA, I think you told a fib in the
 pulpit to-day," said a little son of a cler-
 gyman.

"Why, my son; what do you mean?"
 asked the father.

"You said," continued the child,
 "'One word more and I am done.'
 Then you went on and said a great many
 words. The people expected you'd leave
 off, 'cause you promised them; but you
 didn't, and kept on preaching a long
 while after the time was up."

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

MANY of our young readers have no doubt heard of the snake-charmers of India. Scarcely a traveler in that country who has not met with them, and told us something about them. They seem to form a class of people by themselves, and to have made the charming of snakes a profession or trade. They are often hired by the people of India to rid their houses of snakes. This they do by playing on a kind of pipe or flageolet, the music of which *charms* the reptiles from their holes, when they are at once killed.

The snakes most commonly used by these "jugglers" are called hooded snakes, a kind of viper met with in Eastern countries. In these snakes the skin about the neck is loose, and can be raised at will by the serpent into something resembling a hood. There are several varieties of these snakes. That most common is the Cobra di Capello; that is, Adder of the Hood, a name given to it by the Portuguese. The French call it *Serpent à lunettes*, or Spectacle-snake, from its being marked on the back of the neck with a figure resembling a pair of spectacles. It is a lively, active snake, and its bite is very poisonous. The Hindoos have many superstitious notions about this serpent, and even believe that God sometimes takes on its form. In some of the temples they worship it, and the priests feed it carefully with milk and sugar.

For the amusement of our young friends we will tell them in his own words what a French traveler, who drew the picture we

give in the "Hour," says about the "serpent-charmers:"

"Madras is famous throughout all India for its jugglers and serpent-charmers. I had been there but a few hours when several troops came to me to show off their skill. Those who did nothing but feats of strength I took no interest in. The sleight-of-hand performers were a little more attractive. These men, almost naked, with a plain strip of linen cloth about their bodies, were really very adroit. Some of their tricks were wonderful. In one of the most curious they took the seed of a plant and put it in a little pot of earth, right in plain view of the spectators. After a few moments the seed seemed to take life, shooting up stalks and putting on leaves in proper order. A few minutes later we had under our eyes a perfect plant more than a foot high.

"These people always have with them a few cobras, with which they amuse the curious. The bite of these serpents is fatal in nearly every instance. It has been said that the jugglers take out their poison fangs, but this is not so. When well fed these reptiles are timid and sluggish, and rarely make use of their murderous weapons. The boldness with which the jugglers handle them I think to be based upon a knowledge of this fact. Any one who has handled living serpents knows that light passes made along the body easily subdue them. They seem as if magnetized, and no longer try to bite or to escape. The first passes only are dangerous.

"I have frequently played with cobras, and no accident has ever happened to me.



“There are some Hindoos who amuse themselves by domesticating these serpents, suffering them to range at will in their gardens, where they serve as scare-crows in keeping away the birds. I have never heard of their doing any harm to their owners.

“The serpent-charmers, to render themselves proof against the fangs of the cobras, make use of the roots of a species

of plant, the common birthwort, with which they describe circles around the head of the reptile, in the belief that they thus take away from it the power of hurting. Of course this is a mere superstitious notion. There are some who, to cure the bite itself, use a blackish stone of a very porous texture, which, on being laid upon the wound, adheres there strongly and absorbs the poisonous fluid.”

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

NOVEMBER, 1869.



TOO HOT!

By Aunt Lizzie.

DID you ever know of any little children too impatient to eat their breakfasts properly? I can bring several to

VOL. VI.—18

mind; and here we have a picture of one who cannot wait for her tea to cool. She cannot be hungry, for if she was she would eat her warm crisp roll first, instead of leaving it lying on her plate. She is round and rosy, and her hair is brushed and tied nicely back from her forehead;

and if she were to sit up properly in her chair, and take her elbows off the table, she would really look like a little lady.

But she finds her tea too hot; and instead of waiting patiently, she pours it out in the saucer, and raising it up with both hands, she draws her mouth up into the funniest shape, while she blows the tea to cool it.

I am sure somebody must be laughing at her. I am, for one, and you are for another, and you, and you.

But think a minute. Do you never do the same thing, or something quite as bad, yourselves? I know one little girl—a very nice little girl she is, too, in a great many ways—who sometimes uses her fingers instead of her fork; and another who occasionally forgets to say, "Please," when she wants anything at table. And I once saw a little boy who gobbled his victuals down—gobbled is the only word I can think of that describes his way of eating, because it means taking great mouthfuls and swallowing them whole—just as though he was afraid he wouldn't get enough, unless he ate faster than other people did. I have known little children to have to be sent away from breakfast, because they came to their places with dirty faces and uncombed hair.

These are all really dreadful habits—dreadful because they disgust everybody who sees them, and because no lady or gentleman ever has such habits. And if children do not learn to be mannerly and polite at table while they are young, they will find the lesson much harder when they get older.

THE LITTLE WAITING-MAID.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

THIS is a true story of a long-ago time and a far-off country. A little girl had been captured by soldiers and carried away from her own country and friends. The captain of the host—or, as we should say, general—took her home to his wife to serve as waiting-maid. Sometimes thoughts of her native land and dear friends there would cause her many tears, but she tried to look on the bright side of things and be faithful and contented. Her work was light, her mistress kind, and she gradually became quite cheerful. An affection for those she lived with sprang up in her heart and made her lot easier.

What special thing did she do? Just this—she spoke a word in season that was worth more to her employers than the most costly present even the king might have sent them. For the officer, rich and honored as he was, though he had a beautiful home, furnished in Eastern splendor and luxury, plenty of servants and a wife who dearly loved him, yet had one sore trial. This was a terrible disease, which baffled the skill of the best physicians. And the little waiting-maid told her mistress of a good man who lived in her native land, and said she wished with all her heart that he would see him, she was so sure he might be healed. When the officer heard this, he was eager to go, and at once informed the king, who held him in high favor. This king wrote to the

king of the other country, saying he sent this man to be healed. That king, supposing a cure to be impossible, thought this was only an attempt to get up a quarrel and an excuse to make war against him. He was greatly troubled till the prophet, for such she was of whom the waiting-girl spoke, sent him word to let the man come to him. The officer traveled in what we should call great style. He rode in a costly chariot, drawn by swift, handsome horses; a number of his servants attended him; and mules, which are much used in Eastern countries for carrying burdens, were laden not only with provision for the journey, but gold, silver and rich apparel, which he intended as a present or recompense. Away he rode to the prophet's house, and sent word by a servant that he had come. The prophet returned him a message, that he must go to the river Jordan and bathe seven times, and he should be well. Now, the Jordan is a small, narrow, sluggish stream, and the man thought it very strange that he should have been required to take this long journey only to bathe in its waters, when he might so easily have sought the beautiful, smooth-flowing, broad rivers of his own country, Abana and Pharpar! This he did not at all like, nor did it suit him that the prophet should merely send him a message: he had expected him to come out, stand beside the chariot, and passing his hand over him ask the Lord to heal him. So the rich man was greatly offended, and started in hot haste to return home. But his servants said to him that if he had been advised to do some

difficult or costly thing he would surely have done it, anxious as he was to be cured; and it would not be wise, after having taken so long a journey, to return without trying this simple experiment, which could do no harm. As his temper cooled, this appeared to him good reasoning, and accordingly he went to the river and dipped himself seven times. When he came out every trace of disease had disappeared, and he felt new vigor in every limb, a delicious sense of health and rest. Then, ashamed of his pride and anger, he returned to the good old man, and with all his attendants stood before him, acknowledging that the Lord had healed him. He offered the prophet a magnificent present, but the old man refused to receive anything, and kindly bade him farewell.

What a joyful day it must have been to his affectionate wife when he returned home well and strong! And how happy the little waiting-maid must have been, that she had done so much good! No doubt he would desire to reward her for the service so kindly rendered. Perhaps he asked her to choose what she should like best of all in his power to bestow. If so, what would she say? What would you choose, little girls, if you were far away from father, mother and country? Would you ask for rich clothes, rare jewels, costly toys? No, none of these.

Would you not say instantly, "Let me go home?"

So we will hope that, whatever else may have been given or withheld, the little waiting-girl was allowed to go home.

Whether the waters of Jordan possessed in themselves any peculiar healing properties or not, it was the Lord's will, for some wise reason, that the man should be healed, if healed at all, by washing just seven times in that very stream. On his *obedience* to the Lord's command alone depended the blessing.

It seems to me that this story holds for us all a threefold lesson. Besides teaching us that it is always best to obey the Lord's words with an unquestioning faith, and warning us of the sins of pride and anger, which so surely as we indulge them shut out from our souls the cleansing, healing influences of God's truth, it encourages us, even though we are young or poor, or weak, to try *to do good*, to bless and help those around us; and we may be assured that no sincere, earnest effort will be lost, for the least things oftentimes lead to the greatest results.

THE CUCKOO.

By Annie Moore.

ONCE upon a time there sat a Cuckoo nearly hidden by the leaves of a tree, anxiously watching a Sparrow on her nest.

"There she goes," said she, at last, as the Sparrow flew away.

Then she went and looked into the nest.

"It is a poor little place," said she, "and three eggs in it already. I would like to throw them out, but that wouldn't do, of course. I must make the best of it."

So she laid an egg by the side of the others, and was just hurrying away when the Sparrow came back.

"Oh, I've laid an egg in your nest, cousin," said the Cuckoo. "You know I never have any luck in raising any little ones."

The Sparrow said nothing, for she hardly knew what to say.

"Now you have a nice home and a good steady mate to help you," said the Cuckoo.

"That is true," replied the Sparrow, with a grateful chirp.

"I have no home," continued the Cuckoo, "and my mate is a wild, lazy fellow. If I should try to build a nest he wouldn't bring me so much as one straw, and he is always in mischief. I must go and look after him now. While you are about it I wonder you don't build your nest a little larger. It is so crowded and close. Good-bye;" and she flew away.

By and by Mr. Sparrow came home.

"Anything new, my dear?" said he.

"Cousin Cuckoo has been here and left an egg for us to take care of," said Mrs. Sparrow.

"Oh dear! that is too bad," said Mr. Sparrow. "I thought we should have our nest to ourselves this time."

"So did I," said Mrs. Sparrow. "I went away just for one moment to get a drop of water, and when I came back the mischief was done. I couldn't throw the egg out, of course."

"Of course not," said Mr. Sparrow. "We must make the best of it, but I wish

they would settle down somewhere like the rest of us."

When the little birds were hatched they were astonishingly hungry, and the old birds had plenty to do to feed them. The young Cuckoo had the biggest mouth, so he took the biggest piece of everything.

As they all grew larger, the nest seemed to grow smaller and smaller.

"I must have this nest to myself," said the young Cuckoo; "it is none too large."

So while the old birds were away he managed to push out all the little Sparrows, one by one, and they fell on the ground and that was the last of them, of course. After that the Cuckoo had more spiders and worms than he could eat, and he grew strong and stout, and learned to fly a little. One day, as he was sitting half asleep in the nest, a saucy-looking bird, with his head on one side, alighted on a bough near by.

"How are you?" said he; "you don't know me. I am your father. Do the old Sparrows treat you well?"

"I don't know," said the young Cuckoo; "it is stupid enough here."

"Can you fly?" asked his father.

"Well enough," said the young one, "if there were anything worth flying for."

"Come with me then," said his father; "I'll show you something worth flying for, and your mother is waiting for you in the meadow."

So the young Cuckoo popped out on the bough, and away they flew together; and when the Sparrows came back they found the little nest deserted and empty.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

By E. B. D.

WE have just read an interesting story in a newspaper about an old black cat which we think will please our young readers to hear. A hen left her brood of young chickens to take care of themselves, and this cat, thinking they were too little to be motherless, at once took pity on them and adopted them. In the daytime she never allows them to go out of her sight, and at night she will not enter the house until all her chickens are in, when she will curl herself up into a circle, and spread out her paws and cover them as well as she can, and lie with them contentedly until morning. If she happens to be a short distance from them and hears one chirp, she will run as fast as she can to see what the trouble is. Isn't that a wonderful cat for you?

And now let me tell you about my cat. She is a beautiful white cat, with gray spots on her head and back, and a gray tail, and her name is "Spot." And she has got as pretty a kitten as ever you saw. It is a little plump white kitten, with gray spots on its head and back, and a gray tail with a white tip to it, and its name is "Tip." Everybody who sees them says how much the kitten is like its mother. And that is the fun of it. Spot isn't Tip's mother at all--only her step-mother. Spot had three little black and white babies, but they died as soon as they were born; and she felt very badly about it and kept telling us her trouble,

and asking us if we couldn't get her another baby.

So, as kittens are always plenty, we found her a nice little black-and-white one, just big enough to run about and play. Spot adopted it at once and became one of the best of step-mothers.

Then came down from the city a poor, little, forlorn white kitten, that had been taken away from some bad boys who had half killed it, and Spot immediately adopted that too.

Then a little stray gray-and-white Kitty found its way into our house, and Spot was delighted to find her family increasing so fast, and did her best to take care of them all.

But little Black-and-white got killed, Stray strayed away again, and Tip is the only one that remains—a perfect image of her step-mother; and I really wish some little reader of the "Hour" wanted a pretty, plump white kitten, and would come and get it, for we don't know what to do with it.

We once had a rooster that was a great favorite with us. He was very odd-looking. His comb was forked and stuck out on each side like a pair of horns.

There was a hen who had nine black chickens, all with top-knots on their heads, and one of them had the prettiest big white waterfall you ever saw. Now this old hen, like the one we first told about, left her chickens to take care of themselves; and Billy, the rooster, like the old black cat, thought they were too young to be left unprotected. So at night he would call them up on the porch beside him,

four on one side, and five on the other, and then he would spread out his wings over them as far as he could, and cover them as their mother should have done.

Poor old Billy! The cares of a numerous family became at last too much for him; and when his sons grew up rude, unruly and quarrelsome, in despair he lay down and died!

THE USEFUL SISTERS.

By C. R. W.

COULD the dear little children,
Who sometimes complain,
When the day is unpleasant,
Of wind, snow or rain,
Only guess what a blessing
Our Father intends,
They no longer would murmur
At storms that he sends.

There's a lesson, my darlings,
I would teach you to-day—
Even days, months and seasons
Our Father obey.

Do you know the three sisters,
March, April and May?
They are all very useful,
But each in her way.

Though March blows and blusters,
And her voice is so gruff,
'Tis the work she is doing
That makes her so rough.

She is keeping the earth warm
'Neath soft quilts of snow,

Lest, perchance, in the summer
The flowers should not grow.

She is always as busy
As busy can be ;
It would make your head dizzy,
Her work could you see.

She remembers that April
Is not very strong,
So she blusters, and hurries
The spring work along.

Little April is fretful ;
She laughs and she cries ;
But she paints the bright rainbow
To gladden your eyes.

While she loosens the streamlets
And calls back the birds,
Little flowers struggle upward
To catch her sweet words.

When her work is all finished,
She dances away
To awake her sweet sister,
The gentle young May.

In a twinkling she's ready,
And glides 'mong the trees
To festoon their bright curtains,
Then perfumes the breeze.

The green carpet she sprinkles
All over with gold ;
If her robe sweeps the border,
What beauties unfold !

While you're gazing with wonder,
She hums a sweet tune,
Floats away in the azure,
And leaves you with June.

KITTIE'S TABLEAUX.

By Mary Latham Clark.

"MOTHER," said Kittie Clover one day, "may I have some tableaux?"

"Perhaps," answered Mrs. Clover, without looking up from her sewing, "when I can attend to it."

"But I don't want you to 'attend to it' at all," said Kittie ; "I want to 'attend to it' myself, every bit of it, and I want to have the tableaux now, this very minute, and in this very room, if you will please to let me."

"But you have no performers," said her mother, "and no spectators either."

"Oh yes, mother !" exclaimed Kittie, eagerly ; "I can have Bertie for performer and you for spectator, and I will be the one to raise the curtain and tell what the pictures are."

"The manager?" suggested Mrs. Clover.

"Yes, the manager," said Kittie.

"Very well," said her mother, "you can have as many tableaux as you please."

"But, mother," continued Kittie, "I shall want a good many things—shawls, and flowers, and I don't know what all."

"Whatever you please," said Mrs. Clover, "if you will agree to carry them all away when you have done with them."

"I will, 'certain, true, black and blue,'" laughed Kittie, as away she went with a hop, skip and jump to find her little two-year-old brother, and to prepare him for the exhibition.

The little cunning rogue was in the kitchen drawing his little cart about, and now and then "dumping" his load of clothes-pins with a racket delightful to his baby ears.

"Come, Bertie," said his sister, "we will have some tableaux, and I will dress you up ever so pretty!"

Bertie was always ready to go anywhere or to do anything with Kittie, so he dropped his little cart and ran off in high glee. He kept very still while Kittie dressed him, and told him just what to do and how to do it. And when she drew aside the curtain which was made of a shawl hung upon two chairs placed a little way apart, he made a very pretty picture indeed. It was called



GATHERING FLOWERS.

Kittie explained the pictures as they do at panoramas; and while she was talking, Bertie sat as still as a mouse, with a basket of flowers in his lap and a handful in his little fat hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Kittie, "you see here the picture of a little boy who loved his mamma so much that he thought he would go and pick her some

flowers. So he went off into a field all by himself, where roses and lilies and all sorts of beautiful flowers grew, and gathered a basketful."

Here the little manager dropped the curtain and prepared Bertie for the second tableau, which was



CHASING A BUTTERFLY.

After raising the curtain and telling the name of the picture, Kittie went on with her story:

"When this little boy had filled his basket, a beautiful butterfly, all purple and gold, came along, so he dropped his flowers and tried to catch it for his dear mamma. He ran a long, long way, but the butterfly went so much faster than he could that he soon lost sight of it."

Just here the curtain dropped, but in a few moments it was raised again, and Kittie continued:

"When this little boy found that he could not catch the butterfly he looked around for his basket of flowers, but he could not find it. Worse than all that, he had strayed so far that he did not know the way back; so he sat down,

put his apron up to his eyes and cried, for he was, as you see in this tableau,



A LOST CHILD.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued Kittie, after the curtain again fell, "I shall have to tell you the rest of the story now, for I am to be in the next tableau, and I can't talk then, for I shall be a picture :

"This little boy had a sister who loved him dearly, and as she missed him from the doorstep where he had been playing, she put on her hat and went to search for him.

"After hunting a long time, she found his basket, overturned, with all the flowers spilled out. A little farther on she saw his hat, and before long she found, to her great delight, her own darling little brother, whom she was afraid she should never see again. She ran up to him, threw her arms around his neck and gave him a good hug, saying, 'Oh, my darling, precious brother! I am so glad I have found you!'

"Now if you will wait a minute I will show you a picture of it; only, ladies and gentlemen," added she, "there'll not

be any curtain this time, because there'll not be any one to draw it, and you mustn't any of you look till you hear somebody say 'Ready!'

As soon as the "ladies and gentlemen," which was, after all, only a grand name for Mrs. Clover, heard a little voice say "Ready!" she looked up, and saw what really seemed to her one of the prettiest pictures in the world. And she could not help wishing that she could have a photograph of her two darlings, as they appeared in the tableau,



FOUND AT LAST.

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER V.

I STILL kept my fingers tightly hold of Criss' coat-sleeve, with a dreadful fear that he would run away from me, but all at once such a dizziness came into my head that I had to let go his arm and lean right up against the fence and gasp hard for breath.

The boy came close to me, and put up his peaked, anxious face to mine. "You ain't sick, be you?" he said.

I think the sight of that boy's face put new strength into me; I had to gasp two or three times for breath, though, before I could answer him: "There! it's gone now, Criss. What was it you said about hiding the oars?"

A keen twinkle came into his eyes. His bad life had taught the boy the low shrewdness of liar and thief: "I can hide them oars under the bank in the grass where they'll be at least ten minutes huntin' 'em up, and they'll just think somebody's passed and played 'em a dodge for fun; jolly folks is al'ays up to that. They wouldn't think o' layin' it to me."

"Yes, that will be a good thing to save time—oh dear, if Lewis was only here now, but he may not be for a couple of hours, and it will be too late then!"

"Yes, it'll all be done afore that. They won't kill anybody, though, unless there should be a struggle; I heard the other man tell Hatchel that; when he said it was best to be prepared. They talked it all over under the back shed at our house to-day."

"'Best to be prepared,' " I repeated, "what did he mean by that, Criss?"

"Oh, that they should go armed in case of need."

I grasped hold of the railing in the cold shudder and sickness that went over me. For a moment, the sky overhead, and the great solemn moon, and the pleasant earth, and even Criss' brown face, all grew dark to me.

When that sick cold passed off and I could see again, the boy had hold of me with both hands. "I thought you was a-goin' to fall," he said.

"No, Criss;" and a new courage came into my heart and something that was like fire into my veins. "I'm going to be a woman now; I'm going to do something right off; I see it all depends on me now."

"But what can you do?" staring at me doubtfully. "You can't get to the Pines all alone."

I saw in a moment that was the one thing to be done. If I could reach the Pines before those bad men, I could save the people there. Now my thoughts seemed to wake up suddenly out of their stunned horror into bright, clear flashes. I saw there was no time to be lost. I remembered a small old rowboat that Creighton had nicknamed "Cockleshell," in which he and my brother went out sometimes on the lake.

I had taken a number of lessons in rowing from Lewis, and although I had never been out on the water alone, still, I was certain that I could take charge of the Cockleshell, which was always moored under the willow.

It was all I could do now. There was no time to hunt up anybody and tell the story, which Hatchel would be sure to deny, and which would bring down the bad man's dreadful revenge on Criss Dorrence.

"Criss," I broke out as rapidly as I could, "I'm going straight down to the Pines. There's a little boat under the willow, and I can row over if you will

unfasten it for me. Then you must go off and hide the oars as far as you can."

"You can't row down there all alone, little girl?" he said, in a very positive way.

"Yes I can, Criss Dorrence. Do you think I shall stay here still and leave my friends to be robbed or murdered? No indeed! I am only one little girl, I know, against those strong, desperate, wicked men, but I mean to do what I can."

"Sh—sh! somebody might be listenin'. There's no knowin';" staring about him in a frightened way.

"Come, Criss, make haste," pulling him off in spite of himself.

We found the little Cockleshell of a boat tied securely to a post under the willows, and in a few moments we got her afloat; I sprang in and seized the oars. "Now, Criss," I whispered, "you won't wait a minute; you'll go right off and do what you said you would?" stopping, pausing a moment before I pushed off.

"Yes; I'll give 'em a good ten minutes to hunt up them oars, but if they was gone past findin', Hatchel's sharp, and he'd come cursin' and tearin' to find me, and I'd have to lie it out, and maybe I couldn't. Good-bye, little girl;" and he actually put out his hand of his own accord. It was the first time he had done this since I had known him.

Something in his manner struck me: "What are you going to do, Criss?"

"I'm going to sea ag'in. I knew when I told you I must cut clear o' Hatchel, and I never mean he shall set eyes on me ag'in."

"Oh, Criss, come with me; don't be afraid of Hatchel. The folks will take care of you and not let him hurt you."

Criss shook his head. "I wouldn't be safe," he said; "he'd sneak round and find his chance, and then he'd swear there wasn't a word o' truth in all I said; and who is to prove it?"

I could not deny this; Hatchel seemed to loom up an awful, malignant power at that moment, and it seemed best the boy should get out of his way.

"But, Criss, won't I see you any more?"

He shook his head: "I mean to foot it over the hills to the cars to-night, and they al'ays give a fellow a lift on the train when he hasn't money to pay his fare; so I shall get to the city, and ship from there."

"Oh, Criss, I hate to have you go like this. You've done me a great good to-night; I shall never forget it."

His toes as usual at work in the wet sand, but some softness in his face which I had never seen before: "I shouldn't, though, if you hadn't ha' done me good before."

"Well, Criss, good-bye; I hope God will take care of you; and oh do try now and be a good boy, and never tell a story or steal a thing again. Won't you promise me?"

"I promise I'll try," his voice very serious.

"And, Criss, you know how to write to me. You must send me a line directed to Terrace Ridge before you go to sea, and—oh, stop a minute. Have you got any money?"

"I've got some pennies and half a dollar."

I took out my purse. I had been carrying it about with me for several days, because there were eight dollars in it, although half of this belonged to Lewis; but I told him it made me feel rich and grand to know that I had so much money about me, so he laughed and said I was a little goose, but for all that, he let me keep all his spare change.

I put the money right into Criss' hand: "It's all I've got in the world, and a part is my brother's, but you shall have it, Criss; and don't forget, wherever you go, that as long as I live you have one friend."

"No danger," he said; and his eyes shone with a wonderful brightness upon me.

So we gave each other our hands again and said good-bye; and he stood still a moment watching me sweep the boat out into the water, and then he darted up the bank and was gone.

I shall never forget my sail down to the Pines that night. My heart did not for once lose courage, although I held my breath all the way, and kept among the shadows where the great branches overhung the water close to the shore.

What a beautiful night it was, soft and still, with that great round moon, like a heap of Mrs. Fairfax's golden chrysanthemums, in the sky, and the stars like the twinkle of buttercups in the meadow-grass at Salmon Head!

It was hard work rowing that boat for two long miles down to the Pines, but though my arms ached dreadfully, I would

not stop to rest them. I cannot tell how strange and lonely I felt with that solemn stillness of the sky and the waters and the earth around me. Everything seemed to rush back on me, too. I thought of Lewis, and what he would say if he knew what his little sister was doing to-night; I thought of our life at the stage-driver's, and of the autumn night when Creighton Bell was brought in there with his poor sprained ankle, and what had come of it all; and I thought of Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, and of poor Criss making his solitary journey over the hills to-night; and I thought of the two bold, bad men, who by this time must be down on the shore searching for the oars and cursing the delay; and then I remembered that only one little helpless girl stood between them and the dreadful evil it was in their hearts to do.

And then I thought of God, and I prayed him not to forget me and those I was coming to help; and in the silvery silence and among the shadows the boat glided swiftly over the still water, and all the time my heart was beating, and my ears were strained to catch the dip of oars behind me, but I never heard that; and at last, after I had turned around the gray steep bluff, where the water was so deep I held my breath as my Cockleshell swept along, the dark-green line of the Pines came in sight.

I was there in a few minutes, and a shout brought them down in the moonlight to the shore, laughing and eager; only three of them—Mrs. Fairfax and her brother, and Barbara the serving-maid.

They expected to find Mr. Fairfax and Lewis, and anybody else who happened to be in the mood for a sail; and their amazement was great when they beheld me in that little Cockleshell of a boat.

"You don't mean to say, Hope Darrow, you've come over here from Terrace Ridge all alone, in that little cradle of a boat?" cried Mrs. Fairfax.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is the child gone mad?" cried Creighton Bell, more excited than I had ever seen him. "What would her brother say? Why it's a miracle she didn't upset, and isn't at the bottom of the stream by this time."

Then I burst out: "There isn't one minute to spare. You'll all be robbed or murdered if you don't hurry right off. The men must have started by this time. I found it out, and so I hurried off all alone to tell you. Oh don't stand still one minute or it will be too late!"

They looked at each other in mute dismay.

"Has she gone crazy?" I heard more than one voice whisper.

Then I clasped my hands together and pleaded with them: "I am not crazy; I am just little Hope Darrow, as I always was, but I know your lives are in danger, and I want to save you. If you will only leave this place before it is too late!"

My words began to take effect at last.

"Oh, Creighton, what if there is truth in what she says? I wish we were away from here," cried Mrs. Fairfax, with more or less fright in her words, and Barbara began to look scared.

"Pshaw! I don't believe there's any danger; still, if you say so, we'll get the boat out at once," said Creighton Bell.

"It's that wicked Hatchel, and that old crony of his who has been in State's prison. They know you are down here all alone. They must have started by this time," I went on, in swift, broken sentences.

"Creighton, do get us away. The child seems to know," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, now thoroughly alarmed.

The rowboat which had brought the party over was moored near at hand, and though he has since told me he thought some foolish, frightful story had taken full possession of my wits, Creighton Bell was still sufficiently impressed to get his boat ready on the instant.

Mrs. Fairfax and Barbara ran for shawls and hats; the latter at the last moment turning back to seize the basket in which they had placed the dishes and silver.

Creighton brought his boat alongside of mine, and I sprang in, and then Mrs. Fairfax and the servant having returned by this time we did not lose a moment in pushing off.

"What does it all mean? Who is Hatchel?" cried Mrs. Fairfax, and I could see that she trembled.

"He's one of the workmen; I know him," said Creighton Bell.

"So do I, ma'am," added Barbara. "He has a face bad enough to be up to any wickedness."

"Now, Hope, do tell us how you got hold of all this horrible mystery," said Creighton Bell, lightly; but he sent the

boat with broad, hasty strokes right out into the water.

I seized his arm: "Ah, Creighton, keep near the shore in the shadows. If they should see us; there are two of them—strong, desperate men, ready for any crime; and they must have started before this time."

Creighton Bell muttered, "Humbug!" again, but his sister cried out sharply: "Perhaps she's right, Creighton;" and the boy turned his boat near the shore, and we swept along under the shadows just as I had come to the Pines.

I told my story as well as I could, but it must have been in a bungling way, for one moment my teeth chattered, and the next I was hot all over with fear and excitement. They interrupted me, too, with breathless questions, and I could see that Mrs. Fairfax and Barbara became more excited as I proceeded.

"Oh, Creighton, do pray make haste; I wish we were at home."

"Don't turn coward, Pauline. If there really was any danger, we've got ahead of the villains now. We're half-way home," pulling vigorously at the oars.

But at that moment we all caught the sound of other oars far up the lake, and I know every heart jumped as the sound drew nearer; and we stopped and looked in each other's faces, among the black shadows and the cold, bright drifts of moonlight. Creighton Bell drew in close to the shore under a mass of oaks which grew down to the water, and hung over it a great black belt of shadows, and here he waited, and we heard the boat coming

up the lake, the splash of the oars sounding swift and loud through the stillness.

"Oh, Creighton, I am all of a tremble," whispered Mrs. Fairfax, gripping her brother's arm.

"Nonsense, Pauline. It will turn out some of our folks; Dick and Lewis, probably, in search of us."

But although he put on so bold a front, I noticed that Creighton Bell spoke in a whisper, and signed to us to be quite still. There was no need of that.

Then the boat came in sight. She passed us in the moonlight, not far from that black gulf of shadows in which we lay rocking so stilly.

There were only two men in the boat, pulling with all their might at the oars; and the moonlight fell on Hatchel's big, heavy figure, and the short, squat one of his companion. We saw the hard, sullen faces as we sat still grasping each other's hands, while we caught scraps of conversation, for the men were talking in an undertone. There were oaths and something about "putting the job through in a hurry—no time to be lost now," and then a curse on "whoever had played that trick with the oars."

We held our breaths and grasped each other's hands as the boat swept by with those men on their dreadful errand of robbery or death.

As soon as they were out of sight, Creighton Bell started once more. I believe I was the calmest of the four at last, for I felt now that the worst danger was over. The men could not return from the Pines before we should reach Terrace

Ridge; and then my nerves had had such an awful fear and strain during the last two hours that this reaction made me calm. But Mrs. Fairfax seemed more dead than alive, and Barbara had the hysterics. As for Creighton Bell, he had no care for anything but to get us home as swiftly as possible, and he bent all his energies to that work; and oh what a happy moment that was when we caught sight of the little rustic bower up to which the stone steps led from the water, where we always landed when we came from the Pines to Terrace Ridge!

It was a couple of hours later before Mr. Fairfax returned, and Lewis followed him almost immediately. All this time we had remained in the cottage with windows and doors barred.

The nearest house was more than a quarter of a mile away, and Mrs. Fairfax was in dread lest the villains, disappointed of their plunder, should return in search of it; and would not let her brother go off in quest of help, nor allow us, as Creighton proposed, to leave the house together.

But as there were only four of us, the gardener and the two servants being absent at the same time, Mrs. Fairfax could not be prevailed on to cross the threshold, lest, after all, the baffled villains should be prowling among the grounds waiting a fresh chance.

What a scene that was when at last Mr. Fairfax and my brother returned! It makes me laugh and cry to think of it now.

Mrs. Fairfax clung to her husband, and

Barbara went off into hysterics again, and I just sobbed on Lewis' shoulder.

"Why, Darrow, what's the matter with these women? There, Pauline dear, do try and be quiet. Creighton, here, if your wits are left, tell us what all this means?" cried Mr. Fairfax, turning from one to the other.

"It just means, Dick, that you may thank Hope Darrow there that you've come home to-night and not found your wife and your brother lying stark dead over at the Pines."

I do not remember what reply Mr. Fairfax made. I only heard the voice of Lewis crying out, "Has any harm been near my little Hope?" and he came up and put both his arms around me.

There was a Babel of tongues after that, for everybody talked and asked questions together, but at last they all turned to me, and so I had to go over the whole story of all that had passed between me and Criss Dorrence that night; and they would not let me stop there, and I had to tell how I first came upon the boy sweeping the walks one morning, and how we grew slowly acquainted; and all the rest had to come out, although I wanted to hold it back, about the night of the tableaux, and how I found the boy behind the window, and all that happened there.

Everybody listened silently, as people to a sermon, while I told my story.

It was long after midnight before I got through, and then I believe I broke down at once, for I burst right out crying all of a sudden: "Oh, Lewis, I can't tell any

more, I'm so tired ; I don't know what ails me."

I remembered that it was Mr. Fairfax instead of Lewis who took me first in his arms and kissed me. "Poor little thing !" he said, "she's gone through with enough to-night to tire her." Then he gave me to Lewis with something about my being "a little heroine ;" and Lewis—but there is no use attempting to write what he said to me that night. He knows, and so do I.

I heard them all talking after that, but it was like one listening in a dream. Indeed I began to wonder whether I should not find Hatchel and his crony, and Criss Dorrence and the sail over to the Pines, and all the rest, a dreadful nightmare when I woke up in the morning !

It was almost that now, although I did not know it. The last thing I remember was hearing Mr. Fairfax talk about having the villains arrested the next day ; Criss Dorrence must be searched out at once, for his evidence would go far to prove the intended crime of the men ; and at last they all came and kissed me good-night with some thoughtful tenderness in their faces and manner which I had never felt before ; and Creighton Bell whispered to me, "Ah, little Hope, you've done a grand deed to-night. It was like some of the stories we read in the old ballads about beautiful, courageous ladies or good fairies. I say, Darrow, suppose we call her Pocahontas in future?"

I tried to make a jest : "I've so many names now, I don't think I can carry any new ones."

"She's a tired little Pocahontas to-night," said Mr. Fairfax. "Ah, my child, what a debt we all owe you !" and he actually took me out of Lewis' arms and carried me up stairs in his own.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE RACCOON.

"WHAT a queer-looking rat !" No, my little friend, it is not a rat. Take a closer look. Rats have smooth tails, while the animal sitting up there so cunning, like, just as if he expected to have his picture taken, has, you will see, a bushy tail.

"Maybe 'tis a squirrel, then," says Lizzie Hopkins, who, being but five years old, is rather doubtful as to the extent of her knowledge.

"Oh no !" cries her brother, who is two years older and has seen more of the world. "Anybody ought to know better than that. Did you ever see a squirrel eating that hadn't his tail curled up over his back. It isn't a squirrel, I'm sure."

And in fact it is neither a rat nor a squirrel, but what, only a few years ago, learned men used to call by a Latin name, the English of which is "the washing bear." For, really, the little animal sitting there is a kind of bear, though you would not think so, perhaps, even if he were alive before you. Some of our young friends, whose homes are in the country, can, we have no doubt, already tell us what it is, just from seeing the picture.

"Yes," cries little Freddy Gray, whose



father is a farmer, and lives near a wild piece of woods—"yes, I can tell you what it is. It's a 'coon, just as sure as can be. Brother Jim caught one not long ago out in the 'swamp woods.' And he's made a pet of him, and keeps him tied up by a chain, and he sleeps in a box; and a funny fellow he is, too; only he tries to bite us when we tease him. Yes, and he did bite Ellis Treadway right through the hand when Ellis was pulling his tail to make him snarl. Brother Jim caught him one night long after I was in bed. He and George Gruff, and Ellis Treadway, and Charlie Richmond went out in the swamp with Mr. Gruff's big dog, old Tip. Tip soon scared up a 'coon—that's what we call it here, though Eddie Jones, who lives in town, and reads no end of books, says we ought to say *raccoon*. The old fellow ran about the woods a long while, and they thought they wouldn't be able to catch him. But Tip kept close to him. And at last he got so scared and tired that he run up a tree, and then the boys knew he was 'a gone 'coon;' for they went to work and chopped down the tree, and when it fell old Tip, he jumped into the top and caught the 'coon; and a tough fight they had of it for a while, until the boys jumped in too, and somehow managed to get the old fellow alive, though the dog had hurt him so much that 'twas a week before he got lively again.

"Ellis Treadway says he has caught 'coons in box-traps with a figure-four trigger, baited with an ear of corn or a fish. He catches them for their skins. The hatters buy them, he says, and think

them almost as good as beavers' skins. An old black man who lives down by the swamp catches 'coons to eat. He says they are first-rate eating, but I can't say how that is, for I never tried it."

"But what is the raccoon in the picture doing?" our young friends may ask. This question the gentleman who drew the picture must answer. As he was a Frenchman, we will put his reply in English. He had gone in a canoe along with a guide and a negro boy to spend a week in a Florida swamp. One day, while taking a nap, he was awakened by the buzzing and the sharp stings of "some great gnats with black wings, with which the place was swarming. I raised my eyes," he goes on to say, "and looked over the edge of the canoe. The tide was low, and the canoe almost on dry ground. Right in front of me, on the other side of the creek, I saw an animal of a grayish color spotted with black. Its tail was bushy, with rings of black and gray. It was about the size of a fox, and its head was like a fox's, only the ears were short, as if they had been trimmed off. From its hair I would have thought it a hyena, while in its shape it looked like a small bear. Not having seen us, it was busying itself catching shrimps in the little ponds of water left by the tide. Sitting upright like a monkey, the animal would stir the water with one of its paws, causing the shrimps to jump up in the air, when it would catch them, pull off their heads and lay them in a heap by its side. Having thus caught as many as it wanted, it washed them carefully, kneaded them

with its paws into little balls, dipped them in the water and then ate them up. This was what Cuvier has named in Latin the 'washing bear,' from the strange habit it has of wetting all its food before eating it. The negroes, who give it the name of raccoon, are very fond of its flesh."

When full grown and well fed the raccoon is quite a handsome fellow, full of amusing tricks, and sly and cunning as a fox. If kindly treated, he soon becomes quite tame when in captivity. In its wild state, the raccoon usually feeds in the night-time, keeping by day in its nest or lair, which is generally made in the hollow of some broken branch of a tree. It rolls itself up with its head between its hind legs, and sleeps away the time until it is dark, when it goes forth in search of food. As we have seen, however, it sometimes ventures out in the day-time; and when in captivity, its habits in this way are entirely changed, and it learns to be active during the day and quiet at night. When tamed, it is a meddlesome, prying creature, sticking its nose into every hole and corner. It is very fond of sweet things of all kinds. It is also a great lover of shining things. Mr. Wood, in his *Natural History*, tells us of one that did its best to get a ring off his finger by hitching one of its crooked claws into the ring, and pulling with all its strength. Another gentleman tells of one which he caught young and completely tamed, but which became such a thief, stealing all the silver spoons it could lay its paws on, that he had to send it away into the woods.

A LETTER TO THE READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: I am writing this letter without knowing whether Mr. Arthur will have room to put it in the little magazine or not, but I want so much to tell you about a dear friend of mine that I could not help writing it.

I wonder if any of the little ones remember "Ira Hervey?" Perhaps not, for little folks, I know, do not always look to see who writes the stories they read.

Ira Hervey was a lady that used to sometimes write little stories for the "CHILDREN'S HOUR." She has not written a great many, but I think the children have all been pleased with those she did. She loved little children very much, and was always trying to do nice little things to please them and do them good, and it was a great pleasure for her to write little stories; and if God had spared her life, I expect you would have had many more to read. But our heavenly Father thought best to take her from us to heaven, and there she hopes to meet many of you, little readers.

She was sick a long, long time—almost a year. She knew, too, she could not be well again, but she was not afraid to die. And often she had to suffer a great deal of pain, but she was always cheerful and happy.

And what do you think made her so? I will tell you. It was because she had Jesus for her *friend*. She loved the dear Saviour when she was well, and he helped her to bear all her pain in her sickness.

And she was not afraid to die, because the dear Saviour was with her.

And now shall I tell you what she wanted some one to say to her little infant class after she was gone?

She said: "Tell the dear children I do not want them to think of me as dead, but only gone to heaven a little while before; and I want them all to love the dear Saviour, and then they will meet me in heaven;" and that is what she would say to each of you little ones, and that is the reason I have written this letter. And now, perhaps, you will think I have said about enough, for I know you do not like *long* letters, but I want to tell you something so sweet about the little infant class. They all loved their teacher very dearly, and of course wanted to see her again; so they were allowed to come and look upon her face once more. She looked very sweet, all dressed in white and so many beautiful flowers around her. It seemed just as if she might have been tired picking them, and had laid down and fallen asleep.

The little ones who read this will most of them remember just how she looked, I know.

After they looked at her they did not go right away, but stood around and sung that sweet little Sabbath-school hymn (which many of you sing, I dare say), "Shall we gather at the river?" How *very sweet* it was! I shall never hear it again without thinking of that time; and now I am going to stop by saying only that I hope that not only the dear little children composing the infant class, but

every one of us, may "gather at the river,"

"Where we will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day."

LILLIE.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

AN English lady tells this story of a dog's intelligence: I had expressed my wish for a real collie dog in the hearing of an honest cottar belonging to our parish; and one morning, being out in the garden, I saw a stout lassie coming up to the house with a large basket on her arm. On entering the kitchen, I was greeted with "Here, mistress, my faither sent ye a 'fulpie' (little whelp) a' the road fra' Strathdon." While delivering her message she untied the cover of her basket, and out rolled a black-and-tan puppy, as broad as he was long.

He was christened "Collie," and soon grew both in size and in favor with all in the house, especially with myself and "old Joseph" the minister's man, who divided his affections pretty fairly between Collie and one of my little girls. One morning, when Joseph was at his breakfast and Collie and little Nellie were both standing beside him, I came in to give him a message, when Nellie began her old trick of pulling the poor dog's tail. Growl after growl of warning produced no effect, for the offender was *very* young; when, in an instant, after a harder pluck than usual, the dog turned, and before any one could interfere, he had seized the

whole of her arm in his mouth. My first feeling was to pull open the dog's mouth, but old Joseph cried out, "Na, na, mistress! lat him be, lat him be!"

It was a trying moment. The child's screams made me very nervous, and there stood the dog with his large jaws holding the little fat arm as in a vice, and the long white glistening teeth showing on each side. "Dinna move, mistress," said the old man again; "Collie kens what he's doin': he'll no' hurt her." And old Joe was right; Collie held fast the little arm that had been his tormentor, but when Nellie, finding that she was not hurt, became quieter, Collie gave her one very expressive look from his large brown eyes, slowly opened his jaws and released the arm, without one scratch on it. He had given her a lesson, which she never forgot, to respect his feelings with regard to his tail.

felt that it could die in peace, for it was no longer alone; so it closed its soft, sweet eye and went to sleep.

Now, close beside the spot where the flower had died, amongst the high green grass, a lark had built her nest, and just as she stretched her wing to meet the morn the tear fell thereon from the bosom of the flower.

And so the lark mounted up into the air and began singing to a little sunbeam, and she told it the story of the tear and of the broken flower. And when the sunbeam heard it, he loved the sweet tear so much that he kissed it off from the wing of the sweet warbler and took it up to the golden sun; and the sun made it one of his beams, and told it that because it had given comfort to that lonely flower in its last moments, he would make it his chosen herald, the first to awake the flowers at morn and the last to light the bee to her cell at even. And so the tear grew bright and more bright, until it became a little stream of liquid gold, and every flower of the earth looked up and loved it, and all the minstrel-birds sang when they beheld it, and the streamlets, and the fountains, and the brooks laughed a joyous laugh when it came down upon their bosoms, and all the earth grew bright with one pure smile.

O lovely, blessed tear! because thou didst comfort the dying flower, thou art become the brightest and the purest gem in the crown of the golden sun!

My little children, be ye mindful to comfort the lonely, the sick and the dying, and ye shall not lose your reward. Do not

THE LITTLE DROP THAT FELL FROM THE BLACK CLOUD.

ONE summer day a dark cloud was sailing along through the air, and because it was alone it felt very gloomy; so it burst into tears and wept itself away. And some of its tears fell into the sea, and some upon the rocks; but one little drop went down into a deep valley and rested upon a broken flower—the last and fairest of its race. It was a lovely blossom, left alone to die in the deep quiet of that shady vale. And when the tear fell upon the flower it smiled a happy smile, and

forget that we are not placed here to do our *own* work, but the work of *Him* that sent us; we are not to prepare for *this* life, but the *life* which is to *come*. Oh, then, "let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not." This little life will soon be past, but there is a country which shall abide for ever; a kingdom which knoweth no end; whereto, if we have been faithful, we shall one day be taken—where we shall shine brighter than the sunbeam or the morning-star.

And there we shall hunger no more, neither shall we thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and shall lead us unto fountains of living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

THE KING-FISHERS.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

UNCLE JOHN had long promised his little nephew and nieces to take them a real country ramble—not a quiet walk through the streets of the village, or along the roadside for a half a mile or so, but a ramble across fields and through woods, and to all sorts of wild and romantic places.

Having once made the promise, he was not allowed to forget it, and at last the day was set for its fulfillment. Three pair of eyes anxiously watched the clouds on the preceding evening, and George was

continually running out into the back yard to take a look at the weather-vane, which indicated east in a shifting, unsettled kind of way.

"It will be too bad if it rains to-morrow!" exclaimed Mary.

"I know it will! It always does when we want to go anywhere!" was George's reply.

Little Lucy said nothing, but looked as though the tears were not very far off.

Three pair of eyes found it very difficult to go to sleep that night; and when they did at last close, it was only to let their owners dream a queer jumble of adventures, in which rain and sunshine, birds, flowers and luncheon, were all oddly mixed up.

George was the first to awaken in the morning. He had just been dreaming that he heard the rain patter against the window-panes, and he opened his eyes with a start, to find the sun shining brightly into his room.

Half dressing himself, he sprang into the hall and set up such a jubilant shout before the door of his sisters' room that every one in the house was awakened from slumber.

"Hurrah! the sun is shining! Mary! Lucy! it's time to get up!"

Then the little girls began to scramble, and in their hurry were twice as long dressing themselves as they need to have been. The strings would not tie, and the buttons would put themselves in the wrong button-holes!

Now there was no need of all this haste, for Uncle John was a very deliberate sort

of person, and was not at all likely to set out without his breakfast, which would not be ready for an hour at least. But it is a way little children have, you know, and I suppose it is of no use trying to teach them any better.

There was the lunch-basket to pack, which took up some little time, and was a matter of serious thought for them all, for fear something would be forgotten. After that was done, it seemed such a long time before breakfast was ready, and when it *was* ready, not one of them wanted to eat a mouthful, only mamma insisted that they must.

After breakfast, George mounted the gate-post on the lookout for his uncle, and every few minutes passed signals to his sisters on the porch. At last a triumphant "He's coming!" caused a general rush into the house and a putting on of hats. And by the time Uncle John had reached the gate, all were there to meet him, ready for their walk.

Uncle John was the best company in the world for such a ramble. He knew the name of every flower and tree, and could tell them the most wonderful things about rocks and pebbles; and there was not a bird that he did not know all about—what it was called, where it lived winter and summer, and how it built its nest.

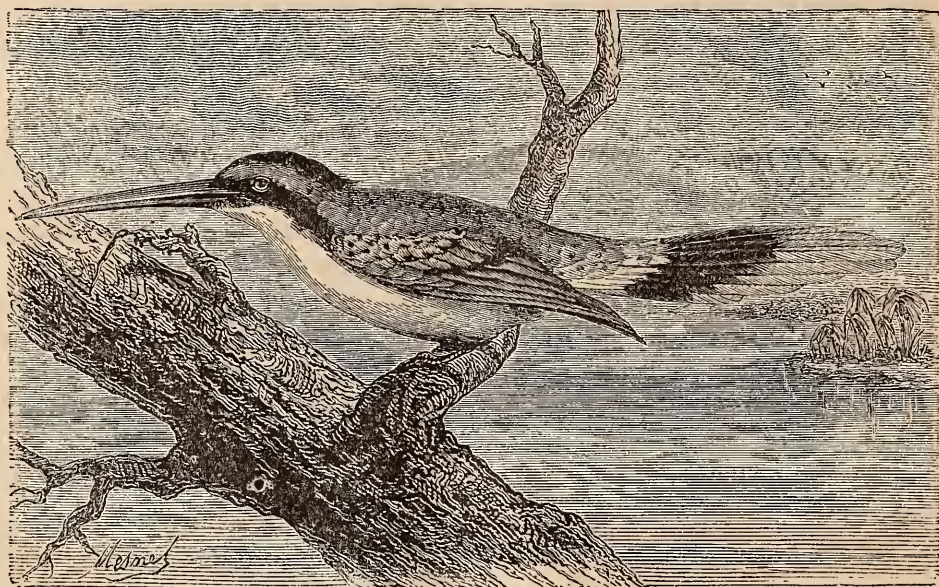
They went down a lane, through the edge of a meadow, then through a pasture in which there was a deep ravine full of great mossy rocks, the sides overhung by beeches and birches. They climbed down the sides of the ravine, and drank from an ice-cold stream that flowed out from under

a rock at the bottom; and Uncle John told them how this same little stream had gradually worn away the rock and caused it to break in great pieces. It must have been a long time ago that this had happened, for on the top of one of the rocks, growing out of the thin layer of moss-covered dirt, was quite a large tree.

Then they went through a bit of woods, and came out on the other side in sight of quite a large sheet of water. It was only a mill-pond, but it was as pretty as any natural pond you could find anywhere. A bank bordered the farther side, and all around trees drooped over to the water's edge. At the upper end was a thicket of willows, their bright soft green forming a pleasing contrast to the darker tints of the other trees. Reeds and water-docks grew along the margin of the pond, and farther out water-lilies spread their cool green leaves and their white blossoms. At the lower end was an old mill, half fallen to pieces and overgrown with moss, creepers and rank bushes, but looking very pretty in the bright summer sunlight.

The children, having eaten very little breakfast, were hungry by this time, and were glad to sit down in the shade of a tree and rest and open the lunch-basket.

While they sat here, a large, odd-looking bird skimmed across the surface of the pond, sometimes seeming to remain motionless for a moment upon the wing, and finally settled himself on an overhanging limb and looked sharply about him. He was nearly a foot long; his back and wings were of an ashy-blue color, his throat and



THE JACAMAR.

breast white, but with a belt around the neck of the same color as his back, and his head was crested. Presently the bird darted down with a sudden circular plunge and seized a fish, which his quick eye had seen in the water below. Swallowing it instantly, he took his course down the stream, hovering for a moment over the mill-dam, flying now fast, now slow, sometimes seeming almost to skim the water, and then resting for a few moments upon some tree or stump; then on again until he was lost to sight. As he flew, he occasionally uttered a loud, harsh, rattling cry.

The children watched his motions with interest, and were eager in their questioning.

"It is a belted king-fisher," said their uncle. "There are many kinds of king-fishers, but this is the only one which is

to be found here. Some species live in Europe; others in Mexico and South America; while one of very large size is found in South Africa. Some of these birds are of most brilliant plumage. They make their nests in holes along the banks of rivers and lakes, and most of them feed on fish, which they catch, as you just saw, by darting suddenly down from some perch overhanging the water. Some few species, including one that lives in France, feed on earth-worms, larvæ and insects, instead of fish."

"I do not think the king-fisher we just saw is very pretty," Mary remarked.

"It was a clumsy-looking bird, to be sure," her uncle replied; "but I have seen some very handsome and graceful ones in different parts of the world. In Europe there is found one much smaller than this—only about seven inches long."

The upper part of the head, the wings, and a stripe on each side of the neck, are green, covered with light blue spots; the upper part of the back is dark green, the lower part a bright blue. The throat and a stripe on each side of the neck are yellowish-white, and the lower parts pale chestnut. These colors are all very brilliant. This bird is found throughout middle Europe, and sometimes in England."

"It must be very handsome; but did you ever see one handsomer?"

"Let me see: I remember when I was in the West Indies I saw a bird—not exactly a king-fisher, but belonging to the same family—that was much finer-looking than this. It is called a jacamar, and is not found in this region, though I have seen the same bird in Florida. It is green above, varying with gold; the throat white, the breast red, and the tail black, edged with red. Its feet are supplied with four claws, and it brushes the surface of the water as it flies in pursuit of fish and water insects. Its bill is long and similar to that of a woodpecker.

"When we go home, I will show you a sketch of this bird, which I painted in water colors, and which will give you a very good idea of its appearance."

That evening, Uncle John brought over a carefully-drawn picture of the jacamar, which Mary, George and Lucy examined with a great deal of interest, and which gave them so much pleasure that we put a copy of it in the "CHILDREN'S HOUR," that other little children may see what a jacamar is like, though they will have to imagine the colors.

SILVERFOOT.

By Ada M. Kennicott.

SHE was a wee rivulet, born far up the mountain, where a clear spring came out of its rough, brown sides; and had such a soft, pretty way of pattering about on the sand that the bushes and trees that grew above and liked to watch her called her Silverfoot. She was very happy, till one day a bird that had fluttered down to drink at the spring, said to her, in his brisk way:

"What makes you stay here, Silverfoot, where you'll never be any larger or brighter than you are now?"

"Am I not large and bright enough, already?" asked the rill, with an angry quiver, for the first time in her life, running through her voice.

To this the bird made no answer, save to trill out a catch of song and flash away down the mountain side. Henceforth there was no more peace for the tiny stream.

"Did you ever see a rivulet larger or brighter than I?" whispered she to the blue-eyed grass that leaned close above her.

"No, indeed, dear Silverfoot," was the answer. "What a frightful thing that would be! We think you very large indeed. Why! cannot we see ourselves from blossom to root in your waters?"

"But *you* are very little," sighed the rivulet; "and besides you have never been away. How stupid I was to think you could help me!"

Then she watched for some of the winged creatures, but none came near enough for her to whisper to them, and she did not like her neighbors to hear her question. One day, a great purple butterfly settled down on the largest pebble in her way. It was so large that Silverfoot could not climb over it, and she had often said she wished the ugly thing would get carried off. She was always pushing and murmuring at it, but the stone did not seem to mind her spitefulness in the least. Now she was glad it had stayed. The butterfly sat fanning himself with his broad wings, more to show their rich colors than because he was warm or tired. Silverfoot approached, quite timidly for her.

"You must be very weary," said she; "I suppose you have traveled a long way."

"Well, as to that I can hardly tell," answered he, lazily; "we fellows that travel for pleasure don't make much account of distances. There's your friend, the ant, now, could probably tell you just how many steps she has taken since morning."

"Proud creature!" thought the rill; but she only said: "I did not mean that exactly, only that I suppose your home was very far away."

"My charming friend," said the butterfly, with a tip of his left wing, "I assure you I couldn't possibly think of such a thing as settling down to a *home*. It may do well enough for those miserly fellows, the bees, to have a place where they may stow away their hoards, but *I'm* always sure

'The sweetest rose of to-day
Will give place to a sweeter to-morrow.'"

"Yes, I understand, but being so great a traveler, perhaps you can answer me one question."

"With pleasure, if you will make it a short one, for I have stayed about as long in one place as I find agreeable."

"It will not take you long," sighed the rill. "I only want to know whether you find any of my family who are larger or brighter than I?"

"Ah ha!" laughed the butterfly; "so *that* is it! I did not think you so vain. Truly, my pretty one, you are quite large enough to show the whole of my wings, and as to brilliancy, you suit me perfectly;" and away he soared leaving the rivulet in a tumult of vexation.

"Vain thing!" muttered she; "if he had not been thinking of himself all the time, he might have helped me."

"And who were *you* thinking about?" piped a tiny voice under her feet.

"Not *you*, surely," replied she, in a pet, giving the saucy pebble such a push that it quite buried itself in the sand to get out of her way. Then she was sorry, for she had often loved to play with the fair, bright little thing.

"Oh dear!" she sighed; "I wish I were not so cross, but I *do want* to find out, and no one is ever willing to help me. I see how it is; I'll do well enough for grass and butterflies, but nothing better will ever care for me."

Poor Silverfoot! her days of careless contentment were over. Once, when she

lay gazing, as she often did now, up into the sky, as if hoping for some help therefrom, she beheld a leaf bending from the topmost bough of the oak and looking off toward the valley. "Dear leaf, come down to me," she cried; and with that set all her ripples to singing and sparkling so temptingly that the leaf, who was growing impatient of the heat, took passage on the next zephyr and came down for a bath, never reflecting that she could not go back again, until it was too late.

"What did you see when you looked off through the valley?" asked Silverfoot, as she caught the leaf eagerly to her bosom.

"Oh, many, many things," was the answer—"fields and woods; houses, churches and people—so many of each."

"But did you see none of *my* family?" asked the rill, with fear of a fresh disappointment.

"No," said the leaf; "but stay—there was one at the foot of the mountain, but so *much* larger she must have been *years* older than you."

Here was the answer at last, and Silverfoot lay very silent and thoughtful all that day. At night, when all was still and the stars came out, looking so high and strong that the sight gave her courage, her resolution was taken. She gently woke the leaf that lay sleeping against the large pebble. "I don't think," said she, "it was all because the stream you saw in the valley was older than I that she was so much larger. A bird once asked me why I stayed here, where I could never grow. Who knows but if I could get to the foot of the

mountain, *I* should be large and bright, too?"

"I do not see why you should wake me up in the middle of the night to say that," replied the leaf, drowsily; "couldn't it wait till morning?"

"No," answered Silverfoot, "for I have made up my mind to start *now*. Will you go with me?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the leaf—and it was broad awake now—"who would have thought this of *you*, who have stayed in this spot ever since you were born? Thank you; I don't care if I *do* go along, seeing I've been such a dunce as to come down here. It will be a change, any way."

So, together they set out under the stars that smiled softly on them—away from beneath the trees that they knew and loved—past the grasses and blossoms that just stirred in their sleep to their good-bye kisses—the rivulet longing to grow stronger and more beautiful, and the leaf that could never grow any more, but must be drifted about at the will of wind and stream. So they went on through the silver nights and golden days, often weary, sometimes discouraged, but always forward. Once they were stopped by a great pile of sticks and rubbish lying right across the path. "It is of no use," complained the leaf, "to try to get farther. It's too thick to go *through* and too far *around*; besides, I am growing too old and weak for more journeying. Here's a soft bed by this mossy tree-trunk, where I shall be content to stay always."

"As you please," replied Silverfoot, "but *I* must go on."

"Good-bye to you, then," sighed the leaf. So the rivulet went on alone. As she left the forest shade and the summer heats increased, she could but see that, so far from realizing her cherished hope, she really grew smaller and weaker. One twilight, as she lay pondering this and filled with mournful thoughts, she was alarmed to perceive the air suddenly growing dark and full of winds that rushed furiously in different directions as if uncertain where they ought to go. Soon she heard a noise as of many wings and the patter of countless feet: then a host of small voices whispered: "May we stay with you, little rill? The winds toss us about so, we are afraid to go farther."

"I do not think there is room for so many in my narrow channel," answered Silverfoot, doubtfully, "but I suppose you can try it."

"Oh, we will help you," laughed the rain-drops, for such they were; and truly enough, when the sunrise scattered the clouds, she found her new friends had lifted her easily over places she had feared she could never cross.

"May I go with you?" sighed a wee voice, and the rill beheld one much less than herself creeping out from the bushes.

"If you will not crowd me too much," was the ungracious reply; but she soon found that so far from being crowded, the channel was really roomier than before, for with the help of the new-comer she was able to push away many obstructions which she could not have moved alone. Then she began to understand that lesson which so many are slow to learn—that by

helping and comforting others we are ourselves strengthened and blessed. This the brook, for such she soon became, did not forget. She never refused aid to any—even going out of her way to take in stragglers that were lost among brambles and thickets. So she sped on, giving drink to the wayfarer, moisture and coolness to all the thirsty plants and tree-roots in her way, and aid to the lesser streams, while, instead of wearying her, she found her labors making her stronger and swifter every day, till by the time she reached the mountain-foot she was a sparkling, rapid stream, quite equal to the one the leaf had told her of in former times. It so chanced that here she met that very brook.

"Whither are you going?" asked Silverfoot, in wonder, seeing that the stranger appeared in quite as much haste as she herself had previously been. "Is not this the end?"

"No, indeed! only the beginning. Why, don't you know that farther on they are waiting for us to help turn the mills?"

"Ah, that will be fine sport!" cried they both in a breath; and hastened to set the great wheels going, and laughed to hear the buzz of the machinery.

Soon another stream rushed down beside them, crying as it passed,

"What are you stopping here for? Let the smaller folks do that: if we do not hurry, there will be no one to help carry the ships to the sea."

Then they ran after and overtook the stranger, and the three agreed so well that

those who saw them thought them one stream which they called a river.

A grand river it was—tossing lightly the huge ships it delighted to bear, for in the new, busy life all vanity was forgotten and replaced by an earnest wish to be useful; so it did not mind that the great keels furrowed it, or that unsightly rocks sought to hide their ugliness in its friendly waters.

At last there came one of those still days when sounds float far and swiftly—a joyful day that brought to it the voice of the sea—the strong, brave sea, that gathers all the lesser waters to itself as a

mother gathers her children to her cherishing arms. It is said when once the streams have heard that call they never rest until they have found whence it comes.

So onward swept the river till it stood face to face with that ocean the pulses of whose mighty heart had thrilled it far inland.

One moment of solemn doubt, of awe-swept joy, while the waves beckoned with white fingers, every one shouting, "Come out to us!" then it threw itself into their arms, and a new voice joined the choir of the hymnful sea.



FATHER'S BOOTS.

"SEE, mamma! I can wear papa's boots." And little Frank Herbert stood before his mother looking pleased and proud.

"Yes, I see. But, ain't too they large for you?"

"Not much. Now, see how I can run!" and off Franky started through the long parlor. But in a moment or two the clumsy boots tripped him, and down he went, striking his tender little nose on the

floor. His mother was quickly by his side, and lifting him said, tenderly,

"Are you hurt, darling?"

The warm blood that fell on Mrs. Herbert's hand answered her question, even before Franky's cry of pain was in her ears.

"Poor little nose!" she said, as she hurried him to the bath-room, where with cold water the flow of blood was soon stopped.

"Not big enough yet for papa's boots!" and Mrs. Herbert looked smilingly into Franky's sober face as she led him back to the parlor.

"I'll be big enough after a while, though, won't I?"

"Yes, darling, if our Father in heaven lets you stay with us."

"I reckon he will," answered Franky, "for he's good."

"Yes, he's a good and loving Father; and if he sees it best for you to live here and grow up to be a man, he will not take you from us. After a while, when your feet get larger and stronger, I hope to see you wearing your father's boots and walking in your father's ways."

"The boots I had on just now, mamma?"

"No."

"What kind of boots?"

"Let me read you something in the good Book." And Mrs. Herbert, opening the Bible, read:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight

is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the windeth driveth away.'"

Then Mrs. Herbert shut the Book and said:

"Franky dear, I wonder if you know what this means?"

Franky looked up earnestly at his mother with a puzzled expression on his face.

"You remember," continued Mrs. Herbert, "hearing the people in church chant the words, 'Thou wilt show me the path of life?' And we are told often in the Bible to walk in the ways of the Lord. So, there are other paths than the ones our natural feet tread, and we walk in these paths when we do right."

"Oh," said Franky, after sitting with sober looks for a little while, "I understand now. Father does right: he's a good man;" and light broke all over the child's face.

"Yes, darling. Your father treads in a just way. He does not walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners; and when I said that I hoped to see you wearing your father's boots and walking in his ways, I meant that I hoped to see you grow up and walk like him in paths of righteousness."

It takes a gentle boy to make a gentleman.

THE GREAT \$2 LADY'S HOME AND FASHION MAGAZINE OF AMERICA!

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1870.

With each successive year the "HOME MAGAZINE" widens its circle of readers and extends its influence among the people. For 1869 its subscription list has largely exceeded that of any other year, its acceptance been more cordial, and its interest and excellence more fully acknowledged. It speaks to the intellect, the heart, the conscience and the taste of its readers, and they cannot help approval.

FOR THE YEAR 1870 the HOME MAGAZINE will present unusual attractions. Among those will be

A NEW AMERICAN SOCIETY NOVEL, by Virginia F. Townsend, one of the best writers of fiction in America.

A SERIES OF POWERFULLY WRITTEN STORIES, by the author of "Watching and Waiting."

A SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TALES FOR THE TIMES, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and other well-known writers.

A SERIES OF DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL NOVELETTES AND STORIES, of high interest and the purest and most elevating character, by some of our best writers. For Stories of this class the HOME MAGAZINE has always been pre-eminent.

A SERIES OF STRONGLY WRITTEN PAPERS ON WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES, by an American woman of large experience. This series will include articles on "Dress-Making as a Business," "Dress of Working Women," "Causes of Suffering among Sewing Women," "Trades for Women," "Women in Literature and Art," "Women in the Professions," "Education of Girls," etc., etc.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.—A series of highly interesting and instructive articles, accompanied by ten splendid *full-page illustrations*.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.—We have made arrangements for a series of original illustrations from Schnelle, Bensell, White and other celebrated American artists.

FASHIONS.—A great variety of illustrations of Fashion, with descriptions of the prevailing styles of dress, will be given in every number. Also patterns for needlework and fancy articles. In this department the "HOME MAGAZINE" contains all that an intelligent American woman can need or desire.

A NEW COOKERY BOOK.—We shall give our readers during the year 1870 the whole of a new volume on Domestic Economy and the Art of Cookery, prepared for us by a lady of this city of fine literary taste and large experience in household matters.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—We shall introduce a New Department, which will be in the hands of a person of long experience, who will give every month practical hints on the culture of flowers, plants, vines and creepers, and their proper care and arrangement, not only in the garden, but in the tasteful decoration of the house and veranda.

THE HOME CIRCLE, BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY, and the various departments which have been so valued by our readers, will be continued.

"THE BEST LADIES' MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY!"—We shall take good care to maintain the high reputation which it has been conceded the HOME MAGAZINE has fairly earned.

TERMS.

1 copy, one year, in advance.....	\$2.00	8 copies, and one to getter-up of club.....	\$12.00
3 copies, one year.....	5.00	15 " " " "	20.00
4 " " " "	6.00		

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.—Every person sending a club, *as above*, will receive a copy of one of our elegant \$2.50 engravings—"BED-TIME," or "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." Unless otherwise ordered, "BED-TIME" will be sent. Enclose ten cents to pay cost of roller and mailing.

 Specimen numbers fifteen cents.

 The postage on this magazine is 12 cents a year.

GREAT AND SPECIAL REDUCTION IN PRICE OF OUR PREMIUM PICTURES TO SUBSCRIBERS OF HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1870.—\$2.50 engravings for \$1. Every subscriber to HOME MAGAZINE for 1870 will be entitled to order our splendid premium engravings, "BED-TIME" and "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," for \$1 each. One or both of the pictures can be taken as desired. None but our subscribers can get them for less than \$2.50 each.

Address

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,
809 & 811 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Best Magazine for Children in the World."—*Sunday-School Times.*

1870. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Vols. VII. & VIII.

A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for 1870 will be more interesting, attractive and beautiful than it has ever been.

In the January number will be published four original illustrations, by BENSELL, of LONGFELLOW'S exquisite poem, "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR." These will be engraved by LAUDERBACH in his fine artistic style, and be printed with the poem on four extra pages of tinted paper, and form a most charming series of illustrations.

Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND will give another of her deeply-interesting stories, which are read with such absorbing interest by young and old.

Alice Cary, Virginia F. Townsend, Phoebe Cary, Mrs. M. O. Johnson, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. L. A. B. Curtis, Ada M. Kennicott, Mrs. M. L. Clark, Rosella Rice, Irene L—, Kate Sutherland, and many other gifted authors, write regularly for THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, and make it for 1870 the most attractive and charming children's magazine in the country.

This magazine is pronounced by the secular and religious press, by fathers and mothers all over the land, by ministers of all denominations, the purest and best magazine for children in the world. YOUNG AND OLD everywhere read it with delight and profit. It speaks through simple forms of language the highest truths; and while the little ones are fascinated by its sweet stories, these heavenly truths drop like good seeds into their minds, to bear fruit in after years.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for 1870 will contain from seventy to one hundred fine engravings, and be the most exquisitely illustrated magazine for the year.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

1 copy.....	\$1.25
5 copies.....	5.00
10 copies, and one to getter-up of club.....	10.00

Specimen numbers ten cents. Postage twelve cents a year.

Every one sending a club of five or more subscribers to THE CHILDREN'S HOUR will receive as a premium a copy of one of our splendid steel engravings—"BED-TIME" or "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." *Enclose ten cents to pay for cost of roller and postage on premium.*

For \$2.50, a copy each of HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR will be sent for a year; or ONCE A MONTH and CHILDREN'S HOUR for same price, \$2.50.

MAGAZINE CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Children's Hour, one year	\$2.50
Home Magazine and Once a Month, "	3.00
Once a Month and Children's Hour, "	2.50
All three of the above Magazines, "	4.00
Godey's Lady's Book and Home Magazine, "	4.00
Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour, "	3.50
Godey's Lady's Book and Once a Month, "	4.00
All four of these magazines, one year, "	6.50

No Premium Picture sent with these clubs.

Address

PREMIUMS.

TOOL-CHEST PREMIUM.—For 10 subscribers to "CHILDREN'S HOUR," at \$1.25 each, we will send as a premium, a BOY'S TOOL-CHEST, well made, with lock and lifting handles, containing *fifteen* different tools of good size and best quality.

DOLL PREMIUM.—For 6 subscribers to "CHILDREN'S HOUR," at \$1.25 each, we will send, *express charge pre-paid* (except to Pacific States), a beautiful wax doll, with eyes that open and shut.

SEWING-MACHINE PREMIUM.—For 50 subscribers to "CHILDREN'S HOUR," at \$1.25 each, we will send a BARTRAM & FANTON \$55 SEWING-MACHINE. This is one of the best single-thread machines in market. All that we have sent have given the highest satisfaction. If a double-thread machine is wanted, we can, for 60 subscribers, at \$1.25 each, send the \$60 EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE, which is, *in all respects, equal to any lock-stitch machine manufactured.* Every "EMPIRE" MACHINE we sent last year gave the very best satisfaction.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.—For 60 subscribers, at \$1.25 each, we will send this valuable work. It is contained in ten large octavo volumes of over 800 pages each, liberally illustrated. Price \$4.50 per vol. It is a library in itself—a great reference work, always ready for consultation, and answering clearly, accurately and comprehensively all questions touching History, Biography, Art, Science, Natural History, Mechanics, etc., etc. No family of intelligent people at this day can afford to do without a work of this kind.

Our arrangements are such that we can send two or more volumes at a time, if desired. That is, when *twelve* subscribers are sent, two volumes can be ordered, or as many volumes at a time as the number of subscribers will entitle the sender to receive.

MASON & HAMLIN'S ORGANS.—We can offer to schools and families most advantageous and easy terms on this premium.

For 90 subscribers, at \$1.25 each, we will send a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, price \$50.

For 135 subscribers, at \$1.25 each, we will send a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, price \$100.

For 200 subscribers, at \$1.25 each, we will send a MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, price \$150.

We need not speak of the high reputation and excellence of these Organs. Their quality is too well-known to the public.

In almost any Day or Sunday-school, if children and teachers unite in the work of making up a list for "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," an Organ may easily be obtained.

In all cases, where a full list of subscribers required for a premium cannot be made up, a CASH DIFFERENCE will be taken. This will, in most cases, be very small.

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,

809 & 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

DECEMBER, 1869.



MARIA AND HER COUSIN.

By Aunt Lizzie.

“OH, Maria, what a disgraceful room for a young lady! I am ashamed

VOL. VI.—22

of you,” said Mrs. Merriam, one morning to her daughter.

“I am not a young lady,” was Maria’s petulant reply.

“No, I see you are not, nor are you ever likely to be, so long as you leave

your room in such disorder and go yourself untidily dressed and with hair uncombed. Go immediately and put everything to rights and dress yourself neatly."

"Wait a minute," was all the reply; and then Maria went on reading a story she was very much interested in, and in less than a minute had forgotten all about her mother's command.

Maria was a very good little girl in many things. She loved to study and she could sew very nicely. But she was not at all orderly in her habits; and then she had a shocking way of saying, "Wait a minute," whenever she was told to do a thing.

An hour afterward her mother came in and found her still reading.

"Have you put your room in order yet?" she asked.

"No; I forgot all about it; I'll go in a minute."

"You must go directly; and if you disobey me again I shall have to punish you."

Maria rose slowly and reluctantly, and went up stairs, muttering as she went, "I don't see any use in putting things in order all the time. They only get out of order again. Besides, nobody is ever going to see my room but me, and I don't care *how* it looks."

Such a pretty little room as it was, too, when it was properly arranged! It had white curtains with pink borders at the windows, and a nicely curtained toilet table; a bookcase, and a little stand, and a rocking-chair just big enough for Maria to sit in to sew. But how distressed

everything looked! The bed was unmade, and the clean white counterpane all in a heap on the floor. Her night-gown lay just where she had jumped out of it when she got up, and the dress she wore the day before remained just where she had let it fall when she went to bed. Miss Dolly was half dressed in a corner, and her wardrobe and the furniture of her house were strewn around. The books that belonged in the bookcase were anywhere and everywhere but in their proper places—some tumbled on the floor, with covers bent back and corners turned; and a box of paper dolls was upset and its contents scattered in every direction.

Maria looked around her in dismay. She didn't know where to begin. There was scarcely room to walk without treading on something that might be injured. She first hung up her clothes and then made the bed. Then she went to work in earnest, and the dirt and confusion gradually disappeared before her.

Maria was working so busily that she did not hear the sound of carriage-wheels in the avenue below, nor her mother's voice calling her shortly afterward. Everything was swept and dusted and put to rights, and the little girl was just standing and enjoying the improved appearance of her room, and thinking how much better it was, after all, to have things kept in their places, when the door was opened and a little curly head peeped in.

"Oh, Fanny!" cried Maria, "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't you? I've just come with mamma; and we've brought the baby

and Willie, and we're going to stay all day."

Fanny was Maria's cousin, and they didn't see each other very often.

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"What a pretty room!"

Maria was glad she had got it in order.

"Everything is so nice! I try to keep my room nice, but Willie is such a little rogue that he puts everything out of place as fast as I can put it in. Last week he broke my big doll. I was so sorry I cried, but I didn't scold him any, for he didn't know any better."

Just then Maria happened to catch sight of herself in the looking-glass. What an object she was! She was ready to go and hide. Her hair hung in a tangled mass over her shoulders, her face was not as clean as it might have been, and her dress was sadly dirty. How she wished she had obeyed the first time her mother spoke to her! Fanny was dressed nicely in a pink frock with a broad ribbon sash, and with lace around her neck, and her hair nicely curled and fastened back with a comb.

"I have got to comb my hair and dress before I am ready to play," said Maria.

"Why, what have you been doing all this morning? I always get dressed the first thing; I don't like to go dirty. Come, sit down and let me comb your hair."

Fanny combed the soft brown hair, though it was so tangled it took a long time, and then wound it around her fingers and let it fall in beautiful long ringlets. When it was all combed and curled she tied it back with a blue ribbon. Then

Maria put on a blue frock and a clean white apron. And I am sure if you had seen the little girl who sat looking so untidy reading her book two hours before, and the little girl now all combed, washed and dressed, you would hardly believe they were the same.

They went down stairs and had a good play with Willie and the baby. And then Maria showed Fanny her flowers, and took her round to the back yard to see the chickens—little soft, downy things just out of the shell. Their mother was very jealous and fierce, and didn't allow her babies to be touched. But in the barn were three of the most cunning little kittens you ever saw, just ready for a frolic.

After dinner, Maria went with her cousin back to her room, and they looked at the pictures in the story-books, and then dressed up Miss Dolly in her best. When they were tired of that, they began to look around for something else to do.

"Here is a nice string; let's play cat's-cradle," said Fanny.

"What is that?" asked her cousin.

"Didn't you ever hear of cat's-cradle? Well, let me show you."

So Fanny showed Maria how to put the string twice around her hands, and then with the middle finger of each hand take up the string from the other.

"No, not so; there! that's the way."

At last Maria got it right, and then Fanny, with thumbs and fingers daintily extended, took the string from her cousin and showed her another form of the cradle. Then there was more showing,

and more getting it wrong and being set right again. At last Maria had learned to play cat's-cradle as well as Fanny herself.

"Cat's-cradle! What a funny name! I think it ought to be kitten's-cradle, for it's not big enough nor strong enough to hold a cat, and I'm not sure but the kittens would crawl through."

"Let's go and try;" and away both the little girls scampered to the barn to put the kittens in the cat's-cradle. Kitties were quite ready for any kind of sport; and though they did not exactly understand lying quiet in a cradle, they seemed to think a great deal of fun could be got out of a string, especially when there were two little girls to help them play.

Tea-time came all too soon, and then Fanny had to go home.

I am happy to say that for several days afterward Maria did not have to be told—not more than once, at least—to put her room and herself in order.

TERRACE RIDGE.

A SEQUEL TO "HOPE DARROW."

By Virginia F. Townsend.

CHAPTER VI.

I DID not awake the next morning to find all that had passed was a dream or a nightmare. The whole thing stood sharp and clear before me; and, what was worse, I could not shake off the dread and terror of the memory for that day nor for a good many which followed.

I was not sick precisely, but yet I was not what I had been before that dreadful night; and I used to overhear them talking about me with grave faces, and saying my nerves had had a terrible strain; and I knew something had happened, because I was so restless and could not eat or sleep, and I started at every little noise like a scared baby. But oh how kind everybody was to me all these days! I was so petted by the whole household that I would sometimes say to myself, "Are you just little Hope Darrow who used to live at the stage-driver's, and have nobody in the world to care for you except Lewis? Now just see of how much consequence you are: you can have everything you want, and do just as you are a mind to; and your case, Hope Darrow, is very much like some of the stories you've read in those old times, when some little girl who had been stolen out of a cradle and carried to some peasant's hut, and brought up with the rest of the children on goat's milk and coarse bread, was found out some day and proved to be a princess in disguise."

Mr. Fairfax or Creighton Bell took me to ride every day, and Mrs. Fairfax was as thoughtful and kind as possible; and as for Lewis, he was just what he had always been—my dear and noble brother, snatching every moment that he could from his work to be with me.

The doctor came. I was astonished when I found they really thought I was sick enough to have one; and he said nothing was the matter, only I must be kept quiet and out doors all I could, until

the whole thing had worn out of my memory.

All this time every effort was being made to find Criss Dorrence. Mr. Fairfax took a journey to the city for that especial purpose, and, to use his own words, "set the policemen on the scent" for the boy, but they did not find him; and his testimony was the thing which was needed to prove that Hatchel and his companion had intended to rob us at the Pines.

So the bad men were not arrested, and in a day or two we learned they had left Terrace Ridge. I breathed freer when I found they were really gone; although I feared they might suspect Criss when they learned he had stolen away that night, and that they would search him out and wreak some dreadful vengeance on him for betraying their crime. When I told Lewis that, he said: "Don't you go to borrowing any trouble, Polly Prim. Criss, I think, is shrewd enough to keep out of the villains' way;" and I had to be content with that.

After Hatchel was gone, the whole story of that night leaked out at Terrace Ridge; nobody knew how, for Mr. Fairfax had given strict orders that the whole should be kept a profound secret, as he hoped still to find some means of proving the intended crime and bringing the men to justice.

But like wildfire the story spread through the place. Everybody came to see us and to have the whole thing gone over again. It really seemed to me as though nobody talked of anything else, although they tried to be careful before

me, because of the doctor's orders; but what they did not say I used to think sometimes they took out in staring. Would you believe it of such grand people? but they really did, and I thought the staring was worse than the talking. Then what seemed worse than all the rest, were the perpetual nudgings and whisperings, as though I couldn't hear and see: "That is she." "Such a child too!" "One would never credit it to see her."

I used to want to run off every time a carriage drove up, and I did very often, too.

One day, I was out in the grounds with Creighton Bell, trying the new swing which they had put up the day before, and a merry time we were having of it, as he sent me higher and higher until my dress touched the oak branches, and I screamed half with terror, half with delight.

Just at that time a party came up, friends of the Fairfax's from the city. Creighton knew them all, and they stopped a few moments to talk to him and to stare me over. I heard them going on to the old tune: "It doesn't seem possible." "What pluck and judgment for so young a child!" and a great deal more of that sort.

When they were gone, Creighton Bell came and stood by me with a laugh in his eyes: "You must have overheard a good deal of what they said, Hope?"

"Oh yes—quite as much as I wanted to of that sort of stuff?"

"Oh, you don't relish being made a lion of, then?"

"What do you mean by that, Creighton?"

"I mean something very famous and conspicuous—something to be stared at and in everybody's mouth, just as you were now. That is what we call being made a lion of."

"Oh yes, I understand now, but I don't fancy it at all; besides, I haven't done anything to deserve it."

"You haven't! though!" whistling in a way that said a great many things.

"I can't see that it was anything so very remarkable—truly not worth making such a time about."

"But don't you see, Hope, honestly, that it was a wonderfully heroic thing for a little girl like you to do; rowing down there, all alone to the Pines, in that old, rickety chopping-tray of a boat, spoiling all the nice plans of those wretches? Why, I tell you there isn't another little girl in the world who would have had the nerve and the judgment to carry that thing through as you did."

"Oh yes there are plenty of 'em, if it only came in their way."

"I never saw one; and then, Hope, that isn't all—likely as not you saved some of our lives. They were desperate villains who were on our track that night."

"I knew it, Creighton; I saw that in Hatchel's eyes before Criss had said one word; and it was the thought of saving you all from those dreadful men that put the courage into me and kept me up all the way. I'm sure you would have done the same for me if I had been in your case."

"I hope that I shouldn't have shown

less pluck than you, Hope; but then there's some difference between a little, shrinking, sweet-pea blossom of a girl like you, and a big, strapping fellow like me; don't you see that?"

"Well, ye—es, though I never once thought I was doing anything wonderful that night; I only thought of getting to the Pines before it was too late; and I'm sure anybody, little or big, in my case would have tried to do as much."

"Well, I will not try to change your opinion then," said Creighton Bell, in a way that showed very plainly mine wasn't his.

But to this day I have not been able to see anything so very remarkable in what I did. Can you, now?

Not many days afterward, sitting out on the veranda, I overheard Mrs. Fairfax inside say to her brother, "Creighton, when I think where I might be if it had not been for poor little Hope Darrow's heart and courage one night, I can never forgive myself for my hasty, unkind speeches about her and her brother. Of course, they were nothing but a momentary ill-nature on my part; still, as I said, when I think of all I owe the child, I can't forgive myself."

"Dear old Pauline!"—that was one of his ways of calling her—"I always know you don't mean half you say when you are in a huff, any more than I do."

"That's true enough. The Bell blood is quite too easily fired. But, Creighton, I can't think of the peril we were in that hour without growing cold from head to foot."

"It's enough to make one fidgety. That little Hope Darrow—"

Here it flashed across me that this talk was not intended for me, and I went to the other side of the veranda.

In a little while I saw Lewis coming up the walk. He shouted as he caught sight of me, and waved some small white thing over his head.

"It's for you, Hope Darrow," he cried.

"Oh, Lewis, what in the world is it?" as he drew nearer.

"It's a letter"—coming up the steps; "I just took it out of the office on my way home. Who in the world could have written to you, Hope?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Why, Lewis, how funny!" as I took the letter from his hands and bent over the address. It was printed in great, scrawling capitals by some hand not much used to a pen; but for all that, there was my name and "Terrace Ridge" plain enough for anybody to read it.

"I never supposed my little sister would have a correspondent and I left in the dark," said Lewis, trying to look very grave.

"You are not more in the dark than I am, Lewis, but we will read it together, anyhow;" so I carefully tore open one side of the envelope.

The letter lies before me now, and I will copy it for you. It was full of blots, and some of the letters were printed, but this is it, word for word:

"I'm in New York all Safe, have Got a plase on a Whaling Ship for two Years;

Sale to morow. i Shan't forgit What you said, i mean to *try*, little Girl; and when i come Back i shal find you out, sure; i felt You'd want to know i was safe, so i Wrote this. Excuse Mistakes.

"Your Friend,

"CRISS DORRENCE."

Lewis and I looked at each other.

"Well done!" he said. "I tell you, I've hopes of that boy."

"So have I, Lewis; and to think of his going off on that vessel for such a long, long time! If we could only have found him in time!"

"Yes, but it's too late now. The vessel must have sailed yesterday, and the boy's far out at sea by this time."

"Poor little Criss! I am the only one in the world to whom he could write that word, 'Your friend;'" and the tears came thick into my eyes as I looked on the paper with its scrawling hand and its thick blots.

"No, Criss has some other friends now—Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, and Creighton and myself. We all feel that we owe that boy no small debt, for if he had not told you the foul plan on foot, you would never have had that sail to the Pines, and I should never have had a chance of seeing my little sister spoiled by being made a heroine of."

"Oh, Lewis," turning my head quickly, "you don't really mean what you say, that there's danger of my head being turned by any such nonsense?"

"No I don't, little Polly Prim. It is a head that has too sound stuff inside to be spoiled by the talk of people."

Just then Creighton Bell came out; I held up the letter to him. "There's something here that will astonish you," I said.

"Well, I want something to astonish me just now. The world seems such a wretched old humbug in general; so, Hope, don't keep a fellow in suspense."

"The world a wretched old humbug place to you, Creighton Bell, with its best face always toward you, with everything to make you happy! Why, Lewis, the world does not seem that to you and me, does it now?"

"No, Polly Prim. It seems a wonderfully nice, cheerful place to me now-a-days; and even in the old saw-mill I don't think it ever was quite so bad as Creighton puts it."

We laughed at that. "But you were doing a brave, hearty, honest work over there, Darrow, for yourself and somebody you loved. No wonder the world seemed something better to you than it does to a lazy vagabond like me."

"Oh stop, Creighton Bell, calling yourself such names," I put in here.

"It's true now, Hope. What good have I ever done in the world, that it should ever wear a pleasant face to me? Don't we generally get in the long run what we give."

"Well, then, Bell, you will have a big slice," answered Lewis, half playfully, half seriously. "Hope and I will never be able to tell you all you have given us since you came first to Salmon Head."

"Oh yes, Creighton, I shall never forget that night when I saw the lights shining in Mrs. Brainerd's parlor windows.

Who would have thought so much could ever come from just a sprained ankle got from jumping off the cars?"

"It was a lucky sprain for me, anyhow."

"I think the luck was on Hope's side and mine, Creighton," added Lewis.

"Do you think so?" said Creighton, in his most thoughtful, most earnest way.

"If I have done you or Hope any good, you had both paid me long before what happened the other night."

This brought me back again to Criss Dorrence's letter, and I put it in Creighton's hand without another word.

"What in the world have we here?" he said, catching sight of the spelling and the blots.

It did not take the boy long to find out, and he had only picked his way along the stumbling lines to the name at the end when Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax came in.

"Dick—Pauline, I say," holding out the letter, "here's something will make you stare."

His sister fancied her brother was up to some of his jests; but the next moment he made both the lady and her husband eager enough by shouting out, "It's from Criss Dorrence!"

"Has that boy turned up?" cried Mr. Fairfax.

His brother-in-law answered by placing Criss' letter in the gentleman's hand, and his wife leaned eagerly over his shoulder while he read.

"Poor boy! It's too bad!" shaking his head, "I meant to have given him a chance; but, instead, he has given me the

slip, and now Hatchel and the other villain will go scot free, for the evidence wouldn't convict them."

"He thought the going to sea was his only chance," I said. "Poor Criss! How I wish he had stayed here, and I would have given him a writing lesson every day, and taught him to spell and make big I's and little W's!"

Everybody laughed at that, although I don't see for what, and I am sure I meant all I said.

I remembered, too, that Criss had told me one of the sailors, to whom he used to carry his meals when the man lay sick in his hammock had taught him how to write a little, and he had picked up the reading here and there, he could not just remember how.

But there was nothing to be done now; we talked him over for a long time, and I thought of the brown, peaked face, and the fingers and the toes always at work, away out on the blue, tossing ocean, and my heart ached for the lonely little boy; and then I remembered that the great ocean was not so wide or so deep as the great loving heart of Criss' Father and mine; and I left him there, as all our lives we have to leave those whom we love and pity.

Happy days followed; I grew well and strong with every one, and the beautiful summer slipped farther and farther down into the still golden ripeness of autumn; and I passed most of the time out doors among the hills and the shining water-courses that hung like silver fleeces on the sides; and I spent hours on the banks of

the lake and among the old country roads, and it seemed to me that Terrace Ridge must be a great deal like the Garden of Eden before Adam and Eve picked the the apple, you know.

At last, the people began to talk of going home, and one after another the pleasant little cottages were closed for the year, and I began to wonder what was to become of Lewis and me.

At last, too, the Fairfaxes began to talk of leaving, and I made up my mind that Lewis and I would be left there alone together at Terrace Ridge. How strange and lonely it would seem, when all the houses were closed and the people were gone! but we could read and study together, and how much better that would be than the old saw-mill and the stage-driver's!

One day I said something quite as a matter of course to Creighton Bell about our remaining here, and he broke out with, "You don't mean you expect to be left here snowed up all winter, with the hills and the trees and only a lucky bear or two for neighbors."

"Bears! Creighton Bell, I'm too big to be scared by any such humbugs."

"Well, when we go, you've got to—that's settled;" and something ended our talk at that moment.

Very soon they began in real earnest to set about leaving, packing boxes and trunks; and one day after breakfast, Mr. Fairfax said to my brother, "Lewis, I want to have a private talk with you. Jump into the buggy and we'll have a drive."

They were gone for an hour, I should think. When Lewis returned, he set out in search of me at once. I happened to be down in the garden, but his shout found me, his voice ringing with excitement: "Polly Prim, I say, where are you?"

"Here I am," coming up just in time to prevent his scaling the stone wall in search of me.

He caught me up in his arms and swung me about: "Ah, Lewis, I know you have some good news for me now."

"Capital news, Polly Prim! Good as a fairy story."

"Oh don't keep me waiting," I cried; and then we went down the road together, and Lewis told me.

It appeared that the plan had all been arranged betwixt the Fairfaxes and Creighton Bell some time before. Lewis and I were to pass the winter in New York. My brother was to enter some school of design, and he and Creighton Bell were to study more or less together. We were all to live with the Fairfaxes in their great house just in the suburbs of the city; and when the spring opened, Mr. Fairfax would start Lewis off once more to Terrace Ridge to superintend the improvements of the place; "and there will be no debt about it, Darrow," he said, taking care that Lewis should have no feeling of that sort. "It's a fair bargain; your services will be worth all I shall do for you or Hope."

Such a happy walk as that was! I never remember that old road running down past the stone wall to the meadows

but I think of that morning and the walk we had there.

When I went home, Mrs. Fairfax met me in the hall: "Well, Hope," stopping and smiling, "I see by your face that you know."

"Yes, I know. Oh, Mrs. Fairfax, how good you are to us!"

"Ah, Hope, how good you were to us once! I never shall forget that;" and she drew me to her and kissed me.

If the lady still had her moods and her pets, she never showed them to me now-a-days.

There is but little more to tell. Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax went away a month ago, and left their brother and Lewis and one of the girls behind.

Oh such happy times as we had here all alone; and the birds have almost ceased to sing, and the frosts have come stilly in the nights, and outside the trees are one great gold-and-crimson blaze.

Oh, we have had the merriest, funniest, happiest days all to ourselves, but they are almost over now, for next week we go to the city; and I shall see the piles of houses, and the long streets, and the crowds of people, and all the strange, wonderful things, which will be like entering into a new world for me.

We have had the stage-driver and his wife for two or three days to visit us. It made us all happy to see how they enjoyed it; and then Lewis and I will never forget how good they were to us in our utmost need.

It surprises me every day to see how much

those two boys, my brother and Creighton Bell, think of each other. It seems as though they could hardly be separated. They are so unlike, and yet I never look at them without a feeling that each is just suited to be the friend of the other.

Well, I have reached the end of my story. It is only a little girl's, you know, written out of my heart, in these dear, last days at Terrace Ridge, when the boys have been off on their endless excursions all over the country-side.

I think very often of Criss Dorrence, and I always say to myself what I said once, you remember, of Creighton Bell: "If he lives he will come again—I am sure he will." HOPE DARROW.

LITTLE HARRY.

By G. H. M.

VERY fond of posies,
Strewing all the house
With the garden roses—
Merry little mouse!

Decking up his brown hat
With the sweetest sprays;
Lying on the door-mat
In the summer rays.

Smiling at the fancies
Running through his brain,
Does he see the dances
Of the elfish train?

Or the angels streaming
From the skies so fair,
That he lies there, dreaming,
Looking in the air?

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

OH the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;

Dancing,
Flirting,

Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! It does no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather, and laugh as they go
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;

It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;—
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

WHENEVER you know a thing is right,
Go and do it with main and might,
Nor let one murmur fall,
For duty makes as stern a claim
As if an angel called your name,
And all men heard the call.

Keep all the day, and every day,
Within the straight and narrow way,
And all your life, in fine,
Be temperate in your moods and meats,
And in your sours and in your sweets,
And, lastly, don't drink wine!



THE SNOW-STORM.

“OH dear! I’m so disappointed!”
Harvey sat by the window, looking out dreamily at the fast-falling snow.

Now, a boy ten years old is not often put out of humor by a snow-storm, for the snow brings frolic and fun. But it happened that this one came just in the wrong time—at least so Harvey thought, for it kept him from making a promised visit to his cousins, who lived a mile or two away. The snow was already deep and still falling, and his mother would not hear to his going off alone.

“My dear boy,” she said, “you might get lost in the snow and be frozen to death.”

But Harvey wasn’t afraid, and would have taken all the risks if his mother had

said the word. This she could not do; and so the boy had to stay at home, much against his will.

Instead of putting on his great coat and warm mittens, as most little boys would have done, and having a good time out of doors, where the beautiful snow was drifting about in feathery flakes and covering the earth with a carpet of the purest white, he sat moping at a window, saying every now and then to himself, in a miserable voice:

“Oh dear! I’m so disappointed!”

About midday the snow ceased falling and the sun came out bright and strong. What a lustre and sparkle was on everything! How strange and wonderful in its new robe of dazzling whiteness was every object on which the vision rested!

As Harvey looked from the window, he felt the charm of a scene so lovely. The

shadows of disappointment passed away and his cheerfulness returned.

"It is so beautiful!" he said, looking up into his mother's face.

"It is good as well as beautiful," answered his mother.

"What is the snow good for?" asked Harvey.

"It is good for the broad fields in which the farmer sows his grain. This snow-storm, which made you angry because it came in the way of a little pleasure, has covered the grain-fields as with a soft blanket, protecting the seed sown there, and making sure the summer harvests."

"Oh, I didn't know of that!" answered Harvey. "But I was so disappointed!"

"And, like a great many older people," said his mother, "refused the pleasure that was at your door, and sat down gloomily to sigh for something afar off. But the storm is over now, and I think if you are dressed up warmly you might go over to your cousin's. The snow is not very deep."

Harvey clapped his hands in high glee, and danced about the room for joy.

In a few minutes he had on his warm overcoat, his cap and his mittens, and with a light basket in his hand started off.



"You see, darling," said his mother, as she kissed him at the door, "that you have wasted a whole morning and been unhappy for nothing. Because God was

spreading this covering of snow over the fields, that he might give bread to the hungry, you complained and were miserable, instead of being thankful for his goodness, and waiting for the pleasure you had looked for until the storm was over. You have the pleasure now, and it is your own fault that it comes after pain."

EVA'S FAIRY STORY.

By M. O. F.

"A STORY, please, sister Grace," said Eva, as she climbed into her sister's lap and clasped her plump arms around her neck. It was the pleasant twilight hour, when books and work were laid aside and father would soon be home to tea.

"What sort of a story, dear?" Grace asked, caressing the little one.

"Oh, a fairy story—something about the fairies living among the flowers, you know."

Grace thought a moment:

"I will tell you one mother used to tell me when I was a little girl, not older than you are now. It is called 'The Fairy and the Flowers.' Will that do?"

"Oh yes! that's just what I want."

"Well—it was a bright, beautiful summer morning, and a little fairy was flitting about a lovely garden enjoying the golden sunshine and fresh air, the fragrant flowers and singing birds. After a while she said to herself:

"This is all pleasant and beautiful now,

but it won't last. Storms will come by and by, and where shall I look for shelter? I've ever so many friends among the flowers, that have often begged me to stay and live with them, instead of flitting in and out as I do. I'll go and see some of them.'

"The rose was near, and seemed very glad to see the fairy, and when told her errand she blushed a deeper red and answered,

"'You might have *known* my friendship to be sincere. Yes, indeed; I'll love and shelter you in any trial that may come.'

"'Oh thanks, sweet rose,' said the delighted fairy, and she flew to a snow-white lily.

"'Lily,' she asked, 'is your friendship true? May I come to you for rest and shelter when storms sweep across the skies that are now so blue and clear?'

"'Come in sunshine or come in storm,' replied the lily, 'you are always welcome.'

"'What kind friends I have!' thought the fairy; and thanking the lily, she took her way to the tulip. This flower promised as readily and strongly as the others; and the grateful fairy thought she would try one more, the blue violet. She found her nursing her young blossoms on a couch of moss. The violet greeted her cordially, but to the fairy's request she only said, 'Come and try.'

"This did not quite please the little fay.

"'You do not *promise*,' she said. The violet smiled, but did not reply; and the fairy roved about the garden, very happy now that she was free from care.

"For a long time the sun shone; but after a while a heavy thunder-shower came up. The fairy saw the fast-gathering clouds, the lightning beginning to flash through them, she heard the low peal of distant thunder, but she was not frightened, for the rose was near.

"She hastened to the beautiful flower and claimed the fulfillment of her promise. But to her surprise and grief the rose replied, coldly :

"I have scarcely room to keep my own buds. Go to the lily: she has a deeper cup than mine.'

"She had no time to spare, for the rain was already beginning to fall, and she flew to the lily. Ah! the lily had closed her white petals, and when the poor little fairy reminded her of her promise, she only looked up sleepily and said,

"Oh don't disturb me—I am resting so nicely. The tulip's petals are best; do go to her.'

"The fairy flew away; but the tulip, too, rudely refused her shelter. By this time her pretty robe of green and gold was quite wet, and her wings were so heavy she could scarcely fly. 'What shall I do?' she said. 'They all pretended to be my friends, and not one of them is true to her word or true to me. What shall I do?'

"She thought of the violet, but she had been so often repulsed she had little hope of welcome anywhere. 'The violet did not even promise,' she said to herself. But she knew not what else to do, and she resolved to try.

"Shelter me, violet, or I shall die,'

she entreated. She had no need to plead more. The lowly flower sprang to meet her, and said, lovingly and earnestly :

"Come to my breast, dear fairy! Whenever you are sad or weary, in any need, look for comfort here. Grieve no more; I am true to thee. Rest with me, sweet darling!'

NETTIE'S PEARLS.

By Minnie Moss.

"OH, auntie, here are more pearls!" said my little niece one morning, as she came into the room where I was reading. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks were rosy with pleasure, and she looked very pretty as she held aloft a new number of the "CHILDREN'S HOUR."

"What new pearls has Mr. Arthur given you now, Brighteyes?" I asked.

"Oh, ever so many, and they are real beauties, too."

But by this time some of my little readers are saying, "What does she mean by *pearls*?"

Well, I will tell you. On Nettie's tenth birth-day she received a number of presents, but the one that pleased her the most was a subscription for the "CHILDREN'S HOUR." She liked best those beautiful little pieces of poetry which always appear in the magazine without names, and I admired them as much as she did; so one day I called her in my room and showing her a long silk cord, upon which were strung some beautiful beads

made to imitate pearls, I promised her that for every one of those pretty little poems that she learned, I would give her a pearl.

"But, auntie, I don't want to be bribed to learn," said Nettie, looking longingly at the beads.

"Oh, it wouldn't be bribing you, dear," I answered, smiling in spite of myself. "I knew that it would be a pleasure for you to learn them, and that you liked pearls; so I thought it would be nice to mark the number of poems by pearls, and give them to you."

"So it would," said Nettie, who now thought quite differently of my plan. "And, dear auntie, I thank you very much for thinking of this. I will go right off and learn that little poem about kind hearts." And she did. In a little while she returned with the beautiful lines stored away in her mind, and after reciting them to me, she said:

"Oh, auntie, I have thought of a name for those little poems: let's call them 'Pearls.'"

"Yes, that is a good name for them," I replied. "They are so pure and beautiful."

Nettie learned so many "Pearls" that in a short time she had all of the smooth white beads in a beautiful necklace.

And now, after seeing all the pleasure which Nettie takes from her "Pearls," and how proud and happy she looks when she shows her necklace and tells how she got it, I have written this for the little readers of the "HOUR;" and I think it would be very nice if they could all make

a string of pearls, as my little niece has done.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I HEARD two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation:

"If I were in your place I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came.

"No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice, "I wouldn't be so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

A CHRISTIAN bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.

SHALL I EAT IT ALL MYSELF?

NOW, shall I eat it all myself?
'Tis mine; of course I may.

Yes, I may eat it all myself,
Or give it all away.

Now, shall I eat it all myself?
'Tis not too much for one;

And if I give it all away,
Why, then I shall have none.

I will not eat it all myself,
Nor give it all away;
But every one shall have a share
Who comes with me to play.



THE PIG AND THE HEN.

By Alice Cary.

THE pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out :
" Mistress hen," says the pig,
" Don't you be quite so big !"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

" You are rough, and you're fat,
But who cares for all that ;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
" No, mistress, no longer !"
Says pig : " I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen !"

Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare : " You're an ill-natured brute ;
And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root !"

" But you don't own the cribs ;
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you :
This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you're off,"
Says the pig, " why the better you'll do !"

" You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear :
What harm do I do in your pen ?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don't care a fig
For the worst you can say," says the hen.

Says the pig, " You will care
If I *act* like a bear
And tear your two wings from your neck."

" What a nice little pen
You have got !" says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles, upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.
" Neighbor Biddy," says he,
" If you'll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick !"

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarreled for nothing, they saw ;
And when they had fed,
" Neighbour hen," the pig said,
" Won't you stay here and roost in my straw ?"

" No, I thank you ; you see
That I sleep in a tree,"
Says the hen ; " but I *must* go away ;
So a grateful good-bye"—
" Make your home in my sty,"
Says the pig, " and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss
The true moral of this
Little story of anger and strife ;
For a word spoken soft
Will turn enemies oft
Into friends that will stay friends for life.

IF we are cheerful and contented, all
nature smiles with us ; the air seems
more balmy, the sky clearer, the ground
has a brighter green, the trees have a
richer foliage, the flowers a more fra-
grant smell, the birds sing more sweetly,
and the sun, moon and stars all appear
more beautiful.

OUR PET BEAR.

By Hallie C.

OUR pet bear is a wonderful fellow. Papa got him down in Alabama when he was no larger than a half-grown cat.

Once we got him a bottle of honey and gave him a taste of it, and then put the cork in the bottle and gave it to him. He turned the bottle up and down, and every way, crying all the time because he could not get the honey. Then we put some honey on the cork, and in trying to get it off he pulled out the cork. Always after that, when he got a bottle, he would pull the cork out.

He once found some bottles containing some homœopathic medicine. He pulled the corks out and ate the pellets. They did not seem to affect him; perhaps he had no faith in them.

He would put his nose into everything he could, and if you tried to keep him from it, he would redouble his efforts to get at it. He once tried to get his nose into some ley, and when we tried to prevent him, he thought it must be something nice and was more determined than ever to get at it. At last he succeeded in getting a mouthful, which made his mouth very sore for several days.

When returning from Alabama, we brought him on board the steamer. The colored boys were very much afraid of him. One day papa contrived to put him in a bed that had not been made, and then sent one of the boys to make it. When the boy attempted to take off the

clothes, the bear, who did not care to be disturbed, tried to bite him. The boy was so frightened that he tumbled down two flights of stairs, and said he would not go up there again, as there was "a bear as big as an ox up there."

THE TRUE SECRET.

AT the house where I was staying, there were two little sisters whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover the dog or helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day: "how is it you are always so happy together?"

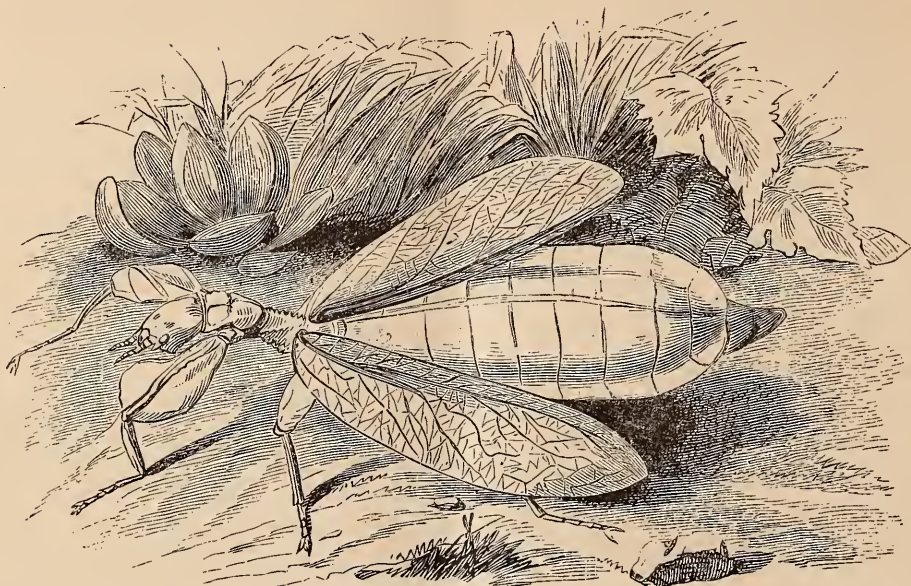
They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I s'pose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me and I let Addie."

PROMPTED BY LOVE—One morning found little Dora busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't that hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.



THE WALKING LEAF.

“WHAT’S that?” asked Katy, looking up from the doll-baby she was dressing. “A walking leaf, did you say?”

“Yes, I said a walking leaf,” replied Uncle Herbert, speaking like one who meant what he said.

“I’ve seen a leaf fly,” laughed Katy, “but I don’t believe any body ever saw a leaf walk.”

“Here it is—you can see for yourself,” answered Uncle Herbert, holding out the book he was reading.

“Oh, that’s nothing but a great bug or beetle!” exclaimed Katy.

“It’s the ‘Walking Leaf’ for all that, little puss! Don’t you see the name under it?”

“Does it make a bug a leaf to call it so, uncle?”

“Maybe not.”

“Of course it doesn’t, Uncle Herbert; and I’d like to know what the man who made this book meant by it?”

“Oh, that is easily enough explained. The animal so nearly resembles a leaf that it is often mistaken for one, and naturalists—that is, those who are curious about the various objects in nature, examine them closely and write about them—have given it the name you find in the book.”

“Well, I don’t see that it looks like a leaf,” said Katy.

“You would think differently if you saw one of these insects with its wings closed over its body and the animal at rest on the ground. Then you would be almost sure that it was a leaf.”

“Anyhow, I don’t see any use in making a big bug or fly look like a leaf,” said Katy.

“Don’t you, indeed? Well, I guess there is a good reason for it. Would you like to know?”

"Oh yes."

"Well, every animal has its enemy that seeks to destroy it. Or, in other words, every animal that lives is the natural food of some other animal. Now, to each is given a weapon of defence, or some means of disguise or protection, in order that the weaker ones may not be utterly destroyed by the stronger. The bee stings, while the hare trusts to its swift feet for safety. Some animals feign death to mislead their enemies, while others throw out a strong odor to drive them away in disgust. There is a butterfly which on alighting so nearly resembles a leaf that the birds pass it by, without dreaming of the dainty morsel they have missed."

"Oh, but that is nice!" cried Katy, clapping her hands.

"And it is the same with this 'walking leaf.'"

"And that is nice, too!" added Katy. "Oh, now I see! Now I understand. Isn't it wonderful?"

"The world is full of wonders," replied Uncle Herbert. "We have only to open our eyes to find them all around us."

A GOOD RULE.

"MY father taught me," said a man who had been successful in life, "never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the

thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

"MAYN'T I BE A BOY?"

"MAYN'T I be a boy?" said our Mary, The tears in her great eyes of blue:

"I'm only a wee little lassie—

There's nothing a woman can do.

"Tis so; I heard Cousin John say so—

He's home from a great college, too—

He said so just now in the parlor:

'There's nothing a *woman* can do.'

* * * * *

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"

Said I, putting back her soft hair,

"I want you, my dear little maiden,

To smooth away all mother's care.

"Who is it, when pa comes home weary,

That runs for his slippers and gown?

What eyes does he watch for at morning,

Looking out from their lashes of brown?

"Is there nothing you can do, my darling?

What was it that pa said last night?—

'My own little sunbeam is coming,

I know, for the room is so bright.'

"And there is a secret, my Mary—

Perhaps you will learn it some day—

'The hand that is willing and loving

Will do the most work on the way;

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest—

The work that so many ne'er do—

The great work of making folks happy

Can be done by a lassie like you."

From the Congregationalist.

WILLIE'S HAPPY DAY.

By Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

"HAVE you had a happy day, Willie?" asked Mrs. Caswell of her little boy, as she sat down by the open window one pleasant summer evening and took him in her lap. They lived about twenty miles from Boston, and she had been in the city all day, shopping.

"Yes, mamma, only I missed you. But you know you said the day would go fast if I kept busy, and I did. First, there was our nice ride home from the station. Then Minnie and I went down the lane and into the meadow to get wild flowers. We picked ever so many, and watched the fishes in the brook, and sailed shingle boats; and oh, mother, see that blue iris in the vase!—we brought that home for you."

"Thank you, dear, it is very pretty. But I hope, Willie, you did not wet your feet."

"No, mamma, we thought of that, and were careful. Then we went to see Johnny Sheldon—you know he has been sick and is not well enough yet to go out—and we carried him some flowers and the peaches papa gave us this morning. You would have liked to see him, mamma, he was so pleased. When we came home it was almost dinner-time, and after we had ours I fed puss and Rover and the doves and chickens. Minnie hemmed the new sails for my ship, and I mended her doll's table—one leaf was off. Then we played

out-doors till it was time to go for you, and we had another nice ride."

"It has been a well-spent day, Willie dear; that is the reason it has been a happy one. Was there any hard place in it—any time, I mean, when you found it hard to do right?"

Willie thought a moment:

"Yes, mamma; when Minnie asked me to put on her table-leaf, I wanted to play menagerie—I didn't know she was going to hem my sails—but I thought I ought to please her, and I am glad I did."

"And I am glad, too, my boy."

"There was one other time, mamma—when I felt very angry because I couldn't find my top, and I thought Sarah had swept it out. But I didn't say a word, only to whisper, Help me! and the bad feelings went away, and after a while I found my top just where I had left it myself, in your room."

Willie's mother kissed him tenderly as she said:

"My dear boy, you have won two victories to-day—one over selfishness and one over anger. No wonder it has been a happy day. But you must be watchful, Willie, or to-morrow may be very unlike it. And remember, that the will and power to do right are from the Lord alone, and in every temptation look to him for strength. He will never fail you."

THE flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS says that we must love him—

Helpless as the lambs are we;
But he very kindly tells us
That our Shepherd he will be.

Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.

We are always prone to wander—
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
For thy kindness and thy care.

WHERE no wood is, there the fire goeth
out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the
strife ceaseth.

THE OSTRICH.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

FAR away in Africa, where there is a
burning sun overhead and little more
than sand under foot—in waste and desert
places where few animals try to live—is
to be found a strange, large bird, six or
eight feet in height, which looks so much
like a camel that it is sometimes called the
“Camel-bird.” This strange, large bird
is an ostrich.

It has a long narrow neck almost bare
of feathers. The wings are small, and
cannot be used to fly with, but help it to
run. Its legs are long and very strong,
and its feet, which have but two toes, are
something like a camel's, and can bear

great fatigue. Its color is a rusty black,
with white wings and tail-feathers.

The feathers of the ostrich are very
beautiful, and are preserved carefully by
the hunters and sent to Europe and to
America, where they are dyed and used
to trim bonnets and hats. All our little
readers have seen ostrich feathers, but do
any of them ever stop to think when they
see one of these feathers how it was once
growing far away in the greatest desert in
the world, on a real live bird taller than a
man?

The ostrich feeds on the tops of such
plants as grow in the desert, and it can go
a long time without water. Its cry sounds
at a distance so much like that of the lion
that it is often mistaken for it.

Ostriches go in small flocks of one male
with from two to six females. The fe-
males lay their eggs all in one nest, each
laying ten or twelve, and then take turns
during the day setting upon them to hatch
them, while the male sets upon the nest
at night. This he continues to do after
the young birds are hatched, to protect
them from jackals, tiger-cats and other
enemies. These animals are sometimes
found lying dead near the nest, having
been killed by one stroke of the foot of
this powerful bird.

Ostrich eggs are very good to eat, and
one of them is equal to twenty-four hens'
eggs. They are about six inches in length,
twelve in circumference, and weigh about
three pounds.

These birds can run faster than the fast-
est horse; still, the Arabs hunt them, and
manage to catch them. When the hunter



has started the bird, he puts his horse upon a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich in sight without coming near enough to frighten it and set it running at full speed. Finding itself pursued, it begins to run at first slowly. It does not run in a straight line, but in a circle, while the hunters, crossing the circle or running in a smaller circle, keep near the bird and do not tire their horses. This chase is often kept up for a day or two, hunters taking turns to rest their horses. The ostrich at last becomes tired out and half starved, and finding it impossible to escape, it tries to hide itself in some thicket or buries its head in the sand, foolishly believing, because it cannot see, that it cannot be seen. The hunters then rush at full speed and easily kill the bird, taking care that no blood is allowed to get on the feathers.

~~JAP C 459~~

Historical Coll.

V. 5+6

